











THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
**WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.**







THE TERRACE WALK, LANCRIGG





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<b>TO THE CUCKOO.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.</b> . . . . .	4
<b>THE DAFFODILS ; OR, I WANDERED LOVELY AS A CLOUD.</b> . . . . .	5
<b>THE AFFLCTION OF MARGARET ——.</b> . . . . .	8
<b>THE FORSAKEN.</b> . . . . .	12
<b>REPENTANCE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.</b> . . . . .	13
<b>THE SEVFN SISTERS ; OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.</b> . . . . .	14
<b>ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER DORA. ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD THAT DAY, SEPTEMBER 16.</b> . . . . .	17
<b>THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.</b> . . . . .	19
<b>TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND. (AN AGRICULTURIST.) COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE- GROUNDS.</b> . . . . .	24
<b>THE SMALL CELANDINE.</b> . . . . .	28
<b>AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.</b> . . . . .	29
<b>ODE TO DUTY.</b> . . . . .	31
<b>TO A SKY-LARK.</b> . . . . .	34
<b>FIDELITY.</b> . . . . .	35
<b>INCIDENT CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.</b> . . . . .	39
<b>TRIBUTE. TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.</b> . . . . .	40
<b>TO THE DAISY.</b> . . . . .	42

	PAGE
ELEGIAC STANZAS, SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT. . . . .	45
ELEGIAC VERSES. IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDS- WORTH, COMMANDER OF THE E. I. COMPANY'S SHIP THE EARL OF ABERGAVENNY, IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMI- TOUS SHIPWRECK, FEB. 6TH, 1805. . . . .	47
WHEN TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE BUSY WORLD. . . . .	53
LOUISA. AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCUR- SION. . . . .	61
TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY. . . . .	62
VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA. . . . .	63
THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT. BY MY SISTER. . . . .	74
THE WAGGONER. . . . .	75
FRENCH REVOLUTION, AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT. REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND." . . . .	118
THE PRELUDE, OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM—	
BOOK FIRST.—INTRODUCTION.—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL- TIME. . . . .	129
BOOK SECOND.—SCHOOL-TIME— <i>continued</i> . . . . .	153
BOOK THIRD.—RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE. . . . .	169
BOOK FOURTH.—SUMMER VACATION. . . . .	189
BOOK FIFTH.—BOOKS. . . . .	206
BOOK SIXTH.—CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS. . . . .	229
BOOK SEVENTH.—RESIDENCE IN LONDON. . . . .	257
BOOK EIGHTH.—RETROSPECT—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN. . . . .	282

## CONTENTS.

vii

THE PRELUDE— <i>continued.</i>	PAGE
BOOK NINTH.—RESIDENCE IN FRANCE . . . . .	307
BOOK TENTH.—RESIDENCE IN FRANCE— <i>continued.</i> . . . . .	327
BOOK ELEVENTH.—FRANCE— <i>concluded.</i> . . . . .	348
BOOK TWELFTH.—IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED. . . . .	364
BOOK THIRTEENTH.—IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IM- PAIRED AND RESTORED— <i>concluded.</i> . . . . .	376
BOOK FOURTEENTH.—CONCLUSION. . . . .	389

## APPENDIX.

NOTE I.—JOHN WORDSWORTH. . . . .	407
NOTE II.—SARA COLERIDGE'S CRITICISM OF "THE WAGGONER." . . . . .	408
NOTE III.—THE HAWKSHEAD BECK. . . . .	410
NOTE IV.—THE HAWKSHEAD MORNING WALK: SUMMER VACATION. . . . .	413
NOTE V.—DOROTHY WORDSWORTH AT CAMBRIDGE IN 1808. THE ASH TREE AT ST JOHN'S COLLEGE. . . . .	414
NOTE VI.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. . . . .	415
NOTE VII.—"THE MEETING POINT OF TWO HIGHWAYS." . . . . .	416
NOTE VIII.—COLERIDGE'S LINES TO WORDSWORTH ON HEARING "THE PRELUDE" RECITED AT COLEORTON IN 1806. . . . .	420



# WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

## 1804.

The poems written in 1804 were not numerous ; and with the exception of *The Cuckoo*, *The Daffodils*, *The Small Celandine*, and the stanzas beginning "She was a phantom of delight," they were less remarkable than those of the two preceding, and the three following years ; but much of *The Prelude* was thought out, and dictated, on the terrace walks of Lancrigg during that year, and the *Ode on Immortality* was altered and added to, although it did not receive its final form till 1806. In the sixth book of *The Prelude* (see p. 231 of this volume) the lines occur—

Four years and thirty, told this very week,  
Have I been now a sojourner on earth, &c.

That part of the poem must therefore have been composed in April, 1804. (See note, p. 120-126).—ED.

### TO THE CUCKOO.

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1807.

[Composed in the Orchard at Town-end, Grasmere, 1804.]

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1846.

While I am lying on the grass,  
I hear thy restless shout :  
From hill to hill it seems to pass  
About, and all about !

1807.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

Though babbling only to the Vale,  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.<sup>1</sup>

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,<sup>2</sup>  
 A voice, a mystery ;

While I am lying on the grass,  
 Thy loud note smites my ear !—  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near !

1815.

While I am lying on the grass,  
 Thy loud note smites my ear !  
 It seems to fill the whole air's space,  
 At once far off and near !

1820.

While I am lying on the grass,  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near.

1827.

While I am lying on the grass,  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
 As loud far off as near.

1832.

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

To me, no Babbler with a tale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou tellest, Cuckoo ! in the vale  
 Of visionary hours.

1807.

I hear thee babbling to the Vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers ;  
 And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

1815.

But unto me . . . . .

1820.

<sup>2</sup> 1842.

No Bird : but an invisible Thing,

1807.

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to ; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place ;  
That is fit home for Thee !

There is some uncertainty as to the date of this poem. In the chronological lists, published in 1815 and 1820, a blank was left opposite it, in the column containing the year of composition. From 1836 to 1849, the date assigned by Wordsworth was 1804; and I followed this—in the absence of other evidence—in the preparation of the Chronological Table printed in Vol. I. But in Miss Wordsworth's Journal I find the following, under date Tuesday, 22nd March 1802 :—“A mild morning. William worked at the Cuckoo poem. . . . At the closing in of day, went to sit in the orchard. William came to me, and walked backwards and forwards. W. repeated the poem to me. I left him there ; and in 20 minutes he came in, rather tired with attempting to write.” “Friday (March 25). A beautiful morning. William worked at the Cuckoo.” Had I seen Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal before constructing the Table of Dates, I should have assigned the Cuckoo to the year 1802 ; but it may have been altered and re-adjusted in 1804. The poem was placed amongst those of “The Imagination.”—ED.

## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT,

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1807.

[Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious.]

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
 A lovely Apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament ;  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;  
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;<sup>1</sup>  
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
 A Creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food ;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine ;  
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1807.

From May-time's brightest, liveliest dawn ; in 1836 only.

<sup>2</sup> 1832.

A traveller betwixt life and death.

1807.

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.<sup>1</sup>

The “four lines composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl” were doubtless the first four lines of the first stanza. The two poems should be read consecutively, and compared.

A writer in the *Daily News*—understood to be Miss Harriet Martin-eau—wrote thus on the occasion of Mrs Wordsworth’s death (January 1859):—“In the *Memoirs*, by the nephew of the poet, it is said that these verses refer to Mrs Wordsworth; but for half of Wordsworth’s life it was always understood that they referred to some other phantom which ‘gleamed upon his sight’ before Mary Hutchinson.” This is much more than improbable. It is, I think, disproved by the Fenwick note. They cannot refer to the “Lucy” of the Goslar poems; and Wordsworth indicates, as plainly as he chose, to whom they actually do refer. Besides, compare the Hon. Justice Coleridge’s account of a conversation with Wordsworth (*Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 306), in which the poet expressly said that the lines were written on his wife.

The use of the word “machine” in the third stanza has been much criticised. For a similar use of the term see the sequel to *The Waggoner* (p. 107):—

Forgive me, then ; for I had been  
 On friendly terms with this Machine.

The progress of mechanical industry in Britain since the beginning of the present century has given a more limited, and purely technical, meaning to the word, than it bore when Wordsworth used it in these two instances. The poem was classed amongst those of “The Imagination.”—ED.

## THE DAFFODILS ;

OR,

### I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD.

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1807.

[Town-end, 1804. The two best lines in it are by Mary. The daffodils grew, and still grow, on the margin of Ullswater, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves.]

<sup>1</sup> 1845.

With something of an angel light.

1807.

• . . . . angel-light.

1836.

## THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;<sup>1</sup>  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,<sup>2</sup>  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.<sup>3</sup>

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.<sup>4</sup>

The waves beside them danced ; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :  
A poet could not but be gay,<sup>5</sup>  
In such a jocund company :<sup>6</sup>  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

<sup>1</sup> 1815.

A host of dancing daffodils,

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1815.

Along the lake . . . . .

1807.

<sup>3</sup> 1815.

Ten thousand dancing in the breeze.

1807.

<sup>4</sup>

This stanza was added in the edition of 1815.

<sup>5</sup> 1807.

. . . . . could not be but gay,

1807.

<sup>6</sup> 1815.

. . . . . a laughing company :

1807.

The following is from Miss Wordsworth's Journal, under date, Thursday, April 15, 1802. It is a specimen of the general character of that Journal. "It was a threatening misty morning, but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusmere. Mr Clarkson went a short way with us, but turned back. The wind was furious, and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large Boat House, then under a furze bush opposite Mr Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The lake was rough. There was a boat by itself, floating in the middle of the bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns black and green ; the birches here and there greenish, but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the twigs. . . . A few primroses by the roadside—wood sorrel flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry yellow flower which Mrs C. calls pilewort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the water side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more, and yet more ; and, at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them ; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow for weariness ; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake. They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up ; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again. The bays were stormy, and we heard the waves at different distances, and in the middle of the water, like the sea. . . ."

In the edition of 1815 there is a footnote to the lines

They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude

to the following effect :—"The subject of these stanzas is rather an elementary feeling and simple impression (approaching to the nature of an ocular spectrum) upon the imaginative faculty, than an exertion of it. The one which follows is strictly a Reverie ; and neither that, nor the next after it in succession, 'The Power of Music,' would have been placed here, but for the reason given in the foregoing note."

The being "placed here" refers to its being included amongst the "Poems of the Imagination ;" and the "foregoing note" is the note appended to *The Horn of Egremont Castle* ; and the "reason given" in it is "to avoid a multiplication of the classes" into which Wordsworth divided his poems. This note of 1815 is reprinted, mainly to shew the

difficulties to which Wordsworth was reduced, by the artificial method of arrangement referred to. The following letter to Mr Wrangham is a more appropriate illustration of the poem of *The Daffodils*. It was written, the Bishop of Lincoln tells us, "sometime afterwards." (See *Memoirs*, Vol. I., p. 183-4.)

"GRASMERE, Nov. 4.

"**MY DEAR WRANGHAM,**—I am indeed much pleased that Mrs Wrangham and yourself have been gratified by these breathings of simple nature. You mention Butler, Montagu's friend; not Tom Butler, but the conveyancer: when I was in town in spring, he happened to see the volumes lying on Montagu's mantelpiece, and to glance his eye upon the very poem of 'The Daffodils.' 'Aye,' says he, 'a fine morsel this for the Reviewers.' When this was told me (for I was not present) I observed that there were *two lines* in that little poem which, if thoroughly felt, would annihilate nine-tenths of the reviews of the kingdom, as they would find no readers. The lines I alluded to were these—

"They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude."

These two lines were composed by Mrs Wordsworth. In 1877 the Daffodils were still growing in abundance on the shore of Ullswater, below Gowbarrow Park. Classed by Wordsworth amongst the "Poems of the Imagination."—ED.

### THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET ——.

Comp. 1804. —— Pub. 1807.

[Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This was taken from the case of a poor widow who lived in the town of Penrith. Her sorrow was well known to Mrs Wordsworth, to my sister, and, I believe, to the whole town. She kept a shop, and when she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son.]

#### I.

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,  
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
Oh find me, prosperous or undone !  
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
Why am I ignorant of the same  
That I may rest ; and neither blame  
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

## THE AFFLICION OF MARGARET.

### II.

Seven years, alas ! to have received  
No tidings of an only child ;  
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,<sup>1</sup>  
And been for evermore beguiled ;<sup>2</sup>  
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
I catch at them, and then I miss ;  
Was ever darkness like to this ?

### III.

He was among the prime in worth,  
An object beauteous to behold ;  
Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth  
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :  
If things ensued that wanted grace,  
As hath been said, they were not base ;  
And never blush was on my face.

### IV.

Ah ! little doth the young-one dream,  
When full of play and childish cares,  
What power is in his wildest scream,<sup>3</sup>  
Heard by his mother unawares !  
He knows it not, he cannot guess :  
Years to a mother bring distress ;  
But do not make her love the less.

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

To have despaired, and have believed,

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

And be for evermore beguiled ;

1807.

<sup>3</sup> 1832.

What power hath even his wildest scream,

1807.

## V.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought ; and, being blind,  
Said, ‘Pride shall help me in my wrong ;  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed :’ and that is true ;  
I’ve wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.

## VI.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
Oh ! do not dread thy mother’s door ;  
Think not of me with grief and pain :  
I now can see with better eyes ;  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

## VII.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;  
They mount—how short a voyage brings  
The wanderers back to their delight !  
Chains tie us down by land and sea ;  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
All that is left to comfort thee.

## VIII.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;  
Or thou upon a desert thrown  
Inheritest the lion’s den ;

Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
 Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep  
 An incommunicable sleep.

## IX.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force  
 Their way to me : 'tis falsely said  
 That there was ever intercourse  
 Between the living and the dead ;<sup>1</sup>  
 For, surely, then I should have sight  
 Of him I wait for day and night,  
 With love and longings infinite.

## X.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;  
 I dread the rustling of the grass ;  
 The very shadows of the clouds  
 Have power to shake me as they pass :  
 I question things and do not find  
 One that will answer to my mind ;  
 And all the world appears unkind.

## XI.

Beyond participation lie  
 My troubles, and beyond relief :  
 If any chance to heave a sigh,  
 They pity me, and not my grief.  
 Then come to see, my Son, or send  
 Some tidings that my woes may end ;  
 I have no other earthly friend !

<sup>1</sup> 1882.

Betwixt the living . . . .  
 One of the "Poems founded on the Affections."—ED.

1807.

## THE FORSAKEN.

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1845.

[This was an overflow from the "Affliction of Margaret," and was excluded as superfluous there, but preserved in the faint hope that it may turn to account by restoring a shy lover to some forsaken damsel. My poetry has been complained of as deficient in interests of this sort,—a charge which the piece beginning, "Lyre ! though such power do in thy magic live," will scarcely tend to obviate. The natural imagery of these verses was supplied by frequent, I might say intense, observation of the Rydal torrent. What an animating contrast is the ever-changing aspect of that, and indeed of every one of our mountain brooks, to the monotonous tone and unmitigated fury of such streams among the Alps as are fed all the summer long by glaciers and melting snows. A traveller observing the exquisite purity of the great rivers, such as the Rhine at Geneva, and the Reuss at Lucerne, when they issue out of their respective lakes, might fancy for a moment that some power in nature produced this beautiful change, with a view to make amends for those Alpine sullings which the waters exhibit near their fountain heads ; but, alas ! how soon does that purity depart before the influx of tributary waters that have flowed through cultivated plains and the crowded abodes of men.]

THE peace which others seek they find ;  
 The heaviest storms not longest last ;  
 Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind  
 An amnesty for what is past ;  
 When will my sentence be reversed ?  
 I only pray to know the worst ;  
 And wish as if my heart would burst.

O weary struggle ! silent years  
 Tell seemingly no doubtful tale ;  
 And yet they leave it short, and fears  
 And hopes are strong and will prevail.  
 My calmest faith escapes not pain ;  
 And, feeling that the hope is vain,  
 I think that he will come again.

One of the "Poems founded on the Affections."—ED.

## RE P E N T A N C E.

## A PASTORAL BALLAD..

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1820.

[Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Suggested by the conversation of our next neighbour, Margaret Ashburner.]

This “next neighbour” is constantly referred to in Miss Wordsworth’s Grasmere Journals.—ED.

THE fields which with covetous spirit we sold,  
Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,  
Would have brought us more good than a burthen of gold,  
Could we but have been as contented as they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us, said I,  
‘ Let him come, with his purse proudly grasped in his hand;  
But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,—we’ll die  
Before he shall go with an inch of the land ! ’

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers ;  
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide ;  
We could do what we liked with the land, it was ours ;  
And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late ;  
And often, like one overburthened with sin,  
With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,  
I look at the fields, but I cannot go in !

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer’s day,  
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather’s tree,  
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,  
‘ What ails you, that you must come creeping to me ? ’

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad ;  
 Our comfort was near if we ever were crost ;  
 But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,  
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son  
 Who must now be a' wanderer ! but peace to that strain !  
 Think of evening's repose when 'our labour was done,  
 The sabbath's return ; and its leisure's soft chain !

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,  
 How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,  
 Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep  
 That besprinkled the field ; 'twas like youth in my blood !

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a snail ;  
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,  
 That follows the thought—We've no land in the vale,  
 Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie !

One of the "Poems founded on the Affections."—ED.

### THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1807.

[The story of this Poem is from the German of Frederica Brun.]

#### I.

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,  
 All children of one mother :  
 You could not say in one short day<sup>1</sup>  
 What love they bore each other.

<sup>1</sup> 1886.

I could not say . . . .

1807.

A garland, of seven lilies, wrought !  
 Seven Sisters that together dwell ;  
 But he, bold Knight as ever fought,  
 Their Father, took of them no thought,  
 He loved the wars so well.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

## II.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
 And from the shores of Erin,  
 Across the wave, a Rover brave,  
 To Binnorie is steering :  
 Right onward to the Scottish strand  
 The gallant ship is borne ;  
 The warriors leap upon the land,  
 And hark ! the Leader of the band  
 Hath blown his bugle horn.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

## III.

Beside a grotto of their own,  
 With boughs above them closing,  
 The Seven are laid, and in the shade  
 They lie like fawns reposing.  
 But now, upstarting with affright  
 At noise of man and steed,  
 Away they fly to left, to right —  
 Of your fair household, Father-knight,  
 Methinks you take small heed !  
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

## IV.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,  
 And, over hill and hollow,  
 With menace proud, and insult loud,  
 The youthful Rovers follow.  
 Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam :  
 Enough for him to find  
 The empty house when he comes home ;  
 For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
 For us be fair and kind !"  
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

## V.

Some close behind, some side by side,  
 Like clouds in stormy weather ;  
 They run, and cry, " Nay, let us die,  
 And let us die together."  
 A lake was near ; the shore was steep ;  
 There never foot had been ;  
 They ran, and with a desperate leap  
 Together plunged into the deep,  
 Nor ever more were seen.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

## VI.

The stream that flows out of the lake,  
 As through the glen it rambles,  
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
 For those seven lovely Campbells.

Seven little Islands, green and bare,  
 Have risen from out the deep ;  
 The fishes say, those sisters fair,  
 By faeries all are buried there,  
 And there together sleep.  
 Sing, mournfully, — oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie. \*

One of the "Poems of the Fancy."—ED.

### ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER DORA,

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD THAT  
 DAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Comp. Sept. 16, 1804. — Pub. 1815.

— — — HAST thou then survived—  
 Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,  
 Meek Infant ! among all torlornest things  
 The most forlorn—one life of that bright star,  
 The second glory of the Heavens ?—Thou hast ;  
 Already hast survived that great decay,  
 That transformation through the wide earth felt,  
 And by all nations. In that Being's sight  
 From whom the Race of human kind proceed,  
 A thousand years are but as yesterday ;  
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him  
 Not less capacious than a thousand years.  
 But what is time ? What outward glory ? neither  
 A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend  
 Through 'heaven's eternal year.'—Yet hail to Thee,  
 Frail, feeble, Monthling !—by that name, methinks,  
 Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out  
 Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,  
 Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,  
 And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,

Or to the churlish elements exposed •  
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the night,  
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face  
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,  
Would, with imperious admonition, then  
Have scored thine age, and punctually timed  
Thine infant history, on the minds of those  
Who might have wandered with thee.—Mother's love,  
Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,  
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly housed,  
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens .  
Doth all too often harshly execute  
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds  
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace.  
The affections, to exalt them or refine ;  
And the maternal sympathy itself,  
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie  
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.  
Happier, far happier, is thy lot and ours !  
Even now—to solemnise thy helpless state,  
And to enliven in the mind's regard  
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,  
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,  
Within the region of a father's thoughts,  
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.  
And first ;—thy sinless progress, through a world .  
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,  
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered clouds,  
Moving untouched in silver purity,  
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.  
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain :  
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn  
With brightness ! leaving her to post along,  
And range about, disquieted in change,

And still impatient of the shape she wears.  
Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe,  
That will suffice thee ; and it seems that now  
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine ;  
Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st  
In such a heedless peace. Alas ! full soon  
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,  
Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er  
By breathing mist ; and thine appears to be  
A mournful labour, while to her is given  
Hope, and a renovation without end.

—That smile forbids the thought ; for on thy face  
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,  
To shoot and circulate ; smiles have there been seen ;  
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports  
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers  
Thy loneliness : or shall those smiles be called  
Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore  
This untried world, and to prepare thy way  
Through a strait passage intricate and dim ?  
Such are they ; and the same are tokens, signs,  
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,  
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt ;  
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own.

Classed by Wordsworth amongst his "Poems of the Fancy."—ED.

### THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1807.

[Seen at Town-end, Grasmere. The elder-bush has long since disappeared ; it hung over the wall near the cottage : and the kitten continued to leap up, catching the leaves as here described. The Infant was Dora.]

THAT way look, my Infant, lo !  
What a pretty baby-show !

See the Kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—  
From the lofty elder-tree !

Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Eddying round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly : one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts :  
First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow ;  
There are many now—now one—  
Now they stop, and there are none :  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire !  
With a tiger-leap half way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again :  
Now she works with three or four,  
Like an Indian conjurer ;  
Quick as he in feats of art,  
Far beyond in joy of heart.  
Were her antics played in the eye  
Of a thousand standers-by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little Tabby care

For the plaudits of the crowd ?  
Over happy to be proud,  
Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasuse !

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;  
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;  
Here, for neither Babe nor me,  
Other play-mate can I see.  
Of the countless living things,  
That with stir of feet and wings  
(In the sun or under shade,  
Upon bough or grassy blade)  
And with busy revellings,  
Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
Made this orchard's narrow space,  
And this vale so blithe a place ;  
Multitudes are swept away  
Never more to breathe the day :  
Some are sleeping ; some in bands  
Travelled into distant lands ;  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighbourhood ;  
And, among the Kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he that giddy Sprite,  
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,  
Who was blest as bird could be,  
Feeding in the apple-tree ;  
Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
Turning blossoms inside out ;

Hung—head pointing towards the ground—<sup>1</sup>  
 Fluttered, perched, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound ;  
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin !  
 Prettiest Tumbler ever seen !  
 Light of heart and light of limb ;  
 What is now become of Him ?  
 Lambs, that through the mountains went  
 Frisking, bleating merriment,  
 When the year was in its prime,  
 They are sobered by this time.  
 If you look to vale or hill,  
 If you listen, all is still,  
 Save a little neighbouring rill,  
 That from out the rocky ground  
 Strikes a solitary sound.  
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,<sup>2</sup>  
 And the air is calm in vain ;  
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
 Of a sky serene and pure ;  
 Creature none can she decoy  
 Into open sign of joy :  
 Is it that they have a fear  
 Of the dreary season near ?  
 Or that other pleasures be  
 Sweeter even than gaiety ?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which Nature  
 Furnishes to every creature ;

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

Hung with head towards the ground—

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

Vainly glitters hill and plain,

1807.

Whatsoe'er we feel and know  
 Too sedate for outward show,  
 Such a light of gladness breaks,  
 Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,—  
 Spreads with such a living grace  
 O'er my little Dora's face;<sup>1 \*</sup>  
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
 That almost I could repine  
 That your transports are not mine,  
 That I do not wholly fare  
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !  
 And I will have my careless season  
 Spite of melancholy reason,  
 Will walk through life in such a way  
 That, when time brings on decay,  
 Now and then I may possess  
 Hours of perfect gladsomeness.  
 —Pleased by any random toy ;  
 By a kitten's busy joy,  
 Or an infant's laughing eye  
 Sharing in the ecstasy ;  
 I would fare like that or this,  
 Find my wisdom in my bliss ;  
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
 And have faculties to take,  
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
 Matter for a jocund thought,  
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

<sup>1</sup> 1840.

O'er my little Laura's face.

One of the "Poems of the Fancy."—ED.

1807.

\* Dora Wordsworth died in July 1847. Was that the reason of the change of text in 1849?—ED.

## TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND.

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TOGETHER IN HIS  
PLEASURE-GROUNDS.

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1807.

[This person was Thomas Wilkinson, a Quaker by religious profession ; by natural constitution of mind—or, shall I venture to say, by God's grace ? he was something better. He had inherited a small estate, and built a house upon it, near Yanwath, upon the banks of the Emont. I have heard him say that his heart used to beat in his boyhood, when he heard the sound of a drum and fife. Nevertheless the spirit of adventure in him confined itself in tilling his ground, and conquering such obstacles as stood in the way of its fertility. Persons of his religious persuasion do now, in a far greater degree than formerly, attach themselves to trade and commerce. He kept the old track. As represented in this poem, he employed his leisure hours in shaping pleasant walks by the side of his beloved river, where he also built something between a hermitage and a summer house, attaching to it inscriptions after the manner of Shenstone at his Leasowes. He used to travel from time to time, partly from love of Nature, and partly with religious friends, in the service of humanity. His admiration of genius in every department did him much honour. Through his connection with the family in which Edmund Burke was educated, he became acquainted with that great man, who used to receive him with great kindness and condescension ; and many times I have heard Wilkinson speak of those interesting interviews. He was honoured also by the friendship of Elizabeth Smith, and of Thomas Clarkson and his excellent wife, and was much esteemed by Lord and Lady Lonsdale, and every member of that family. Among his verses (he wrote many) are some worthy of preservation ; one little poem in particular, upon disturbing, by prying curiosity, a bird while hatching her young in his garden. The latter part of this innocent and good man's life was melancholy. He became blind, and also poor, by becoming surety for some of his relations. He was a bachelor. He bore, as I have often witnessed, his calamities with unfailing resignation. I will only add, \*that while working in one of his fields, he unearthed a stone of considerable size, then another, then two more ; observing that they had been placed in order, as if forming the segment of a circle, he proceeded carefully to uncover the soil, and brought into view a beautiful Druid's temple, of perfect, though small dimensions. In order to make his farm more compact, he exchanged this field for another, and, I am sorry to add, the new proprietor

destroyed this interesting relic of remote ages for some vulgar purpose. The fact, so far as concerns Thomas Wilkinson, is mentioned in the note on a sonnet on ‘Long Meg and her Daughters.’]

SPADE ! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,  
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont’s side,  
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands ;  
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know ;  
Long hast Thou served a man to reason true ;  
Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
The labouring many and the resting few ;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure.<sup>1</sup>  
And industry of body and of mind ;  
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
As nature is ;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing  
In concord with his river murmuring by ;  
Or in some silent field, while timid spring  
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid  
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord ?  
That man will have a trophy, humble Spade !  
A trophy nobler than a conqueror’s sword.<sup>2</sup>

If he be one that feels, with skill to part  
False praise from true, or greater from the less,  
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
Thou monument of peaceful happiness !

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

Health, quiet, meekness, ardour, hope secure.

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1815.

More noble than the noblest warrior’s sword.

1807.

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome day—<sup>1</sup>

Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate!<sup>2</sup>

And, when thou art past service, worn away,

No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.<sup>3</sup>

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;

An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou be:—

High will he hang thee up, well pleased to adorn<sup>4</sup>

His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

Thomas Wilkinson of Yanwath, the friend of Wordsworth and the subject of these verses, deserves more than a passing note.

He was a man

Whom no one could have passed without remark.

One of the old race of Cumbrian statesmen—men who owned, and themselves cultivated, small bits of land (see note on *Michael* and *The Brothers* in appendix to Volume II.)—he was Wordsworth's senior by nineteen years, and lived on a patrimonial farm of about forty acres, on the banks of the Emont,—the stream which, flowing out of Ullswater, divides Cumberland from Westmoreland. He was a Friend, and used to travel great distances to attend religious conferences, or to engage in philanthropic work,—on one occasion, riding on his pony from Yanwath to London, to the Yearly Meeting of the Friends; and, on another, walking the 300 miles to town, in eight days, for the same purpose. A simple, genuine nature; serene, refined, hospitable, naïve, and humorous withal; a quaint original man, with a true eye for Nature, a keen relish for rural life (especially for gardening) and a happy knack of characterization, whether he undertook descriptions of scenery in the course of his travels, or narrated the incidents which befell him in the way. This is how he writes of his farm, and his work upon it:—“We have at length some traces of spring (6th April 1784); the primrose under the hedge begins to open her modest flower, the buds begin to swell, and the birds to build; yet we have still a wide horizon, the mountain tops resign not their snows. The happiest season of the year with me is now commencing—I mean that in which I am at the plough; my horses pace slowly on before, the larks sing above my head, and the furrow falls at my side, and the

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day.

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate.

1807.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

1807.

<sup>4</sup> 1836.

and will adorn

1807.

face of Nature and my own mind seem to wear a sweet and cheerful tranquillity."

The following extract shows the interest which he took in the very implements of his industry, and may serve as an illustration of Wordsworth's stanzas on his "spade." "Eighth month, 16th, 1789. Yesterday I parted without regret from an old acquaintance—I set by my scythe for this year. I have often this season seen the dark blue mountains before the sun, and his rising embroider them with gold. I have had many a good sleep in the shade among fragrant grass and refreshing breezes, and though closely engaged in what may be thought heavy work, I was sensible of the enjoyments of life with uninterrupted health." In the closing years of the last century, when the spirit of patriotic ardour was so thoroughly roused in England by the restlessness of France and the ambition of Napoleon, he lived on at his pastoral farm, "busy with his husbandry." In London, he made the acquaintance of Edmund Burke; and Thomas Clarkson, the philanthropist,—whose labours for the abolition of the slave trade are matter of history,—became his intimate friend, and was a frequent visitor at Yanwath. Clarkson afterwards bought an estate near to Wilkinson's home, on the shores of Ullswater, where he built a house, and named it Eusemere, and there the Wordsworths were not infrequent guests. (See note to *The Daffodils*, p. 7 of this volume.) Wordsworth stayed at Yanwath for two days in 1806. The "*Tours to the British Mountains, with the Descriptive Poems of Lowther and Emont Vale*" (London, 1824), have been referred to in the note to *The Solitary Reaper*, one of the poems in the "*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803*" (see Vol. II., p. 347). It is an interesting volume—the prose much superior to the verse—and might be reprinted with advantage. Wilkinson was urged repeatedly to publish his Tour through the Highlands, but he always declined, and it was printed at last without his knowledge, by some one to whom he had lent his MS.

Wilkinson's relations to Wordsworth are alluded to in the note to *The Solitary Reaper*. He is occasionally referred to in Miss Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal of January and March 1802, e.g.:—"Monday, 12th March.—The ground covered with snow. Walked to T. Wilkinson's and sent for letters. The woman brought me one from Wm. and Mary. It was a sharp windy night. Thomas Wilkinson came with me to Barton, and questioned me like a catechiser all the way. Every question was like the snapping of a little thread about my heart. I was so full of thought of my half-read letter and other things."

The following are extracts from letters of Wilkinson to Miss Mary Leadbeater of Ballintore:—"Yanwath, 15. 2. 1801.—I had lately a young Poet seeing me that sprang originally from the next village. He has left the College, turned his back on all preferment, and settled down contentedly among our Lakes, with his Sister and his Muse. He . . . writes in what he conceives to be the language of Nature in

opposition to the finery of our present poetry. He has published two volumes of Poems, mostly of the same character. His name is William Wordsworth." In a letter, dated 29. 1. 1809, the following occurs :— "Thou hast wished to have W. Wordsworth's Lines on my Spade, which I shall transcribe thee. I had promised Lord Lonsdale to take him to Lowther, when he came to see me, but when we arrived he was gone to shoot moor-game with Judge Sutton. William and I then returned, and wrought together at a walk I was then forming, which gave birth to his Verses." The expression "sprung from the next village" might not be intended to mean that he was born there; or, if it did, the fact that Wordsworth's mother was a native of Penrith, and his own visits to that town, might account for the mistake of one who had made no minute enquiry as to the poet's birthplace. He was born at Cocker-mouth. Compare an interesting account of Thomas Wilkinson, by Mary Carr, reprinted from the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, 1882. This Poem was placed by Wordsworth amongst those of "Sentiment and Reflection."—ED.

### THE SMALL CELANDINE.\*

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1807.

[Grasmere, Town-end. It is remarkable that this flower coming out so early in the spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it, is its habit of shutting itself up, and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air.] In pencil on opposite page [Has not Chaucer noticed it?]

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;  
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed  
And recognised it, though an altered form,  
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,  
 " It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :  
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
 But its necessity in being old.

The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;<sup>1</sup>  
 It cannot help itself in its decay ;  
 Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."  
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,  
 A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !  
 O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth  
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not !  
 With the last stanza compare this verse from *The Fountain*— .

Thus fares it still in our decay :  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away  
 Than what it leaves behind.

Compare also the other two poems on the same flower, vol. ii. pp. 269, 272. This one was classed by Wordsworth amongst the "Poems referring to the Period of Old Age."—ED.

## AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

Comp. 1804. — Pub. 1845.

[This was presented to me by Sir George Beaumont, with a view to the erection of a house upon it, for the sake of being near to Coleridge, then living, and likely to remain, at Greta Hall, near Keswick. The severe necessities that prevented this arose from his domestic situation. This little property, with a considerable addition that still leaves it very small, lies beautifully upon the banks of a rill that gurgles down the side of Skiddaw ; and the orchard and other parts of the grounds command a magnificent prospect of Derwent Water, the mountains of Borrowdale and Newlands. Not many years ago I gave the place to my daughter.] In pencil on opposite page in Mrs Quillinan's handwriting— ['Many years ago, Sir, for it was given when she was a frail feeble monthling. ]

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

The sunshine may not bless it, nor the dew ;

1807.

BEAUMONT ! it was thy wish that I should rear  
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,  
On favoured ground, thy gift, where I might dwell  
In neighbourhood with One to me most dear,  
That undivided we from year to year  
Might work in our high Calling—a bright hope  
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope  
Till checked by some necessities severe.  
And should these slacken, honoured BEAUMONT ! still  
Even then we may perhaps in vain implore  
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.  
Whether this boon be granted us or not,  
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot  
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

This little property in the “sunny dell” at Applethwaite still belongs to the representatives of the Wordsworth family. It is a sunny dell only in its upper reaches, above the spot where the cottage—which still bears Wordsworth’s name—is built. From Applethwaite there is one of the grandest views in the English Lake district, both southwards towards Borrowdale, and westwards to the Grassmoor group of mountains. This sonnet, and Sir George Beaumont’s wish that Wordsworth and Coleridge should live so near each other as to be able to carry on some joint literary labour, recall the somewhat similar wish and proposal on the part of W. Calvert, unfolded in a letter from Coleridge to Sir Humphrey Davy. (See Vol. II., appendix, p. 394.)—ED.

## 1805.

During 1805, the autobiographical poem, which was afterwards named by Mrs Wordsworth *The Prelude*, was finished. In that year also were written the *Ode to Duty*, *The Skylark*, *Fidelity*, the fourth poem *To the Daisy*, the *Elegiac Verses* in memory of his brother John, the lines addressed to his Sister on her long country walks and mountain excursions, and *The Waggoner*.—ED.

## ODE TO DUTY.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1807.

*“Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eō perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.”*

[This Ode is on the model of Gray's Ode to Adversity, which is copied from Horace's Ode to Fortune. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern law-giver. Transgressor indeed I have been from hour to hour, from day to day : I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly, or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves, and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others ; and, if we make comparison at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us.] In pencil—[But is not the first stanza of Gray's from a chorus of Æschylus ? And is not Horace's Ode also modelled on the Greek ?]

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe ;  
 From vain temptations dost set free ;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !<sup>1</sup>

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,

<sup>1</sup> 1815.

From strife and from despair ; a glorious ministry. 1807.

Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.<sup>1</sup>

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwise bold,<sup>2</sup>  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.<sup>3</sup>

I, loving freedom, and untried :  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred

<sup>1</sup> 1830.

May joy be theirs while life shall last !  
 And Thou, if they shquld totter, teach them to stand fast !

1807.

Long may the kindly impulse last !  
 But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast !

1827.

<sup>2</sup> 1827.

And blest are they who in the main  
 This faith, even now, do entertain ;

1807.

<sup>3</sup> 1845.

Yet find that other strength, according to their need. 1807.  
 Yet find thy firm support . . . . . 1830.

The task, in smoother walks to stray ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control ;  
 But in the quietness of thought :  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.<sup>2</sup>

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we any thing so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and  
 strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

Resolved that nothing e'er should press  
 Upon my present happiness,  
 I shoved unwelcome tasks away ;  
 Full oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task imposed, from day to day.

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1827.

which ever is the same.

1807.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

Classed by Wordsworth amongst his "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection."—ED.

## TO A SKY-LARK.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1807.

[Rydal Mount, 1825.] In pencil—[Where there are no skylarks; but the poet is everywhere.]

UP with me ! up with me into the clouds !  
 For thy song, Lark, is strong ;  
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds !  
 Singing, singing,  
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lift me, guide me till I find  
 That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wildernesses dreary  
 And to-day my heart is weary ;  
 Had I now the wings of a Faery,<sup>2</sup>  
 Up to thee would I fly.  
 There is madness about thee, and joy divine  
 In that song of thine ;  
 Lift me, guide me high and high<sup>3</sup>  
 To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

With all the heavens about thee ringing,

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1815.

the soul of a Faery,

1807.

<sup>3</sup> 1832.

Up with me, up with me, high and high,

1827.

Joyous as morning  
 Thou art laughing and scorning ;  
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
 And, though little troubled with sloth,  
 Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth  
 To be such a traveller as I.  
 Happy, happy Liver,  
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river  
 Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver,  
 Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind ;  
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
 As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
 I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
 And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.<sup>1</sup>

Compare this poem with Shelley's *Skylark*, and with Wordsworth's poem, on the same subject, written in the year 1825. It was placed amongst the "Poems of the Fancy."—ED.

## FIDEILITY.

Comp. 1805.      Pub. 1807.

[The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Patterdale for the

1827.

Joy and jollity be with us both !  
 Hearing thee, or else some other,  
 As merry a Brother,  
 I on the earth will go plodding on,  
 By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.      1807.  
 What though my course be rugged and uneven,  
 To prickly moors and dusty ways confined,  
 Yet, hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
 As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
 I on the earth will go plodding on,  
 By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.      1820.

sake of angling. While attempting to cross over Helvellyn to Grasmere he slipped from a steep part of the rock where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His body was discovered as described in this poem. Walter Scott heard of the accident, and both he and I, without either of us knowing that the other had taken up the subject, each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity. This contains a most beautiful stanza :—

“How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber !  
When the wind waved his garment how oft did'st thou start !”

I will add that the sentiment in the last four lines of the last stanza of my verses was uttered by a shepherd with such exactness, that a traveller, who afterwards reported his account in print, was induced to question the man whether he had read them, which he had not.]

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
He halts—and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks :  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.<sup>1</sup>

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry :  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height ;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
What is the creature doing here ?

<sup>1</sup> 1820.

From which immediately leaps out  
A Dog, and yelping runs about.  
And instantly a Dog is seen,  
Glancing from that covert green.

1807.

1815.

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past ;  
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.<sup>1</sup>

Not free from boding thoughts, a while <sup>2</sup>  
 The Shepherd stood ; then makes his way  
 O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog <sup>3</sup>  
 As quickly as he may ;  
 Nor far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground ;  
 The appalled Discoverer with a sigh <sup>4</sup>  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

<sup>1</sup> 1838.

binds it fast.

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1815.

Not knowing what to think,

1807.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,

1807.

<sup>4</sup> 1815.

Sad sight ! the shepherd with a sigh

1807.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The Man had fallen, that place of fear !  
 At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear :  
 He instantly recalled the name,  
 And who he was, and whence he came ;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell !<sup>1</sup>  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,  
 This dog had been through three months' space  
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
 When this ill-fated Traveller died,<sup>2</sup>  
 The Dog had watched about the spot,  
 Or by his master's side :  
 How nourished here through such long time  
 He knows, who gave that love sublime ;  
 And gave that strength of feeling, great  
 Above all human estimate !

Thomas Wilkinson, author of "Tours to the British Mountains, with the Descriptive Poems of Lowther, and Emont Vale"—already referred to in the notes to *The Solitary Reaper*, and the verses *To the Spade of a Friend*—alludes to this incident at some length in his poem, *Emont Vale*. Wilkinson attended the funeral of young Gough, and writes of the incident with feeling, but without inspiration. This poem was classed amongst those of "Sentiment and Reflection."—ED.

<sup>1</sup> 1815.

But hear a wonder now, for sake  
 Of which this mournful tale I tell !

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1827.

On which the Traveller thus had died,

1807.

## INCIDENT

## CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1807.

[This dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs Wordsworth's brother, Mr Thomas Hutchinson, who then lived at Sockburn-on-the-Tees, a beautiful retired situation, where I used to visit him and his sisters before my marriage. My sister and I spent many months there after my return from Germany in 1799.]

ON his morning rounds the Master  
 Goes to learn how all things fare ;  
 Searches pasture after pasture,  
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;  
 And, for silence or for talk,  
 He hath comrades in his walk ;  
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,  
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started !  
 —Off they fly in earnest chase ;  
 Every dog is eager-hearted,  
 All the four are in the race :  
 And the hare whom they pursue  
 Knows from instinct what to do ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;  
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted  
 Thinly by a one night's frost ;  
 But the nimble Hare hath trusted  
 To the ice, and safely crost ;

<sup>1</sup> 1806.

Hath an instinct what to do.

1807.

40 TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

She hath crost, and without heed  
All are following at full speed,  
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is overhead !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—  
See them cleaving to the sport !  
MUSIC has no heart to follow,  
Little MUSIC, she stops short.  
She hath neither wish nor heart,  
Hers is now another part :  
A loving creature she, and brave !  
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.<sup>1</sup>  
From the brink her paws she stretches,  
Very hands as you would say !  
And afflicting moans she fetches,  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she hath no fears,—  
Him alone she sees and hears,—  
Makes efforts with complainings ; nor gives o'er  
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.<sup>2</sup>

This, with the following poem, was placed amongst those of "Sentiment and Reflection."—ED.

T R I B U T E  
To THE MEMORY OF THE SAME Dog.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1807.

[Was written at the same time, 1805. The Dog Music died, aged and blind, by falling into a draw-well at Gallow Hill, to the great grief of the family of the Hutchinsons, who, as has been before mentioned, had removed to that place from Sockburn.]

<sup>1</sup> 1815. And doth her best her struggling Friend to save. 1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1836. Makes efforts and complainings ; nor gives o'er  
Until her fellow sunk, and reappeared no more. 1807.  
sank . . . . . 1820.

LIE<sup>1</sup> here, without a record of thy worth,  
 Beneath a covering of the common earth !<sup>2</sup>  
 It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
 Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise ;  
 More thou deserv'st ; but *this* man gives to man,  
 Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.  
 Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
 Shall find thee through all changes of the year :  
 This Oak points out thy grave ; the silent tree  
 Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And willingly have laid thee here at last :  
 For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheers  
 In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;  
 Extreme old age had wasted thee away,  
 And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;  
 Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—  
 I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,  
 Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
 And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.  
 It came, and we were glad ; yet tears were shed ;  
 Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead ;  
 Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,  
 Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share ;  
 But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,  
 Found scarcely anywhere in like degree !

<sup>1</sup> In edd. 1807 to 1820 the following lines began this poem,—

Lie here sequestered ;—be this little mound  
 For ever thine, and be it holy ground !

<sup>2</sup> 1827.

Beneath the covering

1807.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

I prayed for thee, and that thy end were past ; 1807.  
 I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past ; 1820.

For love, that comes wherever life and sense  
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense;<sup>1</sup>  
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind  
 Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:  
 Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
 A soul of love,<sup>2</sup> love's intellectual law:—  
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;  
 Our tears from passion and from reason came,  
 And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name.

## TO THE DAISY.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1815.

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have  
 A place upon thy Poet's grave,  
 I welcome thee once more:  
 But He, who was on land, at sea,  
 My Brother, too, in loving thee,  
 Although he loved more silently,  
 Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day  
 When to that ship he bent his way,  
 To govern and to guide:  
 His wish was gained: a little time  
 Would bring him back in manhood's prime  
 And free for life, these hills to climb;  
 With all his wants supplied.

<sup>1</sup> 1826.For love, that comes to all; the holy sense,  
 Best gift of God, in thee was most intense;

1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

The soul of love

1807.

And full of hope day followed day  
 While that stout Ship at anchor lay  
 Beside the shores of Wight;  
 The May had then made all things green ;  
 And, floating there, in pomp serene,  
 That Ship was goodly to be seen,  
 His pride and his delight !

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought  
 The tender peace of rural thought :  
 In more than happy mood  
 To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers !  
 He then would steal at leisure hours,  
 And loved you glittering in your bowers,  
 A starry multitude.

But hark the word !—the ship is gone ;—  
 Returns from her long course :—anon<sup>1</sup>  
 Sets sail :—in season due,  
 Once more on English earth they stand :  
 But, when a third time from the land  
 They parted, sorrow was at hand  
 For Him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel !—ghastly shock !  
 —At length delivered from the rock,  
 The deep she hath regained ;  
 And through the stormy night they steer ;  
 Labouring for life, in hope and fear,  
 To reach a safer shore—how near,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet not to be attained !

<sup>1</sup> 1806.

From her long course returns . . . . .

1815.

<sup>2</sup> 1806.

Towards a safer shore— . . . . .

1815.

" Silence ! " the brave Commander cried ;  
 To that calm word a shriek replied,  
 It was the last death-shriek.

—A few (my soul oft sees that sight)  
 Survive upon the tall mast's height ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But one dear remnant of the night—  
 For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea  
 He lay in slumber quietly ;  
 Unforced by wind or wave  
 To quit the Ship for which he died,  
 (All claims of duty satisfied ;)  
 And there they found him at her side ;  
 And bore him to the grave.

Vain service ! yet not vainly done  
 For this, if other end were none,  
 That He, who had been cast  
 Upon a way of life unmeet  
 For such a gentle Soul and sweet,  
 Should find an undisturbed retreat  
 Near what he loved, at last—

That neighbourhood of grove and field  
 To Him a resting-place should yield,  
 A meek man and a brave !  
 The birds shall sing and ocean make  
 A mournful murmur for *his* sake ;  
 And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and wake  
 Upon his senseless grave.\*

<sup>1</sup> 1896.

—A few appear by morning light,  
 Preserved upon the tall mast's height :  
 Oft in my soul I see that sight

1815.

\* See, in Poems on the naming of Places, the one beginning " When, to the Attractions of the Busy World."—1827.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED  
BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1807.

[Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of this subject, one of which he gave to Mrs Wordsworth, saying she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, at whose house at Foxley I have seen it.]

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou "rugged Pile !  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :  
I saw thee every day ; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
So like, so very like, was day to day !  
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there ;  
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings :  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was, on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;<sup>1</sup>

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile  
Amid a world how different from this !  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

<sup>1</sup> 1807.

and add a gleam  
Of lustre known to neither sea nor land,  
But borrowed from the youthful Poet's dream. in 1820.

The lustre . . . . . the gleam,  
Ed. 1832 returns to text of 1807. 1827.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine<sup>1</sup>  
 Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ;—  
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have made :  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
 A stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.<sup>2</sup>

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;  
 I have submitted to a new control :  
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;  
 A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been :  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the Friend,  
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well,  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;

<sup>1</sup> 1845.

a treasure-house, a mine.

1807.

This stanza was omitted in edd. 1820-1842.

<sup>2</sup> 1886.

A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.

1807.

That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

Peele Castle is in the Isle of Man. It is on a small rocky island, close to the town of Peele, and separated from it much as St Michael's Mount in Cornwall is separated from the mainland. The castle was for many years the residence of the Princes of Mona. (See Grose's *Antiquities*, Vol. VI.) The "four summer weeks" referred to in the first stanza, were probably during the year 1794.

With the last stanza of these *Elegiac Verses* compare stanzas ten and eleven of the *Ode on Immortality*.

One of the two pictures of "Peele Castle in a Storm"—engraved by S. W. Reynolds, and published in several editions of the poems—is still in the Gallery of Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton Hall.—ED.

### ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH, COMMANDER OF THE  
E. I. COMPANY'S SHIP THE EARL OF ABERGAVENNY, IN WHICH HE  
PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK, FEB. 6TH, 1805.

Composed near the Mountain track, that leads from Grasmere through  
Grisedale Hawes, where it descends towards Patterdale.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1845.

[“Here did we stop ; and here looked round,  
While each into himself descends.”]

The point is two or three yards below the outlet of Grisedale Tarn,

on a foot-road by which a horse may pass to Paterdale—a ridge of Helvellyn on the left, and the summit of Fairfield on the right.]

## I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo !  
 That instant, startled by the shock,  
 The Buzzard mounted from the rock  
 Deliberate and slow :  
 Lord of the air, he took his flight ;  
 Oh ! could he on that woeful night  
 Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,  
 For one poor moment's space to Thee,  
 And all who struggled with the Sea,  
 When safety was so near.

## II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart  
 I spoke (but let that pang be still)  
 When rising from the rock at will,  
 I saw the Bird depart.  
 And let me calmly bless the Power  
 That meets me in this unknown Flower,  
 Affecting type of him I mourn !  
 With calmness suffer and believe,  
 And grieve, and know that I must grieve,  
 Not cheerless, though forlorn.

## III.

Here did stop ; and here looked round  
 While ~~each~~ into himself descends,  
 For that last thought of parting Friends  
 That is not to be found.  
 His was Grasmere Vale from sight,  
 Our home and his, his heart's delight,

His quiet heart's selected home.  
 But time before him melts away,  
 And he hath feeling of a day  
 Of blessedness to come.

## IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,  
 Taught that the mutual hope was dust,  
 In sorrow, but for higher trust,  
 How miserably deep !  
 All vanished in a single word,  
 A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard :  
 Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it came,  
 The meek, the brave, the good, was gone ;  
 He who had been our living John  
 Was nothing but a name.

## V.

That was indeed a parting ! oh,  
 Glad am I, glad that it is past ;  
 For there were some on whom it cast  
 Unutterable woe.  
 But they as well as I have gains ;—  
 From many a humble source, to pains  
 Like these, there comes a mild release ;  
 Even here I feel it, even this Plant  
 Is in its beauty ministrant  
 To comfort and to peace.

## VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace,  
 Meek Flower ! To Him I would have said,  
 “ It grows upon its native bed  
 Beside our Parting-place ;

There, cleaving to the ground, it lies  
 With multitude of purple eyes,  
 Spangling a cushion green like moss ;  
 But we will see it, joyful tide !  
 Some day, to see it in its pride,  
 The mountain will we cross."

## VII.

—Brother and friend, if verse of mine  
 Have power to make thy virtues know,  
 Here let a monumental Stone  
 Stand—sacred as a Shrine ;  
 And to the few who pass this way,  
 Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,  
 Long as these mighty rocks endure,—  
 Oh do not thou too fondly brood,  
 Although deserving of all good,  
 On any earthly hope, however pure ! \*

This poem underwent no change in the successive editions.

At a meeting of "The Wordsworth Society" at Grasmere, in July 1881, it was proposed by one of the members, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Wray, to erect some memorial at the parting-place of the brothers, John and William Wordsworth, at Grisedale Tarn. The originator of the idea thus writes of it in June 1882 :—

"A proposition, made by one of its members to the Wordsworth Society when it met in Grasmere in 1881, to mark the spot in the Grisedale Pass of Wordsworth's parting from his brother John—and to carry out a wish the poet seems to have hinted at in the last of his elegiac verses in memory of that parting—is now being put into effect. It has been determined, after correspondence with Lord Coleridge, Dr Cradock, Professor Knight, and Mr Hills, to have inscribed—(on the native rock, if possible)—the first four lines of Stanzas III. and VII. of these verses :—

'Here did we stop ; and here looked round  
 While each into himself descends,  
 For that last thought of parting Friends  
 That is not to be found.'

\* The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion (*Silene acaulis*, of Linnaeus).  
 1845

' Brother and friend, if verse of mine  
 Have power to make thy virtues known,  
 Here let a monumental Stone  
 Stand—sacred as a Shrine.'

"The rock selected is a fine mass, facing the east, on the left of the track as one descends from Grisedale Tarn towards Patterdale, and is about 100 yards from the tarn. No more suitable one can be found, and we have the testimony of Mr David Richardson of Newcastle, who has practical knowledge of engineering, that it is the fittest, both from shape and from slight incline of plane.

"It has been proposed to sink a panel in the face of the rock, that so the inscription may be slightly protected, and to engrave the letters upon the face of the panel thus obtained. But it is not quite certain yet that the grain of the rock—volcanic ash—will admit of the lettering. If this cannot be carried out, it has been determined to have the letters engraved upon a slab of Langdale slate, and imbed it in the Grisedale Rock.

"It is believed that the simplicity of the design, the lonely isolation of this mountain memorial, will appeal at once

' . . . to the few who pass' that 'way,  
 Traveller or Shepherd.'

And we in our turn appeal to English tourists who may chance to see it, to forego the wish of adding to it, or taking anything from it, by engraving their own names; and to let the Monumental Stone stand, as the poet wished it might

' stand—SACRED as a shrine.'

"We owe great thanks to Mrs Sturge for first surveying the place, to ascertain the possibility of finding a mountain rock sufficiently striking in position ; to Mr Richardson, jun., for his etching of the rock, upon which the inscription is to be made ; to his father for the kind trouble he took in the measurement of the said rock ; and particularly to the seconder of the original proposal, and my coadjutor in the task of final selection and superintending the work, Mr W. H. Hills.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

"P.S.—When we came to examine the rock, we found the area for the panel less than we had hoped for, owing to certain ~~rock~~ fissures, which, by acting as drains for the rain-water on the surface, would have much interfered with the durability of the inscription. The available space for the panel remains 3 feet 7 in length by 1 foot 9 inches in depth. Owing to the fineness of the grain of the stone, it may be quite possible to letter the native rock ; but it has been difficult to fix on a style of lettering for the inscription that shall be at once in good taste, forcible, and plain. It was proposed that the Script type of letter which was made use of in the inscription cut on the rock, in the

late Mr Ball's garden grounds below the Mount at Rydal, should be adopted ; but a final decision has been given in favour of a style of lettering which Mrs Rawneley has designed. The panel is, from its position, certain to attract the eye of the wanderer from Patterdale up to the Grisedale Pass.

H. D. R."

See the note to *The Waggoner*, referring to the "Rock of Names," on the shore of Thirlmere.

The following extract from "Recollections from 1803 to 1837, with a Conclusion in 1868, by the Hon. Amelia Murray" (London : Longmans, Green, & Co. 1868)—refers to the loss of the Abergavenny :—

"One morning, coming down early, I saw what I thought was a great big ship without any hull. This was the 'Abergavenny,' East Indiaman, which had sunk with all sails set, hardly three miles from the shore, and all on board perished.

"Had any of the crew taken refuge in the main-top, they might have been saved ; but the bowsprit, which was crowded with human beings, gave a lurch into the sea as the ship settled down, and thus all were washed off--though the timber appeared again above water when the 'Abergavenny' touched the ground. The ship had sprung a leak off St Alban's Head ; and in spite of pumps, she went to the bottom just within reach of safety." Pp. 12, 13.

A "narrative of the loss of the Earl of Abergavenny, East Indiaman, off Portland, Feb. 5, 1805," was published in a pamphlet (8vo, 1805), by Hamilton & Bird, 21 High Street, Islington.

For much in reference to John Wordsworth, which illustrates both these "Elegiac Stanzas," and the poem "On the Naming of Places" which follows them, I must refer to the biographical sketch, to be published in the last volume of this edition ; but there is one letter of Dorothy Wordsworth's, written to her friend Miss Jane Pollard (afterwards Mrs Marshall), in reference to her brother's death, which may find a place here. I am indebted for the use of it to the kindness of Mrs Marshall's daughter, the Dowager Lady Monteagle :—

" March 16th, 1805. Grasmere.

" . . . It does me good to weep for him, and it does me good to find that others weep, and I bless them for it. . . . It is with me, when I write, as when I am walking out in this vale, once so full of joy. I can turn to no object that does not remind me of our loss. I see nothing that he would not have loved, and enjoyed. . . . My consolations rather come to me in gusts of feeling, than are the quiet growth of my mind. I know it will not always be so. The time will come when the light of the setting sun upon these mountain tops will be as heretofore a pure joy ; not the same *gladness*, that can never be—but yet a joy even more tender. It will soothe me to know how happy he would have been, could he have seen the same beautiful spectacle. . . . He

was taken away in the freshness of his manhood : pure he was, and innocent as a child. Never human being was more thoroughly modest, and his courage I need not speak of. He was ‘seen speaking with apparent cheerfulness to the first mate a few minutes before the ship went down ;’ and when nothing more could be done, He said, ‘the will of God be done.’ I have no doubt when he felt that it was out of his power to save his life he was as calm as before, if some thought of what we should endure did not awaken a pang. . . . He loved solitude, and he rejoiced in society. He would wander alone amongst these hills with his fishing-rod, or led on by the mere pleasure of walking, for many hours ; or he would walk with W. or me, or both of us, and was continually pointing out—with a gladness which is seldom seen but in very young people—something which perhaps would have escaped our observation ; for he had so fine an eye that no distinction was unnoticed by him, and so tender a feeling that he never noticed anything in vain. Many a time has he called out to me at evening to look at the moon or stars, or a cloudy sky, or this vale in the quiet moonlight ; but the stars and moon were his chief delight. He made of them his companions when he was at sea, and was never tired of those thoughts which the silence of the night fed in him. Then he was so happy by the fire-side. Any little business of the house interested him. He loved our cottage. He helped us to furnish it, and to make the garden. Trees are growing now which he planted. . . . He staid with us till the 29th of September, having come to us about the end of January. During that time Mary Hutchinson—now Mary Wordsworth—staid with us six weeks. John used to walk with her every where, and they were exceedingly attached to each other ; so my poor sister mourns with us, not merely because we have lost one who was so dear to William and me, but from tender love to John and an intimate knowledge of him. Her hopes as well as ours were fixed on John. . . . I can think of nothing but of our departed Brother, yet I am very tranquil to-day. I honour him, and love him, and glory in his memory. . . .”

See also the note to the following poem, and Appendix, Note II.—ED.

## WHEN TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE BUSY WORLD.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1815.

[The grove still exists ; but the plantation has been walled in, and is not so accessible as when my brother John wore the path in the manner here described. The grove was a favourite haunt with us all while we lived at Town-end.]

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy world,  
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen

A habitation in this peaceful Vale,  
Sharp season followed of continual storm  
In deepest winter ; and, from week to week,  
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged  
With frequent showers of snow. Upon a hill  
At a short distance from my cottage, stands  
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont  
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof  
Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place  
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.  
Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,  
And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,  
The redbreast near me hopped ; nor was I loth  
To sympathise with vulgar coppice birds  
That, ~~for~~ protection from the nipping blast,  
Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew  
Within this grove of firs ! and, on the fork  
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest ;  
A last year's nest, conspicuously built  
At such small elevation from the ground  
As gave sure sign that they, who in that house  
Of nature and of love had made their home  
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,  
A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock,  
Would watch my motions with suspicious stare,  
From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—  
Some nook where they had made their final stand,  
Huddling together from two fears—the fear  
Of me and of the storm. Full many an hour  
Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees  
Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven  
In such perplexed and intricate array,

That vainly did I seek beneath their stems<sup>1</sup>  
 A length of open space, where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern or care;  
 And, baffled thus, though earth from day to day  
 Was fettered, and the air by storm disturbed,<sup>2</sup>  
 I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and prized,  
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned  
 To clothe the fields with verdure. Other haunts  
 Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A hoary pathway traced between the trees,  
 And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering how I could have sought in vain<sup>3</sup>  
 For what was now so obvious. <sup>4</sup> To abide,  
 For an allotted interval of ease,  
 Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come  
 From the wild sea a cherished Visitant;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

. . . . . between their stems

1815.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.And, baffled thus, before the storm relaxed,  
 I ceased that shelter to frequent

1815.

. . . . . the shelter . . . . .

1827.

<sup>3</sup> 1827.Much wondering at my own simplicity  
 How I could e'er have made a fruitless search.

1815.

. . . . . At the sight  
 Conviction also flashed upon my mind  
 That this same path (within the shady grove  
 Begun and ended) by my Brother's steps  
 Had been impressed. added in edd. 1815 and 1820.

<sup>4</sup> 1845.

. . . . . To sojourn a short while  
 Beneath my roof he from the barren seas  
 Had newly come—a cherished Visitant!

1815.

And with the sight of this same path—begun,  
 Begun and ended, in the shady grove,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind <sup>2</sup>  
 That, to this opportune recess allured,  
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful ; and had worn the track <sup>3</sup>  
 By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot  
 That haunts the Sailor measuring o'er and o'er <sup>4</sup>  
 His short domain upon the vessel's deck,  
 While she pursues her course through the dreary sea.<sup>5</sup>

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,  
 And taken thy first leave of those green hills  
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,  
 Year followed year, my Brother ! and we two,  
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould  
 Each other's mind was fashioned ;<sup>6</sup> and at length  
 When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,

## To abide

For an allotted interval of ease,	1827.
Beneath my cottage roof had newly come.	1842.
Beneath my cottage roof, had gladly come.	had meanwhile come. C.*
	1827.

<sup>1</sup> Last two lines omitted in edd. 1815 and 1820.

<sup>2</sup> 1827. And much did it delight me to perceive, 1815.

<sup>3</sup> 1827. A heart more wakeful ; that, more loth to part  
From place so lovely, he had worn the track. 1815.

<sup>4</sup> 1845. With which the Sailor measures o'er and o'er 1815.

<sup>5</sup> 1845. While she is travelling through the dreary sea. 1815.

<sup>6</sup> 1896. Each other's minds were fashioned . . . 1815.

\* In Lord Coleridge's copy of the edition of 1836, there is a footnote in Wordsworth's handwriting to the word "meanwhile," which is substituted for "newly." "If *newly* come, could he have traced a visible path?"—ED.

Between us there was little other bond  
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.  
 But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hadst carried  
 Undying recollections ! Nature there  
 Was with thee ; she, who loved us both, she still  
 Was with thee ; and even so didst thou become  
 A silent Poet ; from the solitude  
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart  
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
 And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.  
 —Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone ;  
 Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours  
 Could I withhold thy honoured name,—and now<sup>1</sup>  
 I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns  
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong ;  
 And there I sit at evening, when the steep  
 Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful lake,<sup>2</sup>  
 And one green island, gleam between the stems  
 Of the dark firs, a visionary scene !  
 And, while I gaze upon the spectacle  
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight  
 Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,  
 My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.  
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,  
 Muttering the verses which I muttered first  
 Among the mountains, through the midnight watch  
 Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

art gone ;

And now I call the path-way by thy name  
 And love . . . . .

1815.

<sup>2</sup> 1827.

Grasmere's placid Lake,

1815.

<sup>3</sup> 1827.

Art pacing to and fro the Vessel's deck

1815.

In some far region, here, while o'er my head,  
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,  
 The fir-grove in murmurs with a sea-like sound,  
 Alone I tread this path ;—for aught I know,  
 Timing my steps to thine ; and, with a store  
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,  
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day  
 When we, and others whom we love, shall meet  
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

*Note.*—This wish was not granted ; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny. 1815.

For the date of this poem—classed by Wordsworth amongst those on the Naming of Places—I assumed the correctness of his own statement in the edition of 1836, confirmed by Mr Carter in 1857. But, in the Chronological Tables given in edd. 1815 and 1820, the date assigned by Wordsworth was 1802. Captain Wordsworth perished on the 5th of February 1805 ; and if the poem was written in 1805, it must have been in the month of January of that year. The Note to the poem is explicit—"Not long after" he "perished by shipwreck, &c." Thus the poem *may* have been written in the beginning of 1805 ; but it is not at all certain that it does not belong to an earlier year. John Wordsworth lived with his brother and sister at the Town-end Cottage, Grasmere, during part of the winter, and during the whole of the spring, summer, and autumn of 1800, William and John going together on foot into Yorkshire from the 14th of May to the 7th of June. John left Grasmere on Michaelmas day (September 29th) 1800, and never returned to it again. The following is Miss Wordsworth's record of that day in her Journal of 1800 :—"On Monday, 29th, John left us. William and I parted with him in sight of Ullswater. It was a fine day, showery, but with sunshine and fine clouds. Poor fellow, my heart was right sad, I could not help thinking we should see him again, because he was only going to Penrith." In the spring of 1801, Captain Wordsworth sailed for China in the Abergavenny. He returned from this voyage in safety, and the brothers met once again in London, probably in September 1802—as William Wordsworth spent the whole of that month in Town—the month before his marriage. John went to sea again in 1803, and returned to London in 1804, but could not visit Grasmere ; and in the month of February 1805—shortly after he was appointed to the command of the Abergavenny—the ship was lost at the Bill of Portland, and everyone on board perished. It is clear that the latter part of the poem, "When to the attractions of the busy world," was written between John

Wordsworth's departure from Grasmere and the loss of the Abergavenny, i.e., between September 1800 and February 1805, as there are references in it both to what his brother did at Grasmere and to his return to sea—

Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone.

There are some things in the earlier part of the poem that appear to negative the idea of its having been written in 1800. The opening lines seem to hint at an experience somewhat distant. He speaks of being "*wont*" to do certain things. But, on the other hand, I find an entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, which leads me to believe that the poem may have been begun in 1800, and that the first part, ending (as it did then) with the line—

While she is travelling through the dreary sea,

may have been finished before John Wordsworth left Grasmere; the second part being written afterwards, while he was at sea; and hence the date given in the editions of 1815 and 1820, viz., 1802.

Passages occur in Miss Wordsworth's Journal to the following effect:— "Monday Morning, 1st September.—We walked in the wood by the lake. W. read Joanna and the Firgrove to Coleridge." A little earlier there is the record, "Saturday, 22nd August.—Wm. was composing all the morning. . . . W. read us the poem of Joanna beside the Rothay by the roadside." Then, on Friday, the 28th August, there is the entry, "We walked over the hill by the Firgrove. I sat upon a rock and observed a flight of swallows gathering together high above my head. We walked through the wood to the stepping stones, the lake of F. dale very beautiful, partly still. I left William to compose an inscription, that about the path. . . ." Then, next day, "Saturday morning, 28th August.—Wm. finished his inscription of the Pathway, then walked in the wood, and when John returned he sought him, and they bathed together."

To what poem Miss Wordsworth referred under the name of the "inscription of the Pathway" has puzzled me much. There is no poem amongst his "Inscriptions" (written in or before August 1800) that corresponds to it in the least. But, if my conjecture is right that this poem "on the naming of places," beginning—

When, to the attractions of the busy world,

was composed at two different times, it is quite possible that "the Firgrove" read along with "Joanna" to Coleridge, on September 1st 1800, was the first part of this very poem.

If this supposition is correct, some light is cast both on the "inscription of the pathway," and on the date assigned by Wordsworth himself to the poem, "When to the attractions of the busy world," &c. As the materials for forming this opinion have only come to light since I had an opportunity of examining Miss Wordsworth's Journal, the date assigned in the Chronological Table is that sanctioned by Wordsworth himself in

1836. There is a certain fitness, however, in this poem being placed—as it is—alongside of the Elegiac Stanzas in memory of John Wordsworth, “The Sheep-boy whistled loud, &c.,” and the fourth poem to the Daisy, beginning, “Sweet flower! belike one day to have, &c.”

The “Fir-grove” still exists. It is between Wishing Gate and White Moss Common, and almost exactly opposite the former. Standing at the gate and looking eastwards, the grove is to the left, not far towards distant. Some of the firs (Scotch ones) still survive, and several beech trees, not “a single beech-tree,” as in the poem. From this, one might infer that the present colony had sprung up since the beginning of the century, and that the special tree, in which was the thrush’s nest, had perished; but Dr Cradock tells me that “Wordsworth pointed out the tree to Miss Cookson a few days before Dora Wordsworth’s death. The tree is near the upper wall and tells its own tale.” The Fir-grove—“John’s Grove”—can easily be entered by a gate about a hundred yards beyond the Wishing-gate, as one goes toward Rydal. The view from it, the “visionary scene,”

the spectacle  
Of clouded splendour, . . . this dream-like sight  
Of solemn loveliness,

is now much interfered with by the new larch plantations immediately below the firs. It must have been very different in Wordsworth’s time, and is constantly referred to in his sister’s Journal as a favourite retreat, resorted to

when cloudless suns  
Shone hot, or wind blew troublesome and strong.

In the absence of contrary testimony, it might be supposed that “the track” which the brother had “worn,”

By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
faced Silver-How and the Grasmere Island, and that the single beech tree was nearer the lower than the upper wall. But Miss Cookson’s testimony is explicit. Only fifteen fir trees survive at this part of the grove, which is now open and desolate, not as it was in those earlier days, when

the trees  
Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven  
With such perplexed and intricate array,  
That vainly did I seek beneath their stems  
A length of open space, &c.

Dr Cradock remarks, “As to there being more than one beech, Wordsworth would not have hesitated to sacrifice servile exactness to poetical effect.” He had a fancy for “one”—

Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

“One abode, no more;” Grasmere’s “one green island;” “one green field.”

As a specimen of the sister's frequent references to "John's Grove" after her brother's departure from Grasmere, the following may be given:—"Monday, 29th April, 1802.—A beautiful morning. The sun shone, and all was pleasant. . . After I had written down the Tinker, which William finished this morning, . . . we went to John's Grove, sate a while at first. Afterwards William lay in the trench under the fence, with his eyes shut, listening to the Waterfalls and the Birds. There was no one waterfall above another—it was a sound of waters in the air—the voice of the air. We thought that it would be so sweet thus to lie in the grave, to hear the peaceful sounds of the earth, and just to know that our friends were near. The lake was still. There was a boat out. Silver How reflected with delicate purple and yellowish hues, as I have seen spar. Lambs on the island, and running races by the half-dozen in the round field near us. The copsees greenish, hawthorn green, &c., &c."—ED.

## L O U I S A.

AFTFR ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1807.

I MET Louisa in the shade,  
 And, having seen that lovely Maid,  
 Why should I fear to say<sup>1</sup>  
 That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,<sup>2</sup>  
 And down the rocks can leap along  
 Like rivulets in May?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1807 to 1832, and again in 1845.

Though, by a sickly taste betrayed,  
 Some will despise the lovely Maid.  
 With fearless pride I say,

1836.

1845.

That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong.

1807.

That she is healthful, fleet, and strong.

1836.

<sup>3</sup> In edd. 1807 to 1836 the following verse occurs, which was omitted from the text of 1845:—

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;  
 Smiles, that with motion of their own  
 Do spread, and sink, and rise;  
 That come and go with endless play,  
 And ever, as they pass away,  
 Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her cottage home ;  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
In weather rough and bleak ;  
And, when against the wind she strains,  
Oh ! might I kiss the mountain rains  
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"  
If I with her but half a noon  
May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
When up she winds along the brook  
To hunt the waterfalls.

Classed amongst the "Poems founded on the Affections."—ED.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

## WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1807.

[Composed at the same time and on the same view as "I met Louisa in the shade;" indeed they were designed to make one piece.]

**DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail !**

—There is a nest in a green dale,

A harbour and a hold;

## Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see

Thy own heart-stirring days, and be

### A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy.

And treading among flowers of joy

Which at no season fade,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1836. Thy slow delightful days, and be 1807.

<sup>2</sup> 1827. As if thy heritage were joy,  
And pleasure were thy trade. 1807.

Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,  
 Shalt show us how divine a thing  
 A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
 Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,  
 A melancholy slave ;  
 But an old age serene and bright,<sup>1</sup>  
 And lovely as a Lapland night,  
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.

This and the preceding poem were addressed to Dorothy Wordsworth. Compare the last stanza of the second poem with the concluding lines of *Tintern Abbey*. It was classed in ed. 1815 to 1832 amongst the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection;" and afterwards transferred to those of the "Imagination."—ED.

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1820.

[Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Faithfully narrated, though with the omission of many pathetic circumstances, from the mouth of a French lady, who had been an eye-and-ear-witness of all that was done and said. Many long years after, I was told that Dupline was then a monk in the Convent of La Trappe.]

The following tale was written as an Episode, in a work from which its length may perhaps exclude it. The facts are true; no invention as to these has been exercised, as none was needed.—1820.

O HAPPY time of youthful lovers (thus  
 My story may begin) O balmy time,  
 In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
 Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven !  
 To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
 (Fancy that sports more desperately with minds  
 Than ever fortune hath been known to do)  
 The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by years  
 Whose progress had a little overstepped

<sup>1</sup> 1815.

But an old age alive and bright,

1807

His stripling prime. A town of small repute,  
 Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,  
 Was the Youth's birth-place. There he wooed a Maid  
 Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit  
 With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,  
 Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,  
 From which her graces and her honours sprung :  
 And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,  
 With haughty indignation spurned the thought  
 Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,  
 With but a step between their several homes,  
 Twins had they been in pleasure ; after strife  
 And petty quarrels, had grown fond again ;  
 Each other's advocate, each other's stay ;  
 And, in their happiest moments, not content  
 If more divided than a sportive pair<sup>1</sup>  
 Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering  
 Within the eddy of a common blast,  
 Or hidden only by the concave depth  
 Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age  
 Unknown to memory, was an earnest given  
 By ready nature for a life of love,  
 For endless constancy, and placid truth ;  
 But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay  
 Reserved, had fate permitted, for support  
 Of their maturer years, his present mind  
 Was under fascination ;—he beheld  
 A vision, and adored the thing he saw.  
 Arabian fiction never filled the world

<sup>1</sup> 1886.

And strangers to content if long apart,  
 Or more divided than a sportive pair

With half the wonders that were wrought for him.  
 Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring ;  
 Life turned the meanest of her implements  
 Before his eyes, to price above all gold ;  
 The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine ;  
 Her chamber-window did surpass in glory  
 The portals of the dawn ; all paradise  
 Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
 Let itself in upon him :—pathways, walks,  
 Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,  
 Surcharged, within him, overblest to move  
 Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world  
 To its dull round of ordinary cares ;  
 A man too happy for mortality !

So passed the time, till whether through effect  
 Of some unguarded moment that dissolved  
 Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it, not !  
 Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw  
 So many bars between his present state  
 And the dear haven where he wished to be  
 In honourable wedlock with his Love,  
 Was in his judgment tempted to decline  
 To perilous weakness,<sup>1</sup> and entrust his cause  
 To nature for a happy end of all ;  
 Deem that by such fond hope the Youth was swayed, •  
 And bear with their transgression, when I add  
 That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,  
 Carried about her for a secret grief  
 The promise of a mother.

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

Was inwardly prepared to turn aside  
 From law and custom, . . . .

## To conceal

The threatened shame, the parents of the Maid  
 Found means to hurry her away by night,  
 And unforewarned, that in some distant spot  
 She might remain shrouded in privacy,  
 Until the babe was born. When morning came,  
 The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,  
 And all uncertain whither he should turn,  
 Chafed like a wild beast in the toils ; but soon  
 Discovering traces of the fugitives,  
 Their steps he followed to the Maid's retreat.  
 Easily may the sequel be divined—<sup>1</sup>  
 Walks to and fro—watchings at every hour ;  
 And the fair Captive, who, whene'er she may,  
 Is busy at her casement as the swallow  
 Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,  
 About the pendent nest, did thus espy  
 Her Lover !—thence a stolen interview,  
 Accomplished under friendly shade of night.

I pass the raptures of the pair ;—such theme  
 Is, by innumerable poets, touched  
 In more delightful verse than skill of mine  
 Could fashion ; chiefly by that darling bard  
 Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
 And of the lark's note heard before its time,  
 "And of the streaks that laced the severing clouds  
 In the unrelenting east.—Through all her courts  
 The vacant city slept ; the busy winds,  
 That keep no certain intervals of rest,  
 Moved not ; meanwhile the galaxy displayed  
 Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat  
 Aloft ;—momentous but uneasy bliss !



To their full hearts the universe seemed hung  
On that brief meeting's slender filament !

They parted ; and the generous Vaudracour  
Reached speedily the native threshold, bent  
On making (so the Lovers had agreed)  
A sacrifice of birthright to attain  
A final portion from his father's hand ;  
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then would flee  
To some remote and solitary place,  
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,  
Where they may live, with no one to behold  
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.  
But *now* of this no whisper ; not the less,  
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped  
Touching the matter of his passion, still,  
In his stern father's hearing, Vaudracour  
Persisted openly that death alone  
Should abrogate his human privilege  
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.

" You shall be baffled in your mad intent  
If there be justice in the court of France,"  
Muttered the Father.—From these words the Youth<sup>1</sup>  
Conceived a terror ; and, by night or day,  
Stirred nowhere without weapons, that full soon  
Found dreadful provocation ; for at night  
When to his chamber he retired,<sup>2</sup> attempt

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

From this time the Youth

1820.

<sup>2</sup> 1827.

Stirred nowhere without arms. To their rural seat,  
Meanwhile his parents artfully withdrew,  
Upon some feigned occasion, and the Son  
Remained with one attendant. At midnight  
When to his chamber he retired,

1820.

Was made to seize him by three arm'd men,  
 Acting, in furtherance of the father's will,  
 Under a private signet of the State.  
 One the rash Youth's ungovernable hand  
 Slew, and as quickly to a second gave <sup>1</sup>  
 A perilous wound—he shuddered to behold  
 The breathless corse; then peacefully resigned  
 His person to the law, was lodged in prison,  
 And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you observed a tuft of wing'd seed  
 That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,  
 Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use  
 Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,  
 Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro  
 Through the wide element? or have you marked  
 The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,  
 Within the vortex of a foaming flood,  
 Tormented? by such aid you may conceive  
 The perturbation that ensued: <sup>2</sup>—ah, no!  
 Desperate the Maid—the Youth is stained with blood;  
 Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet! <sup>3</sup>  
 Yet as<sup>4</sup> the troubled seed and tortured bough  
 Is Man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the Court,  
 Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;  
 But not without exaction of a pledge,

<sup>1</sup> 1826.

One did the youth's ungovernable hand  
 Assault and slay;—and to a second gave

1820.

<sup>2</sup> 1826.

The perturbation of each mind;

1820.

<sup>3</sup> This line added in 1826.

<sup>4</sup> 1826.

But as . . . . .

1820.

Which liberty and love dispersed in air.  
 He flew to her from whom they would divide him—  
 He clove to her who could not give him peace—  
 Yea, his first word of greeting was,—“ All right  
 Is gone from me ; my lately-towering hopes,  
 To the least fibre of their lowest root,  
 Are withered ; thou no longer canst be mine,  
 I thine—the conscience-stricken must not woo  
 The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,  
 Behold thee, and my misery is complete !”

“ One, are we not ?” exclaimed the Maiden—“ One,  
 For innocence and youth, for weal and woe ?”  
 Then with the father’s name she coupled words  
 Of vehement indignation ; but the Youth  
 Checked her with filial meekness ; for no thought  
 Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense  
 Of hasty anger, rising in the eclipse <sup>1</sup>  
 Of true domestic loyalty, did e’er  
 Find place within his bosom.—Once again  
 The persevering wedge of tyranny  
 Achieved their separation : and once more  
 Were they united,—to be yet again  
 Disparted, pitiable lot ! But here  
 A portion of the tale may well be left  
 In silence, though my memory could add  
 Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,  
 Was traversed from without ; much, too, of thoughts  
 That occupied his days in solitude  
 Under privation and restraint ; and what,  
 Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,

<sup>1</sup> 1845.

for no thought  
 Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising  
 Of hasty censure, modelled in the eclipse

And what, through strong compunction for the past,  
He suffered—breaking down in heart and mind !

Doomed to a third and last captivity,  
His freedom he recovered on the eve  
Of Julia's travail: When the babe was born,  
Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes  
Of future happiness. " You shall return,  
Julia," said he, " and to your father's house  
Go with the child.—You have been wretched ; yet  
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs  
Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.  
Malice, beholding you, will melt away.  
Go !—'tis a town where both of us were born ;  
None will reproach you, for our truth is known ;  
And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our fate  
Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.  
With ornaments—the prettiest nature yields  
Or art can fashion—shall you deck our boy,  
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks  
Till no one can resist him. Now, even now,  
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn ;  
My father from the window sees him too ;  
Startled, as if some new-created thing  
Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods  
Bounded before him ;—but the unweeting Cr  
Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's heart  
So that it shall be softened, and our loves  
End happily, as they began !"

These gleams  
Appeared but seldom ; oftener was he seen  
Propping a pale and melancholy face

Upon the Mother's bosom ; resting thus  
 His head upon one breast, while from the other  
 The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.  
 —That pillow is no longer to be thine,  
 Fond Youth ! that mournful solace now must pass  
 Into the list of things that cannot be !  
 Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears  
 The sentence, by her mother's lips pronounced,  
 That dooms her to a convent.—Who shall tell,  
 Who dares report, the tidings to the lord  
 Of her affections ? so they blindly asked  
 Who knew not to what quiet depths a weight  
 Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down :  
 The word, by others dreaded, he can hear  
 Composed and silent, without visible sign  
 Of even the least emotion. Noting this,  
 When the impatient object of his love  
 Upbraided him with slackness, he returned  
 No answer, only took the mother's hand  
 And kissed it ; seemingly devoid of pain,  
 Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed  
 Was a dependant on<sup>1</sup> the obdurate heart  
 Of one who came to disunite their lives  
 For ever—sad alternative ! preferred,  
 By the unbending Parents of the Maid,  
 To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.  
 —So ~~it~~ it !

In the city he remained  
 A season after Julia had withdrawn  
 To those religious walls. He, too, departs—  
 Who with him ?—even the senseless Little-one.  
 With that sole charge he passed the city-gates,

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

For the last time, attendant by the side  
 Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,  
 In which the Babe<sup>1</sup> was carried. To a hill,  
 That rose a brief league distant from the town.  
 The dwellers in that house where he had lodged  
 Accompanied his steps, by anxious love  
 Impelled ;—they parted from him there, and stood  
 Watching below till he had disappeared  
 On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,  
 Throughout that journey, from the vehicle  
 (Slow-moving ark of all his hopes !) that veiled  
 The tender infant : and at every inn,  
 And under every hospitable tree  
 At which the bearers halted or reposed,  
 Laid him with timid care upon his knees,  
 And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to look,  
 Upon the nursling which his arms embraced.

This was the manner in which Vaudracour  
 Departed with his infant ; and thus reached  
 His father's house, where to the innocent child  
 Admittance was denied. The young man spoke  
 No word of indignation or reproof,<sup>1</sup>  
 But of his father begged, a last request,  
 That a retreat might be assigned to him  
 Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,  
 With such allowance as his wants required ;  
 For wishes he had none. To a Lodge that stood  
 Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age  
 Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew ;  
 And thither took with him his motherless Babe,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

No words of . . . . .

1820.

<sup>2</sup> 1890.

his infant babe,

1820.

And one domestic for their common needs,  
 An aged woman. It consoled him here  
 To attend upon the orphan, and perform  
 Obsequious service to the precious child,  
 Which, after a short time, by some mistake  
 Or indiscretion of the Father, died.—  
 The Tale I follow to its last recess  
 Of suffering or of peace, I know not which :  
 Theirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine !

From this time forth he never shared a smile  
 With mortal creature. An Inhabitant  
 Of that same town, in which the pair had left  
 So lively a remembrance of their griefs,  
 By chance of business, coming within reach  
 Of his retirement, to the forest lodge  
 Repaired, but only found the matron there,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who told him that his pains were thrown away,  
 For that her Master never uttered word  
 To living thing—not even to her.—Behold !  
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached ;  
 But, seeing some one near, as on the latch  
 Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he shrunk—<sup>2</sup>  
 And, like a shadow, glided out of view.  
 Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place  
 The visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth  
 Cut off from all intelligence with man,

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

to the spot repaired  
 With an intent to visit him. He reached  
 The house, and only found the Matron there.

1820.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

But seeing some one near, even as his hand  
 Was stretched towards the garden gate, he shrunk— 1820.

\*

And shunning even the light of common day ;  
 Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,  
 Rouse him : but in those solitary shades  
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind !

The ‘work’ referred to in the Fenwick note to this poem is *The Prelude* (see p. 325 of this volume). *Vaudracour and Julia* was classed by Wordsworth amongst the “Poems founded on the Affections.”—ED.

## THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1815.

[Suggested to her, while beside my sleeping children.]

THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
 The north-wind sings a doleful song ;  
 Then hush again upon my breast ;  
 All merry things are now at rest,  
 Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
 The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;  
 There’s nothing stirring in the house  
 Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
 Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;  
 ’Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
 On the window pane bedropped with rain :  
 Then, little Darling ! sleep again,  
 And wake when it is day.

This poem underwent no change in successive editions. The title in all the earlier ones (1815 to 1842) was “The Cottager to her Infant, by a Female Friend;” and in the preface to the edition of 1815, Wordsworth wrote, “Three short pieces (now first published) are the work of

a Female Friend ; . . . if any one regard them with dislike, or be disposed to condemn them, let the censure fall upon him, who, trusting in his own sense of their merit, and their fitness for the place which they occupy, extorted them from the Authoress." In the edition of 1845, he disclosed the authorship ; and gave the more natural title, "by my sister." The other two poems by her, introduced into the edition of 1815 and subsequent ones, were the *Address to a Child*, and *The Mother's Return*. At least one other poem by Dorothy Wordsworth, hitherto unpublished, will be given, in a subsequent volume, in the year to which it belongs.—ED.

## THE WAGGONER.

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1819.

[Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The characters and story from fact.]

"In Cairo's crowded streets  
 The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay."                    THOMSON.

## TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why THE WAGGONER was not added?"—To say the truth,—from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehended, this little Piece could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am not mistaken, THE WAGGONER was read to you in manuscript, and, as you have remembered it for so long a time, I am the more encouraged to hope that, since the localities on which the Poem partly depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you ; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your Writings, and of the high esteem with which I am

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, May 20, 1819.

## CANTO FIRST.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June !  
 Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing ;  
 The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling.—

That solitary bird  
 Is all that can be heard  
 In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon!<sup>1</sup>

Confounding Glow-worms, 'tis a night  
 Propitious to your earth-born light !  
 But, where the scattered stars are seen  
 In hazy straits the clouds between,  
 Each, in his station twinkling not,  
 Seems changed into a pallid spot.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1819.

The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,  
 Twirling his watchman's rattle about. MS. of 1805

The dor-hawk, solitary bird,  
 Round the dim crags on heavy pinions whirling,  
 Buzzes incessantly, a tiresome tune :  
 That constant voice is all that can be heard  
 In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon ! <sup>1820.</sup>

On heavy pinions wheeling,  
 With untired voice sings an unvaried tune ;  
 Those burring notes are all that can be heard  
 In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon ! <sup>1826.</sup>

The text of 1845 returns to the first version of 1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1819.

Now that the children's busiest schemes  
 Do all lie buried in blank sleep,  
 Or only live in stirring dreams,  
 The glow-worms fearless watch may keep ;  
 Rich prize as their bright lamps would be,  
 They shine a quiet company,  
 On mossy bank by cottage-door,  
 As safe as on the loneliest moor.  
 In hazy straits the clouds between,  
 And in their stations twinkling not,  
 Some thinly sprinkled stars are seen,  
 Each changed into a pallid spot.

<sup>1836.</sup>

The text of 1845 returns to that of 1819.

The mountains against heaven's grave weight  
 Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.<sup>1</sup>  
 The air, as in a lion's den,  
 Is close and hot ;—and now and then  
 Comes a tired and sultry breeze<sup>2</sup>  
 With a haunting and a panting,  
 Like the stifling of disease ;  
 But the dews allay the heat,<sup>3</sup>  
 And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir !  
 'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner ;  
 Who long hath trod this toilsome way,  
 Companion of the night and day.  
 That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,  
 Mix'd with a faint yet grating sound  
 In a moment lost and found,  
 The Wain announces—by whose side  
 Along the banks of Rydal Mere  
 He paces on, a trusty Guide,—  
 Listen ! you can scarcely hear !

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

The mountains rise to wondrous height,  
 And in the heavens there is a weight ;

1819.

The mountains rise to wondrous height,  
 And in the heavens there hangs a weight ;

1827.

In edd. 1819 to 1832, these two lines follow the line "like the stifling of disease."

<sup>2</sup> 1819.

Comes a faint and sultry breeze

1834.

Ed. 1845 returns to the version of 1819.

<sup>3</sup> 1819.

But welcome dews allay the heat,

1836.

Ed. 1845 returns to the text of 1819.

Hither he his course is bending ;—  
 Now he leaves the lower ground,  
 And up the craggy hill ascending  
 Many a stop and stay he makes,  
 Many a breathing-fit he takes ;—<sup>1</sup>  
 Steep the way and wearisome,  
 Yet all the while his whip is dumb !

The Horses have worked with right good-will,  
 And so have gained the top of the hill ;<sup>2</sup>  
 He was patient, they were strong,  
 And now they smoothly glide along,  
 Recovering breath, and pleased to win <sup>3</sup>  
 The praises of mild Benjamin.  
 Heaven shield him from mishap and snare !  
 But why so early with this prayer ?—  
 Is it for threatenings in the sky ?  
 Or for some other danger nigh ?  
 No ; none is near him yet, though he  
 Be one of much infirmity ;<sup>4</sup>  
 For at the bottom of the brow,  
 Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH

<sup>1</sup> 1819.

Listen ! you can hardly hear !  
 Now he has left the lower ground,  
 And up the hill his course is bending,  
 With many a stop and stay ascending.

1836.

Ed. 1846 returns to the text of 1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

And now have gained the top of the hill.

1819.

1836.

Gathering breath, and pleased to win

1819.

<sup>4</sup> 1819.

No : him infirmities beset,  
 But danger is not near him yet ;

1836.

1846 returns to text of 1819.

Offered a greeting of good ale  
 To all who entered Grasmere Vale ;  
 And called on him who must depart  
 To leave it with a jovial heart ;  
 There, where the Dove and OLIVE-BOUGH  
 Once hung, a Poet harbours now,  
 A simple water-drinking Bard ;  
 Why need our Hero then (though frail  
 His best resolves) be on his guard ?  
 He marches by, secure and bold ;  
 Yet while he thinks on times of old,  
 It seems that all looks wondrous cold ;  
 He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head,  
 And, for the honest folk within,  
 It is a doubt with Benjamin  
 Whether they be alive or dead !

*Here* is no danger,—none at all !  
 Beyond his wish he walks secure ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But pass a mile—and *then* for trial,—  
 Then for the pride of self-denial ;  
 If he resist that tempting door,  
 Which with such friendly voice will call ;  
 If he resist those casement panes,  
 And that bright gleam which thence will fall  
 Upon his Leader's bells and manes,  
 Inviting him with cheerful lure :  
 For still, though all be dark elsewhere,  
 Some shining notice will be *there*  
 Of open house and ready fare.

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

Beyond his wish is he secure.

1819.

The place to Benjamin right well<sup>1</sup>  
 Is known, and by as strong a spell  
 As used to be that sign of love  
 And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and DOVE  
 He knows it to his cost, good Man !  
 Who does not know the famous SWAN ?  
 Object uncouth ! and yet our boast,  
 For it was painted by the Host ;<sup>2</sup>  
 His own conceit the figure planned,  
 'Twas coloured all by his own hand ;  
 And that frail Child of thirsty clay,  
 Of whom I sing this rustic lay,<sup>3</sup>  
 Could tell with self-dissatisfaction  
 Quaint stories of the bird's attraction !\*

Well ! that is past—and in despite  
 Of open door and shining light.  
 And now the conqueror essays  
 The long ascent of Dunmail-raise ;  
 And with his team is gentle here  
 As when he clomb from Rydal Mere ;  
 His whip they do not dread—his voice  
 They only hear it to rejoice.

<sup>1</sup> 1886.

The place to Benjamin tull well

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1886.Uncouth although the object be,  
 An image of perplexity ;  
 Yet not the less it is our boast,  
 For it was painted by the Host ;

1810.

<sup>3</sup> 1827.

Of whom I frame this rustic lay,

1819.

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\* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement)  
 has been supplanted by a professional production. 1819.

To stand or go is at ~~their~~ pleasure ;  
 Their efforts and their time they measure  
 By generous pride within the breast ;  
 And, while they strain, and while they rest,  
 He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—  
 And with proud cause my heart is light :<sup>1</sup>  
 I trespassed lately worse than ever—  
 But Heaven has blest a good endeavour ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And, to my soul's content, I find<sup>3</sup>  
 The evil One is left behind.  
 Yes, let my master fume and fret,  
 Here am I—with my horses yet !  
 My jolly team, he finds that ye  
 Will work for nobody but me !  
 Full proof of this the Country gained ;<sup>4</sup>  
 It knows how ye were vexed and strained,  
 And forced unworthy stripes to bear,  
 When trusted to another's care.<sup>5</sup>  
 Here was it—on this rugged slope,  
 Which now ye climb with heart and hope,

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

And never was my heart more light.

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

But Heaven will bless . . . .

1819

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

And, to my soul's delight, I find,

1819

<sup>4</sup> 1836.

Good proof of this . . . .

1819.

<sup>5</sup> 1836.One day, when ye were vexed and strained—  
 Entrusted to another's care,  
 And forced unworthy stripes to bear.

1819.

I saw you, between rage and fear,  
 Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,  
 And ever more and more confused,  
 As ye were more and more abused :<sup>1</sup>  
 As chance would have it, passing by  
 I saw you in that jeopardy :<sup>2</sup>  
 A word from me was like a charm ;  
 Ye pulled together with one mind ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And your huge burthen, safe from harm,  
 Moved like a vessel in the wind !  
 —Yes, without me, up hills so high  
 'Tis vain to strive for mastery.  
 Then grieve not, jolly team ! though tough  
 The road we travel, steep, and rough ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,  
 And all their fellow banks and braes,  
 Full often make you stretch and strain,  
 And halt for breath and halt again,  
 Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing  
 That side by side we still are going !

While Benjamin in earnest mood  
 His meditations thus pursued,

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

Here was it,—on this rugged spot  
 Which now contented with our lot  
 We climb—that piteously abused  
 Ye plunged in anger and confused :

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

I saw you in your jeopardy.

1819.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

The ranks were taken with one mind ;

1819.

<sup>4</sup> 1819.

Our road be narrow, steep and rough,

1836.

1845 returns to version of 1819.

A storm, which had been smothered long,  
 Was growing inwardly more strong;  
 And, in its struggles to get free,  
 Was busily employed as he.  
 The thunder had begun to growl—  
 He heard not, too intent of soul;  
 The air was now without a breath—  
 He marked not that 'twas still as death.  
 But soon large rain-drops on his head<sup>1</sup>  
 Fell with the weight of drops of lead;—  
 He starts—and takes, at the admonition,  
 A sage survey of his condition.<sup>2</sup>  
 The road is black before his eyes,  
 Glimmering faintly where it lies;  
 Black is the sky—and every hill,  
 Up to the sky, is blacker still—  
 Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,<sup>3</sup>  
 Hung round and overhung with gloom;  
 Save that above a single height  
 Is to be seen a lurid light,  
 Above Helm-crag\*—a streak half dead,  
 A burning of portentous red;  
 And near that lurid light, full well  
 The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

But soon large drops upon his head

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.He starts—and at the admonition  
 Takes a survey of his condition.

1819.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

A huge and melancholy room,

1819.

\* A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler near Arro-  
 quhar in Scotland. 1819.

Where at his desk and book he sits,  
 Puzzling aloft his curious wits;<sup>1</sup>  
 He whose domain is held in common  
 With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,  
 Cowering beside her rifted cell,  
 As if intent on magic spell;—  
 Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,  
 Still sit upon Helm-crag together!

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen  
 By solitary Benjamin;  
 But total darkness came anon,  
 And he and every thing was gone:  
 And suddenly a ruffling breeze,  
 (That would have rocked the sounding trees  
 Had aught of sylvan growth been there)  
 Swept through the Hollow long and bare:<sup>2</sup>  
 The rain rushed down—the road was battered,  
 As with the force of billows shattered;  
 The horses are dismayed, nor know  
 Whether they should stand or go;  
 And Benjamin is groping near them,  
 Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.  
 He is astounded,—wonder not,—  
 With such a charge in such a spot;  
 Astounded in the mountain gap  
 With thunder-peals, clap after clap;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

Puzzling on high his curious wits.

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1836, not in Ed. 1819.

And suddenly a ruffling breeze  
 (That would have sounded through the trees  
 Had aught of sylvan growth been there)  
 Was felt throughout the region bare.

1820.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

By peals of thunder, clap on clap!

1819.

Close-treading on the silent flashes—  
 And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes<sup>1</sup>  
 Among the rocks ; with weight of rain,  
 And sullen motions long and slow,<sup>2</sup>  
 That to a dreary distance go—  
 Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
 A rending o'er his head begins the fray again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,  
 And oftentimes compelled to halt,  
 The horses cautiously pursue  
 Their way, without mishap or fault ;  
 And now have reached that pile of stones,  
 Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones ;  
 He who had once supreme command,  
 Last king of rocky Cumberland ;  
 His bones, and those of all his Power,  
 Slain here in a disastrous hour !

When, passing through this narrow strait,  
 Stony, and dark, and desolate,  
 Benjamin can faintly hear  
 A voice that comes from some one near,  
 A female voice :—" Whoe'er you be,  
 Stop," it exclaimed, " and pity me !"  
 And, less in pity than in wonder,  
 Amid the darkness and the thunder,  
 The Waggoner, with prompt command,  
 Summons his horses to a stand.

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

And many a terror-striking flash ;—  
 And somewhere, as it seems, a crash,

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

And rattling motions long and slow,

1819.

While, with increasing agitation,  
 The Woman urged her supplication,<sup>1</sup>  
 In rueful words, with sobs between—  
 The voice of tears that fell unseen ;<sup>2</sup>  
 There came a flash—a startling glare,  
 And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare !  
 'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,  
 And Benjamin, without a question,<sup>3</sup>  
 Taking her for some way-worn rover,  
 Said, " Mount, and get you under cover !"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse  
 As a swoln brook with rugged course,  
 Cried out, " Good brother, why so fast ?  
 I've had a glimpse of you—avast !  
 Or, since it suits you to be civil,  
 Take her at once—for good and evil !"

" It is my Husband," softly said  
 The Woman, as if half afraid :  
 By this time she was snug within,  
 Through help of honest Benjamin ;  
 She and her Babe, which to her breast  
 With thankfulness the Mother pressed ;  
 And now the same strong voice more near  
 Said cordially, " My Friend, what cheer ?

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

The voice to move commiseration,  
 Prolonged its earnest supplication—  
 " This storm that beats so furiously—  
 This dreadful place ! oh pity me !"

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

While this was said, with sobs between,  
 And many tears, by one unseen ;

1819.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

. . . . without farther questions.

1819.

Rough doings these ! as God's my judge,  
 The sky owes somebody a grudge !  
 We've had in half an hour or less  
 A twelvemonth's terror and distress !”<sup>1</sup>

Then Benjamin entreats the Man  
 Would mount, too, quickly as he can :  
 The Sailor—Sailor now no more,  
 But such he had been heretofore—  
 To courteous Benjamin replied,  
 “ Go you your way and mind not me ;  
 For I must have, whate'er betide  
 My Ass and fifty things beside,—  
 Go, and I'll follow speedily !”

The Waggon moves—and with its load  
 Descends along the sloping road ;  
 And the rough Sailor instantly  
 Turns to a little tent hard by :<sup>2</sup>  
 For when, at closing-in of day,  
 The family had come that way,  
 Green pasture and the soft warm air  
 Tempted them to settle there.—<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1820. A twelvemonth's trouble and distress.

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1845. And to a little tent hard by  
 Turns the Sailor instantly.  
 And to his tent-like domicile,  
 Built in a nook with cautious skill,  
 The Sailor turns, well pleased to spy  
 His shaggy friend who stood hard by  
 Drenched—and, more fast than with a tether,  
 Bound to the nook by that fierce weather,  
 Which caught the vagrants unaware :

1819.

<sup>3</sup> 1836. Had tempted them to settle there.

1836.

Green is the grass for beast to graze,  
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise !

The Sailor gathers up his bed,  
Takes down the canvas overhead :  
And, after farewell to the place,  
A parting word—though not of grace,  
Pursues, with Ass and all his store,  
The way the Waggon went before.

## CANTO SECOND.

If Wytheburn's modest House of prayer  
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,  
Had, with its belfry's humble stock,  
A little pair that hang in air,  
Been mistress also of a clock,  
(And one, too, not in crazy plight)  
Twelve strokes that clock would have been telling  
Under the brow of old Helvellyn—  
Its bead-roll of midnight,  
Then, when the Hero of my tale  
Was passing by, and down the vale  
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween  
As if a storm had never been)  
Proceeding with a mind at ease ;  
While the old Familiar of the seas<sup>1</sup>  
Intent to use his utmost haste,  
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,  
And gives another lusty cheer ;  
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,  
A welcome greeting he can hear ;—

<sup>1</sup> 1896.

Proceeding with an easy mind ;  
While he who had been left behind,

It is a fiddle in its glee  
 Dinning from the CHERRY TREE !

Thence the sound—the light is there—  
 As Benjamin is now aware,  
 Who, to his inward thoughts confined,  
 Had almost reached the festive door,  
 When, startled by the Sailor's roar,  
 He hears a sound and sees a light,<sup>1</sup>  
 And in a moment calls to mind  
 That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT ! \*

Although before in no dejection,  
 At this insidious recollection  
 His heart with sudden joy is filled,—  
 His ears are by the music thrilled,  
 His eyes take pleasure in the road  
 Glittering before him bright and broad ;  
 And Benjamin is wet and cold,  
 And there are reasons manifold  
 That make the good tow'rs which he's yearning  
 Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go,  
 To vibrate between yes and no ;  
 For, cries the Sailor, “Glorious chance  
 That blew us hither !—let him dance

<sup>1</sup> 1820.

Who neither heard nor saw—no more  
 Than if he had been deaf and blind,  
 Till, startled by the Sailor's roar,  
 He hears a sound, and sees the light,

1819.

\* A term well known in the North of England, as applied to rural Festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.  
 1819.

Who can or will!—my honest soul,  
 Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"<sup>1</sup>  
 He draws him to the door—"Come in,  
 Come, come," cries he to Benjamin!  
 And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!  
 Gave the word—the horses heard  
 And halted, though reluctantly.

" Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we,  
 Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!"  
 This was the outside proclamation,  
 This was the inside salutation;  
 What bustling—jostling—high and low!  
 A universal overflow!  
 What tankards foaming from the tap!  
 What store of cakes in every lap!  
 What thumping—stumping—overhead!  
 The thunder had not been more busy:  
 With such a stir you would have said,  
 This little place may well be dizzy!  
 'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—  
 'Tis what can be most prompt and eager;  
 As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
 The pewter clatters on the wall;  
 The very bacon shows its feeling,  
 Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

A steaming bowl, a blazing fire,  
 What greater good can heart desire?

<sup>1</sup> 1810.

" Glorious chance  
 That blew us hither! dance, boys, dance!  
 Rare luck for us! my honest soul,  
 I'll treat thee to a friendly bowl!"

1836.

Ed. 1842 returns to text of 1810.

'Twere worth a wise man's while to try  
 The utmost anger of the sky :  
 To *seek* for thoughts of a gloomy cast,  
 If such the bright amends at last.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now should you say I judge amiss,<sup>2</sup>  
 The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this ;  
 For soon of all the happy there,<sup>3</sup>  
 Our Travellers are the happiest pair ;  
 All care with Benjamin is gone—  
 A Cæsar past the Rubicon !  
 He thinks not of his long, long, strife ;—  
 The Sailor, Man by nature gay,  
 Hath no resolves to throw away ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And he hath now forgot his Wife,  
 Hath quite forgotten her—or may be  
 Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,  
 Within that warm and peaceful berth,<sup>5</sup>  
 Under cover,  
 Terror over,  
 Sleeping by her sleeping baby.

1836.

To *seek* for thoughts of painful cast,  
 If such be the amends at last.

1819.

1836.

Now should you think I judge amiss,

1819.

1819.

For soon among the happy there.  
 Ed. 1845 returns to text of 1819.

1836.

1819.

And happiest far is he, the One,  
 No longer with himself at strife,  
 A Cæsar past the Rubicon !  
 The Sailor, Man by nature gay,  
 Found not a scruple in *his* way ;  
 Ed. 1845 returns to text of 1819.

1836.

1836.

Deems that she is happier, laid  
 Within that warm and peaceful bed ;

1819.

With bowl that sped from hand to hand.  
 The gladdest of the gladsome band,<sup>1</sup>  
 Amid their own delight and fun,  
 They hear—when every dance is done,  
 When every whirling bout is o'er—<sup>2</sup>  
 The fiddle's *squeak*\*—that call to bliss,  
 Ever followed by a kiss ;  
 They envy not the happy lot,  
 But enjoy their own the more !

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,  
 Up springs the Sailor from his chair—  
 Limps (for I might have told before  
 That he was lame) across the floor—  
 Is gone—returns—and with a prize ;  
 With what ?—a Ship of lusty size ;  
 A gallant stately Man-of-war,  
 Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.  
 Surprise to all, but most surprise  
 To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,  
 Not knowing that he had befriended  
 A Man so gloriously attended !

<sup>1</sup> 1845.

With bowl in hand,  
 (It may not stand)  
 Gladdest of the gladsome band,

1819.

With bowl that sped from hand to hand,  
 Refreshed, brimful of hearty fun,  
 The gladdest of the gladsome band,

1830.

<sup>2</sup> 1836.

They hear—when every fit is o'er,

1819.

\* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner. 1819.

“ This,” cries the Sailor, “ a Third-rate is—  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis !  
This was the Flag-ship at the Nile,  
The Vanguard—you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty Maid, if you look near,  
You'll find you've much in little here !  
A nobler ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim :  
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,  
Set every inch of sail upon her.”  
So said, so done ; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all ; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the showman's part ;  
And then, as from a sudden check,  
Cries out—“ Tis there, the quarter-deck  
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—  
A sight that would have roused your blood !  
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,  
Burned like a fire among his men ;  
Let this be land, and that be sea,  
Here lay the French—and *thus* came we !”

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,  
The dancers all were gathered round,  
And, such the stillness of the house,  
You might have heard a nibbling mouse ;  
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,  
The Sailor through the story runs  
Of ships to ships and guns to guns ;  
And does his utmost to display  
The dismal conflict, and the might  
And terror of that marvellous night !<sup>1</sup>

"A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"  
 Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,  
 To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,  
 Her bulwark and her tower of strength!"  
 When Benjamin had seized the bowl,  
 The mastiff, from beneath the waggon,  
 Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,  
 Rattled his chain;—'twas all in vain,  
 For Benjamin, triumphant soul!  
 He heard the monitory growl;  
 Heard—and in opposition quaffed  
 A deep, determined, desperate draught!  
 Nor did the battered Tar forget,  
 Or flinch from what he deemed his debt:  
 Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,  
 Back to her place the ship he led;  
 Wheeled her back in full apparel;  
 And so, flag flying at mast head,  
 Re-yoked her to the Ass:—anon,  
 Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."  
 Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,  
 Again behold them on their way!

## CANTO THIRD.

Right gladly had the horses stirred,  
 When they the wished-for greeting heard,  
 The whip's loud notice from the door  
 That they were free to move once more.  
 You think, those doings must have bred  
 In them disheartening doubts and dread;  
 No, not a horse of all the eight,  
 Although it be a moonless night,  
 Fears either for himself or freight;

For this they know (and let it hide,  
In part, the offences of their guide)  
That Benjamin, with clouded brains,  
Is worth the best with all their pains ;  
And, if they had a prayer to make,  
The prayer would be that they may take  
With him whatever comes in course,  
The better fortune or the worse ;  
That no one else may have business near them,  
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,  
And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,  
The triumph of your late devotion !  
Can aught on earth impede delight,  
Still mounting to a higher height ;  
And higher still—a greedy flight !  
Can any low-born care pursue her,  
Can any mortal clog come to her ?  
No notion have they—not a thought,  
That is from joyless regions brought !  
And, while they coast the silent lake,  
Their inspiration I partake ;  
Share their empyreal spirits—yea,  
With their enraptured vision, see—  
O fancy—what a jubilee !  
What shifting pictures—clad in gleams  
Of colour bright as feverish dreams !  
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,  
Involved and restless all—a scene  
Pregnant with mutual exaltation,  
Rich change, and multiplied creation !

This sight to me the Muse imparts ;—  
 And then, what kindness in their hearts !  
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making,  
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking !  
 What solemn, vacant, interlacing,  
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing !  
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
 And in the excess of amity,  
 Says Benjamin, “ That Ass of thine,  
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine :  
 If he were tethered to the waggon,  
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging ;  
 And we, as brother should with brother,  
 Might trudge it alongside each other ! ”

Forthwith, obedient to command,  
 The horses made a quiet stand ;  
 And to the waggon's skirts was tied  
 The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,  
 The Mastiff wondering, and perplexed  
 With dread of what will happen next ;  
 And thinking it but sorry cheer,  
 To have such company so near ! <sup>1</sup>

This new arrangement made, the Wain  
 Through the still night proceeds again ;  
 No Moon hath risen her light to lend ;  
 But indistinctly may be kenned  
 The VANGUARD, following close behind,  
 Sails spread as if to catch the wind !

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

The Mastiff's side,  
 (The Mastiff not well pleased to be  
 So very near such company.)

"Thy wife and child are snug and warm,  
 Thy ship will travel without harm ;  
 I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and stature ;  
 And this of mine—this bulky creature  
 Of which I have the steering—this,  
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss !  
 We want your streamers, friend, you know ;  
 But, altogether as we go,  
 We make a kind of handsome show !  
 Among these hills, from first to last,  
 We've weathered many a furious blast ;  
 Hard passage forcing on, with head  
 Against the storm, and canvas spread.  
 I hate a boaster ; but to thee  
 Will say't, who know'st both land and sea,  
 The unluckiest hulk that stems the brine<sup>1</sup>  
 Is hardly worse beset than mine,  
 When cross-winds on her quarter beat ;  
 And, fairly lifted from my feet,  
 I stagger onward—heaven knows how ;  
 But not so pleasantly as now :  
 Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,  
 And many a foundrous pit surrounded !  
 Yet here we are, by night and day  
 Trudging through rough and smooth our way ;  
 Through foul and fair our task fulfilling ;  
 And long shall be so yet—God willing !"

"Ay," said the Tar, "through fair and foul—  
 But save us from yon screeching owl !"  
 Then instant was begun a fray  
 Which called their thoughts another way :  
 The Mastiff, ill-conditioned carl !

<sup>1</sup>The unluckiest Hulk that sails the brine

1819.

What must he do but growl and snap,  
 Still more and more dissatisfied  
 With the meek comrade at his side !  
 Till, not incensed though put to proof,  
 The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,  
 Salutes the Mastiff on the head ;  
 And so were better manners bred,  
 And all was calmed and quieted.

“ Yon screech-owl,” says the Sailor, turning  
 Back to his former cause of mourning,  
 “ Yon owl !—pray God that all be well  
 ‘Tis worse than any funeral bell ;  
 As sure as I’ve the gift of sight,  
 We shall be meeting ghosts to-night !”  
 —Said Benjamin, “ This whip shall lay  
 A thousand, if they cross our way.  
 I know that Wanton’s noisy station,  
 I know him and his occupation ;  
 The jolly bird hath learned his cheer  
 Upon the banks of Windermere ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Where a tribe of them make merry,  
 Mocking the Man that keeps the ferry ;  
 Hallooing from an open throat,  
 Like travellers shouting for a boat.  
 —The tricks he learned at Windermere  
 This vagrant owl is playing here—  
 That is the worst of his employment :  
 He’s at the top of his enjoyment ! ”<sup>2</sup>

This explanation stilled the alarm,  
 Cured the foreboder like a charm ;

<sup>1</sup> 1886.

On the banks . . . . .

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1886.

He’s in the height of his enjoyment.

1819.

This, and the manner, and the voice,  
 Summoaed the Sailor to rejoice ;  
 His heart is up—he fears no evil  
 From life or death, from man or devil ;  
 He wheels—and, making many stops,<sup>1</sup>  
 Brandished his crutch against the mountain tops ;  
 And, while he talked of blows and scars,  
 Benjamin, among the stars,  
 Beheld a dancing—and a glancing ;  
 Such retreating and advancing  
 As, I ween, was never seen  
 In bloodiest battle ~~since~~ the days of Mars !

## • CANTO FOURTH.

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,  
 Beguile the remnant of the night;  
 And many a snatch of jovial song  
 Regales them as they wind along ;  
 While to the music, from on high,  
 The echoes make a glad reply.—  
 But the sage Muse the revel heeds  
 No farther than her story needs ;  
 Nor will she servilely attend  
 The loitering journey to its end.  
 —Blithe spirits of her own impel  
 The Muse, who scents the morning air,  
 To take of this transported pair  
 A brief and unreproved farewell ;  
 To quit the slow-paced waggon's side,  
 And wander down yon hawthorn dell,  
 With murmuring Greta for her guide.  
 —There doth she ken the awful form

1836.

He wheeled—and,

1819.

Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—  
 Glimmering through the twilight pale ;  
 And Ghimmer-crag,\* his tall twin brother,  
 Each peering forth to meet the other :—  
 And, while she roves through St John's Vale,<sup>1</sup>  
 Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,  
 By sheep-track or through cottage lane,  
 Where no disturbance comes to intrude  
 Upon the pensive solitude,  
 Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,  
 With the rude shepherd's favoured glance,  
 Beholds the fairies in array,  
 Whose party-coloured garments gay  
 The silent company betray :  
 Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight !  
 For Skiddaw-top with rosy light  
 Is touched—and all the band take flight.  
 —Fly also, Muse ! and from the dell  
 Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;  
 Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn  
 Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn ;  
 Across yon meadowy bottom look,  
 Where close fogs hide their parent brook ;  
 And see, beyond that hamlet small,  
 The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,  
 Lurking in a double shade,  
 By trees and lingering twilight made !  
 There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,  
 Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
 To noble Clifford ; from annoy  
 Concealed the persecuted boy,

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

And, rambling on through St John's Vale,

1819.

\* The crag of the ewe lamb. 1829.

Well pleased in rustic garb to feed  
 His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed  
 Among this multitude of hills,  
 Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;  
 Which soon the morning shall enfold,  
 From east to west, in ample vest  
 Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed  
 Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;  
 Even while I speak, their skirts of grey  
 Are smitten by a silver ray ;  
 And lo !—up Castrigg's naked steep  
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep  
 Along—and scatter and divide,  
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)  
 The stately waggon is ascending,  
 With faithful Benjamin attending,  
 Apparent now beside his team—  
 Now lost amid a glittering steam :<sup>1</sup>  
 And with him goes his Sailor-friend,  
 By this time near their journey's end ;  
 And, after their high-minded riot,  
 Sickening into thoughtful quiet ;  
 As if the morning's pleasant hour,  
 Had for their joys a killing power.  
 And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein  
 Is opened of still deeper pain  
 As if his heart by notes were stung  
 From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;  
 As if the warbler lost in light .  
 Reproved his soarings of the night,

In strains of rapture pure and holy  
Upbraided his distempered folly.<sup>1</sup>

Drooping is he, his step is dull ;<sup>2</sup>  
But the horses stretch and pull ;  
With increasing vigour climb,  
Eager to repair lost time ;  
Whether, by their own desert,  
Knowing what cause there is for shame,<sup>3</sup>  
They are labouring to avert  
As much as may be of the blame,<sup>4</sup>  
Which, they foresee, must soon alight  
Upon *his* head, whom, in despite  
Of all his failings, they love best ;<sup>5</sup>  
Whether for him they are distrest,

<sup>1</sup> 1845.

The last eight lines do not occur in Edd. 1819-1832.

Say more : for by that power a vein  
Seems opened of brow-saddening pain :  
As if their hearts by notes were stung  
From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;  
As if the warbler lost in light  
Reproved their soarings of the night ;  
In strains of rapture pure and holy  
Upbraided their distempered folly.

1836.

<sup>2</sup> 1845.

They are drooping, weak and dull ;  
Drooping are they, and weak, and dull ;

1819.

1836.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

Knowing that there's cause for shame,  
Knowing there is cause for shame,

1819.

1827.

<sup>4</sup> 1845.

They are labouring to avert  
At least a portion of the blame,  
They now are labouring to avert  
(Kind creatures !) something of the blame,

1819.

1836.

<sup>5</sup> 1836.

Which full surely will alight  
Upon *his* head, whom, in despite  
Of all his faults, they love the best ;

1819.

Or, by length of fasting roused,  
 Are impatient to be housed :  
 Up against the hill they strain  
 Tugging at the iron chain,  
 Tugging all with might and main,  
 Last and foremost, every horse  
 To the utmost of his force !  
 And the smoke and respiration,  
 Rising like an exhalation,  
 Blend with the mist<sup>1</sup>—a moving shroud  
 To form, an undissolving cloud ;  
 Which, with slant ray, the merry sun  
 Takes delight to play upon.  
 Never golden-haired Apollo,  
 Pleased some favourite chief to follow  
 Through accidents of peace or war,  
 In a perilous moment threw  
 Around the object of his care  
 Veil of such celestial hue ;<sup>2</sup>

1836.

Blends with the mist.

1819.

1845.

Never surely, old Apollo,  
 He, or other God as old,  
 Of whom in story we are told,  
 Who had a favourite to follow  
 Through a battle or elsewhere,  
 Round the object of his care,  
 In a time of peril, threw  
 Veil of such celestial hue ;

1819

Never Venus or Apollo,  
 Pleased a favourite chief to follow  
 Through accidents of peace or war,  
 In a time of peril threw,  
 Round the object of his care,  
 Veil of such celestial hue ;

1832.

Never golden-haired Apollo,  
 Nor blue-eyed Pallas, nor the Idalian Queen,  
 When each was pleased some favourite chief to follow

Interposed so bright a screen  
Him and his enemies between !

Alas ! what boots it ?—who can hide,,  
When the malicious Fates are bent  
On working out an ill intent ?  
Can destiny be turned aside ?  
No—sad progress of my story !  
Benjamin, this outward glory  
Cannot shield thee from thy Master,  
Who from Keswick has pricked forth,  
Sour and surly as the north ;  
And, in fear of some disaster,  
Comes to give what help he may,  
And to hear what thou canst say ;<sup>1</sup>  
If, as needs he must forbode,<sup>2</sup>  
Thou hast been loitering on the road !<sup>3</sup>  
His fears, his doubts, may now take flight—  
The wished-for object is in sight ;

Through accidents of peace or war,  
In a perilous moment threw  
Around the object of celestial care  
A veil so rich to mortal view,  
Never Venus or Apollo,  
Intent some favorite chief to follow  
Through accidents of peace or war,  
Round the object of their care  
In a perilous moment threw  
A veil of such celestial hue.  
Round each object of their care

1836.

C.

C.

<sup>1</sup> 1836.

Or to hear . . . . .

1819.

<sup>2</sup> 1819.If, as he cannot but forbode,  
Ed. 1846 returns to text of 1819.

1836.

<sup>3</sup> 1836.

Thou hast loitered on the road.

1819.

Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath  
Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;  
Which he stifles, moody man !  
With all the patience that he can ;  
To the end that, at your meeting,  
He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,  
Till the waggon gains the top ;  
But stop he cannot—must advance :  
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,  
Espies—and instantly is ready,  
Self-collected, poised, and steady :  
And, to be the better seen,  
Issues from his radiant shroud,  
From his close-attending cloud,  
With careless air and open mien.  
Erect his port, and firm his going ;  
So struts yon cock that now is crowing ;  
And the morning light in grace  
Strikes upon his lifted face,  
Hurrying the pallid hue away  
That might his trespasses betray.  
But what can all avail to clear him,  
Or what need of explanation,  
Parley or interrogation ?  
For the Master sees, alas !  
That unhappy Figure near him,  
Limping o'er the dewy grass,  
Where the road it fringes, sweet,  
Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;  
And, O indignity ! an Ass,  
By his noble Mastiff's side,  
Tethered to the waggon's tail :

And the ship, in all her pride,  
Following after in full sail !  
Not to speak of babe and mother ;  
Who, contented with each other,  
And snug as birds in leafy arbour,  
Find, within, a blessed harbour !

With eager eyes the Master pries :  
Looks in and out, and through and through ;  
Says nothing—till at last he spies  
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,  
A wound, where plainly might be read  
What feats an Ass's hoof can do !  
But drop the rest :—this aggravation,  
This complicated provocation,  
A hoard of grievances unsealed ;  
All past forgiveness it repealed ;  
And thus, and through distempered blood  
On both sides, Benjamin the good,  
The patient, and the tender-hearted,  
Was from his team and waggon parted ;  
When duty of that day was o'er,  
Laid down his whip—and served no more.  
Nor could the waggon long survive,  
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :  
It lingered on ;—guide after guide  
Ambitiously the office tried ;  
But each unmanageable hill  
Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ;—  
And sure it is, that through this night,  
And what the morning brought to light,  
Two losses had we to sustain,  
We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN !

---

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,  
 The gift of this adventurous song ;  
 A record which I dared to frame,  
 Though timid scruples checked me long ;  
 They check me—and I left the theme  
 Untouched ;—in spite of many a gleam  
 Of fancy which thereon was shed,  
 Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
 Upon the side of a distant hill :  
 But Nature might not be gainsaid ;  
 For what I have and what I miss  
 I sing of these ;—it makes my bliss !  
 Nor is it I who play the part,  
 But a shy spirit in my heart,  
 That comes and goes—will sometimes leap  
 From hiding-places ten years deep ;  
 Or haunts me with familiar face,<sup>1</sup>  
 Returning, like a ghost unlaid,  
 Until the debt I owe be paid.  
 Forgive me, then, for I had been  
 On friendly terms with this Machine :  
 In him, while he was wont to trace  
 Our roads, through many a long year's space,  
 A living almanac had we ;  
 We had a speaking diary,  
 That in this uneventful place,  
 Gave to the days a mark and name  
 By which we knew them when they came.  
 —Yes, I, and all about me here,  
 Through all the changes of the year,

<sup>1</sup> 1827.

Sometimes, as in the present case,  
 Will shew a more familiar face ;

1819.

Or, proud all rivalry to chase,  
 Will haunt me with familiar face ;

1820.

Had seen him through the mountains go,  
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
Majestically huge and slow :  
Or, with a milder grace adorning  
The landscape of a summer's morning ;  
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain  
The moving image to detain ;  
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
Of echoes, to his march kept time ;  
When little other business stirred,  
And little other sound was heard ;  
In that delicious hour of balm,  
Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
While yet the valley is arrayed,  
On this side with a sober shade ;  
On that is prodigally bright—  
Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.  
—But most of all, thou lordly Wain !  
I wish to have thee here again,  
When windows flap and chimney roars,  
And all is dismal out of doors ;  
And, sitting by my fire, I see  
Eight sorry carts, no less a train !  
Unworthy successors of thee,  
Come straggling through the wind and rain :  
And oft, as they pass slowly on,  
Beneath my windows, one by one,  
See, perched upon the naked height  
The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
A single traveller—and there  
Another ; then perhaps a pair—  
The lame, the sickly, and the old ;  
Men, women, heartless with the cold ;  
And babes in wet and starveling plight ;

Which once, be weather as it might,  
 Had still a nest within a nest,  
 Thy shelter—and their mother's breast !  
 Then most of all, then far the most,  
 Do I regret what we have lost ;  
 Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
 Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—  
 And of his stately Charge, which none  
 Could keep alive when He was gone !

## N O T E S

(Added in the edition of 1836.)

## I.

Several years after the event that forms the subject of the foregoing poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said :—"They could not do without me : and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him ; he was a man of no *ideas*."

The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.

## II.

The Dor-hawk, solitary bird.

When the poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described :—

The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,  
 Twirling his watchman's rattle about—

But from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.

## III.

After the line, *Can any mortal clog come to her*, followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time. \*

*Can any mortal clog come to her ?*

It can :

But Benjamin, in his vexation,  
Possesses inward consolation ;  
He knows his ground, and hopes to find  
A spot with all things to his mind,  
An upright mural block of stone,  
Moist with pure water trickling down.  
A slender spring ; but kind to man  
It is, a true Samaritan ;  
Close to the highway, pouring out  
Its offering from a chink or spout ;  
Whence all, howe'er athirst, or drooping  
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin, " Where is it, where ?  
Voice it hath none, but must be near."  
—A star, declining towards the west,  
Upon the watery surface threw  
Its image tremulously imprest,  
That just marked out the object and withdrew ;  
Right welcome service !

#### ROCK OF NAMES :

Light is the strain, but not unjust  
To Thee and thy memorial—trust,  
That once seemed only to express  
Love that was love in idleness ;  
Tokens, as year hath followed year  
How changed, alas, in character !  
For they were graven on thy smooth breast  
By hands of those my soul loved best ;  
Meek women, men as true and brave

As ever went to a hopeful grave :  
 Their hands and mine, when side by side  
 • With kindred zeal and mutual pride,  
 We worked until the Initials took  
 Shapes that defied a scornful look.—  
 Long as for us a genial feeling  
 Survives, or one in need of healing,  
 The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,  
 Thy monumental power, shall last  
 For me and mine. O thought of pain  
 That would impair it or profane !  
 Take all in kindness then, as said  
 With a staid heart but playful head ;  
 And fail not Thou, loved Rock ! to keep  
 Thy charge when we are laid asleep.

The original text of *The Waggoner* underwent little change, till the year 1836, when it was carefully revised, and altered throughout. The final edition of 1845, however, reverted, in many instances—especially in the first canto—to the original text of 1819.

As this poem was dedicated to Charles Lamb, it may be of interest to note that, some six months afterwards, Lamb presented Wordsworth with a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Regained* (the edition of 1671), writing on it the following sentence, “Charles Lamb, to the best knower of Milton, and therefore the worthiest occupant of this pleasant edition. Jan. 2d, 1820.”

Wordsworth seemed at a loss to know in what “class” of his poems to place *The Waggoner*; and his frequent changes—removing it from one group to another—shew the artificial character of these classes. Thus, in the edition of 1820, it stood first amongst the “Poems of the Fancy.” In 1827 it was the last of the “Poems founded on the Affections.” In 1832 it was reinstated amongst the “Poems of the Fancy.” In 1836 it had a place to itself, and was inserted between the “Poems of the Fancy” and those “Founded on the Affections;” while in 1845 it was sent back to its original place amongst the “Poems of the Fancy,” closing the series.

There is no poem more closely identified with the Grasmere district of the English Lakes—and with the road from Grasmere to Keswick—than *The Waggoner* is, and in none are the topographical allusions more minute and faithful.

The opening stanzas are unrivalled in their description of a sultry June evening, with a thunder-storm imminent.

'Tis spent—this burning day of June !  
 Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing ;  
 The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling,—  
 That solitary bird  
 Is all that can be heard  
 In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon !

The mountains against heaven's grave weight  
 Rise up, and grow to wondrous height ;  
 The air, as in a lion's den,  
 Is close and hot ;—and now and then  
 Comes a tired and sultry breeze  
 With a haunting and a panting,  
 Like the stifling of disease ;  
 But the dews allay the heat,  
 And the silence makes it sweet.

The waggoner takes what is now the middle road, of the three leading from Rydal to Grasmere (see the note to *The Primrose of the Rock*). The "craggy hill" referred to in the lines

Now he leaves the lower ground,  
 And up the craggy hill ascending,  
 Steep the way and wearisome,

is the road from Rydal Quarry up to White Moss Common, with the Glowworm Rock on the right, and the "two heath-clad rocks," referred to in the last of the "Poems on the Naming of Places," on the left. He next passes "The Wishing Gate" on the left, John's Grove on the right, and descends by Dove Cottage—where Wordsworth lived—to Grasmere.

At the bottom of the brow  
 Where once the Dove and OLIVE-BOUGH  
 Offered a greeting of good ale  
 To all who entered Grasmere Vale !  
 And called on him who must depart  
 To leave it with a jovial heart ;  
 There, where the Dove and OLIVE-BOUGH  
 Once hung, a Poet harbours now,  
 A simple water-drinking Bard.

He goes through Grasmere, passes the Swan Inn,

He knows it to his cost, good Man !  
 Who does not know the famous Swan ?  
 Object uncouth ! and yet our boast,  
 For it was painted by the Host ;  
 His own conceit the figure planned,  
 'Twas coloured all by his own hand.

As early as 1819, when the poem was first published, "this rude piece of self-taught art had been supplanted" by a more pretentious figure. The Waggoner passes the Swan,

And now the conqueror essays  
 The long ascent of Dunmail-raise.

As he proceeds, the storm gathers, and "struggles to get free." Road, hill, and sky are dark ; and he barely sees the well-known rocks at the summit of Helm-crag, where two figures seem to sit, like those on the Cobbler, near Arrochar, in Argyle.

Black is the sky—and every hill,  
 Up to the sky, is blacker still—  
 Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,  
 Hung round and overhung with gloom ;  
 Save that above a single height  
 Is to be seen a lurid light,  
 Above Helm-crag—a streak half dead,  
 A burning of portentous red,  
 And near that lurid light, full well  
 The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,  
 Where at his desk and book he sits,  
 Puzzling aloft his curious wits ;  
 He whose domain is held in common  
 With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,  
 Cowering beside her rifted cell,  
 As if intent on magic spell ;—  
 Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,  
 Still sit upon Helm-crag together !

At the top of the "raise"—the water-shed between the vales of Glasmare and Wytheburn—he reaches the familiar pile of stones, at the boundary between the shires of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

that pile of stones,  
 Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones ;  
  
 Green is the grass for beast to graze,  
 Around the stones of Dunnmail-raise !

The allusion to Seat-Sandal laid bare by the flash of lightning, and the description, in the last canto, of the ascent of the Raise by the waggoner

on a summer morning, are as true to the spirit of the place as anything that Wordsworth has written. He tells his friend Lamb, fourteen years after he wrote the poem of *The Waggoner*,

Yes, I, and all about me here,  
 Through all the changes of the year,  
 Had seen him through the mountains go,  
 In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
 Majestically huge and slow :  
 Or, with a milder grace adorning  
 The landscape of a summer's morning ;  
 While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain  
 The moving image to detain ;  
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
 Of echoes, to his march kept time ;  
 When little other business stirred,  
 And little other sound was heard ;  
 In that delicious hour of balm,  
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
 While yet the valley is arrayed,  
 On this side with a sober shade ;  
 On that is prodigally bright—  
 Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.

From Dunmail-raise the Waggoner descends to Wytheburn. Externally,

Wytheburn's modest house of prayer  
 As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,

remains very much as it was in 1805 ; but the primitive simplicity and "lowness" of the chapel was changed by the addition a few years ago of an apse, by the removal of some of the old rafters, and by the reseating of the pews.

The Cherry Tree Tavern, where "the village Merry-night" was being celebrated, still stands on the eastern or Helvellyn side of the road. It is now a farm-house ; but it will be passed with interest from the description of the rustic dance, &c., which recalls (*longo inter-  
vallo*) *The Jolly Beggars* of Burns. After two hours delay at the Cherry Tree, the Waggoner and Sailor "coast the silent lake" of Thirlmere, and pass the Rock of Names.

This Rock is one of the most interesting memorials of Wordsworth and his friends that survive in the Lake District. It was lately threatened with destruction beneath the waters of a reservoir ; but the catastrophe of the conversion of the vale of Thirlmere into a Manchester water-tank is for the present postponed. May it be so for ever ! This Rock of Names on the shore of Thirlmere was a trysting place of the poets from Grasmere and Keswick—being nearly half-way between the two

places—and there, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other members of their households often met. When Coleridge left Grasmere for Keswick, the Wordsworths usually accompanied him as far as this rock; and they often met him there on his way over from Keswick to Grasmere. Compare the Hon. Mr Justice Coleridge's Reminiscences. (*Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 310.)

An upright mural block of stone,  
Moist with pure water trickling down.

#### ROCK OF NAMES !

Light is the strain, but not unjust  
To Thee, and thy memorial-trust  
That once seemed only to express  
Love that was love in idleness ;  
Tokens, as year hath followed year,  
How changed, alas, in character !  
For they were graven on thy smooth breast  
By hands of those my soul loved best ;  
Meek women, men as true and brave  
As ever went to a hopeful grave :  
Their hands and mine, when side by side,  
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,  
We worked until the Initials took  
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—  
Long as for us a genial feeling  
Survives, or one in need of healing,  
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,  
Thy monumental power, shall last  
For me and mine ! O thought of pain,  
That would impair it or profane !  
And fail not Thou, loved Rock ! to keep  
Thy charge when we are laid asleep.

This rock is on the right hand of the road, a little way past Waterhead, at the southern end of Thirlmere. On it are cut the letters,

W. W.  
M. H.  
D. W.  
S. T. C.  
J. W.  
S. H.

which are the initials of William Wordsworth, Mary Hutchinson, Dorothy Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, John Wordsworth, and Sarah Hutchinson. The Wordsworths settled at Grasmere at the close of the year 1799. As mentioned in a previous note (see p. 58), Captain John Wordsworth lived with his brother and sister during most of that

winter, and during the whole of the spring, summer, and autumn of 1800, leaving it finally on September 29, 1800. These names must therefore have been cut during the summer of 1800. There is no record of the occurrence, and no allusion to the rock, in Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal of 1800. But that Journal, so far as I have examined it, begins on the 14th of May 1800. Almost every detail of the daily life and ways of the household at Dove Cottage is so minutely recorded in it, that I am convinced that this incident of the cutting of names in the Thirlmere Rock would have been mentioned, had it happened between the 14th of May and John Wordsworth's departure from Grasmere in September. Such references as this, for example, occur in the Journal,—“Saturday, Aug. 2. William and Coleridge went to Keswick. John went with them to Wytheburn, and staid all day fishing.” I therefore infer that it was in the spring or early summer of 1800 that the names were cut.

I may add that the late Dean of Westminster—Dean Stanley—took much interest in this Rock of Names ; and doubt having been cast on the accuracy of the place and the genuineness of the inscriptions, in a letter from the Bishop of Manchester, which he forwarded to me, he entered into the question with all the interest with which he was wont to track out details in the architecture or the history of a Church.

There are few memorials connected with Wordsworth more worthy of preservation than this “upright mural block of stone.” When one remembers that the initials on the rock were graven by the hands of William, Dorothy, and John Wordsworth, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and the two Hutchinsons (Mary and Sarah), and that Wordsworth says of them,

We worked until the initials took  
Shapes that defied a scornful look,

this Thirlmere Rock will be regarded as a far more interesting memento, of the group of poets that used to meet beside it, than the Stone in the grounds of Rydal Mount that was spared at Wordsworth's suit “from some rude beauty of its own” And there is simplicity as well as strength in the way in which the initials are cut. It is a sad reflection that the stone has been desecrated (and is, I fear, increasingly injured) by those who have had the audacity to scratch their own names or initials upon it. In 1877 I wrote, “The rock is as yet wonderfully free from such ; and its preservation is probably due to the dark olive-coloured moss, with which the ‘pure water trickling down’ has covered the face of the ‘mural block,’ and thus secured it from observation, even on that highway ;” but I find this summer (1882) that several other names have been ruthlessly added.

“The Muse” takes farewell of the Waggoner as he is proceeding with the Sailor and his quaint model of the Vanguard along the road toward Keswick. It “scents the morning air,” and

Quits the slow-paced waggon's side,  
To wander down yon hawthorn dell,  
With murmuring Greta for her guide.

The "hawthorn dell" is the upper part of the Vale of St John.

—There doth she ken the awful form  
Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—  
Glimmering through the twilight pale ;  
And Ghimmer-crag, his tall twin brother,  
Each peering forth to meet the other.

Raven-crag is well known,—a rock on the western side of Thirlmere, where the Greta issues from the lake. But there is no rock in the district now called by the name of Ghimmer-crag, or the crag of the Ewe-lamb. I am inclined to think that Wordsworth referred to the "Fisher-crag" of the Ordnance Survey and the Guide Books. No other rock round Thirlmere can with any accuracy be called the "tall twin brother" of Raven-crag : certainly not Great How, nor any spur of High Seat or Bleaberry Fall. Fisher crag resembles Raven crag, as seen from Thirlmere Bridge, or from the high road above it ; and it is somewhat remarkable that Green—in his Guide to the Lakes (a volume which the poet possessed)—makes use of the same expression as that which Wordsworth adopts regarding these two crags, Raven and Fisher. "The margin of the lake on the Dalehead side has its charms of wood and water ; and Fischer Crag, twin brother to Raven Crag, is no bad object, when taken near the island called Buck's Holm" (*A Description of Sixty Studies from Nature*, by William Green of Ambleside, 1810, p. 57). I cannot find any topographical allusion to a Ghimmer-crag in contemporary local writers. Clarke, in his *Survey of the Lakes*, does not mention it.

The Castle Rock, in the Vale of Legberthwaite, between High Fell and Great How, is the fairy castle of Sir Walter Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*. "Nathdale Fell" is the ridge between Naddle Vale (Nathdale Vale) and that of St John, now known as High Rigg. The old Hall of Threlkeld has long been in a state of ruinous dilapidation, the only habitable part of it having been for many years converted into a farmhouse. The remaining local allusions in *The Waggoner* are obvious enough : Castrigg is the shortened form of Castlerigg, the ridge between Naddle Valley and Keswick.

In the "Reminiscences" of Wordsworth, which the Hon. Mr Justice Coleridge wrote for the Bishop of Lincoln, in 1850, there is the following reference to *The Waggoner*. (See *Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 310.) "The Waggoner seems a very favourite poem of his. He said his object in it had not been understood. It was a play of the fancy on a domestic incident, and lowly character. He wished by the opening descriptive lines to put his reader into the state of mind in which he wished it to be read. If he failed in doing that, he wished him to lay

it down. He pointed out with the same view, the glowing lines on the state of exultation in which Ben and his companions are under the influence of liquor. Then he read the sickening languor of the morning walk, contrasted with the glorious uprising of Nature, and the songs of the birds. Here he has added about six most exquisite lines." The lines referred to are doubtless the eight, beginning

Say more ; for by that power a vein,  
which were added in the edition of 1836. See Appendix to this volume,  
Note I.—ED.

### FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT.

REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND."

Comp. 1805. — Pub. 1809.

[An extract from the long poem on my own poetical education. It was first published by Coleridge in his "Friend," which is the reason of its having had a place in every edition of my poems since.]

OH ! pleasant exercise of hope and joy !  
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
Upon our side, we<sup>1</sup> who were strong in love !  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven !—Oh ! times  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance !  
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
When most intent on making of herself  
A prime Enchantress<sup>2</sup>—to assist the work  
Which then was going forward in her name !  
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,  
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets  
(As at some moment might not be unfelt<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1809. . . . us who were strong . . . . *The Prelude.*

<sup>2</sup> 1815. . . . A prime Enchanter . . . . 1809.

<sup>3</sup> 1836. (To take an image which was felt no doubt  
Among the bowers of paradise itself) 1809.

Among the bowers of paradise itself)  
The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
What temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of ? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away !  
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
The playfellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred<sup>1</sup>  
Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt<sup>1</sup> with whatsoever they found there  
As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it ;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,  
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these,  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
And in the region of their peaceful selves ;—  
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty  
Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish ;  
Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,<sup>2</sup>  
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where !  
But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where in the end  
We find our happiness, or not at all !

These lines appeared first in *The Friend*, No. 11, October 26, 1809, p. 163. They afterwards found a place amongst the "Poems of the Imagination," in all the collective editions from 1815 onwards. They are part of the eleventh book of *The Prelude*, entitled "France—(concluded)."—ED.

1815.

**Their ministers—used to stir in lordly wise**

**And deal . . . . .** 1800.

2 1832.

Subterranean Fields. 1809.

## THE PRELUDE,

OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL  
POEM.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the EXCURSION, first published in 1814, where he thus speaks :—

“ Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

“ As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

“ That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished ; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the ‘ Recluse ;’ as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

“ The preparatory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself ; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work, as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.”

Such was the Author's language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the RECLUSE, and that the RECLUSE, if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz., the EXCURSION, was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the RECLUSE still remains in manuscript ; but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the EXCURSION.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad ; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country), are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr Wordsworth, which will be found in the "Sibylline Leaves," p. 197, ed. 1817, or "Poetical Works, by S. T. Coleridge," vol. i., p. 206.

RYDAL MOUNT, July 13th, 1850.

This "advertisement" to the first edition of *The Prelude*—published in 1850, the year of Wordsworth's death—was written by Mr Carter, who edited the volume. Mr Carter was for many years the poet's secretary, and afterwards one of his literary executors. The poem was not only kept back from publication during Wordsworth's life-time, but it remained without a title ; being alluded to by himself, when he spoke or wrote of it, as "the poem on my own poetical education," the "poem on my own life," &c.

As *The Prelude* is autobiographical, a large part of Wordsworth's life might be written in the notes appended to it ; but, besides breaking up the text of the poem unduly, this plan has many disadvantages, and would render a subsequent and detailed life of the poet either unnecessary or repetitive. The notes which follow will therefore be limited to the explanation of local, historical, and chronological allusions, or to references to Wordsworth's own career that are not obvious without them. It has been occasionally difficult to decide whether some of the allusions, to minute points in ancient history, medieval mythology, and contemporary politics, should be explained or left alone ; but I have preferred to err on the side of giving a brief clue to details, with which every scholar is familiar.

*The Prelude* was begun as Wordsworth left the imperial city of Goslar, in Lower Saxony, where he spent part of the last winter of last century, and which he left on the 10th of February 1799. Only the first two paragraphs, however, were composed at that time ; and the poem was continued at desultory intervals after the settlement at Grasmere, during 1800, and following years. Large portions of it were dictated during these years to his devoted amanuenses as he walked on the terraces of Lanrigg. Six books were finished by 1805. "The seventh was begun in the opening of that year ;" "and the remaining seven were written before the end of June 1805, when his friend Cole-

ridge was in the island of Malta, for the restoration of his health."—  
(The Bishop of Lincoln.)

There is no uncertainty as to the year in which the later books were written; but there is considerable difficulty in fixing the precise date of the earlier ones. Writing from Grasmere to his friend Francis Wrangham—the letter is undated—Wordsworth says, "I am engaged in writing a poem on my own earlier Life. Three books are nearly finished." The Bishop of Lincoln supposes that this letter to Wrangham was written "at the close of 1803, or beginning of 1804." (See *Memoirs*, Vol. I., p. 303). From the hints which Wordsworth himself supplies in two passages, however—viz., in the sixth and seventh books of *The Prelude*—I think it must belong to the year 1802. The passages are as follows. At the commencement of the seventh book he says—

*Six changeful years have vanished since I first  
Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze  
Which met me issuing from the city's walls)*  
*A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang  
Aloud, with fervour irresistible  
Of short-lived transport, like a torrent bursting,  
From a black thunder-cloud, down Scafell's side  
To rush and disappear. But soon broke forth  
(So willed the Muse) *a less impetuous stream,*  
*That flowed awhile with unabating strength,*  
*Then stopped for years; not audible again*  
*Before last primrose-time.**

I have italicised the clauses which give some clue to the dates of composition. From these it would appear that the "glad preamble," written on leaving Goslar (which, I think, included only the first two paragraphs of book first), was a "short-lived transport;" but that "soon" afterwards "a less impetuous strain" broke forth, which, after the settlement at Grasmere, "flowed awhile with unabating strength," and then "stopped for years." Now the above passage, recording these things, was written in 1805, and in the late autumn of that year; (as is evident from the reference which immediately follows to the "choir of redbreasts" and the approach of winter). We must therefore assign the flowing of the "less impetuous stream," to 1802; in order to leave room for the intervening "years," in which it ceased to flow, till it was audible again in 1804, "last primrose-time."

The second reference to date occurs in the sixth book, entitled "Cambridge and the Alps," in which he says,

*Four years and thirty told this very week,  
Have I been now a sojourner on earth," &c.*

This fixes definitely enough the exact date of the composition of that part of the work, viz., April 1804, which corresponds exactly to the

"last primrose-time" of the previous extract from the seventh book, in which he tells us that after its long silence, his Muse was heard again. So much for Wordsworth's own allusions to date.

But there are other hints supplied by his letters, especially those to Sir George Beaumont. On the 23d of December 1804 he wrote, "I am at present chiefly engaged on a Poem, on my own earlier life, or the growth of my own mind. . . . I have written upwards of 2000 verses during the last ten weeks." From this it appears that 2000 lines of *The Prelude* was written in October, November, and December of 1804; and, as the seventh book was begun "six changeful years" after the "glad preamble" of February 1799, I conclude—counting back 2000 lines from book seventh—that the lines in question are the whole of the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, and part of the third, beginning probably with the paragraph,

But peace to vain regrets !

(See p. 184.)

This would correspond with what Wordsworth says to his friend Wrangham, in the undated letter of 1802, that he had then composed *nearly three books*, i.e., the first, the second, and the third probably down to the line

By moonshine through mere lack of taper light.

(See p. 184.)

Thus I conclude that these three books contain the "stream," "less impetuous" than the Goslar prologue of 1798.

There are difficulties, however, as to date; and the "2000 verses" which Wordsworth told Sir George Beaumont, on Christmas Day 1804, that he had written "during the last ten weeks," may have included parts of *The Recluse*; for, although he goes on to say that he was chiefly occupied on *The Prelude*, he adds that *The Recluse* was the chief object on which his thoughts had been fixed for many years.

It is certain that the remaining books of *The Prelude* were all written in the spring and early summer of 1805; the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and part of the twelfth being finished about the middle of April; the last 300 lines of book twelfth in the last week of April; and the two remaining books—the thirteenth and fourteenth—before the 20th of May. The following extracts from letters of Wordsworth to Sir George Beaumont make this clear, and also cast light on matters much more important than the mere dates of composition.

GRASMERE, Dec. 25, 1804.

"My dear Sir George,—You will be pleased to hear that I have been advancing with my work: I have written upwards of 2000 verses during the last ten weeks. I do not know if you are exactly acquainted with the plan of my poetical labour: It is twofold; first, a Poem, to be

called 'The Recluse ;' in which it will be my object to express in verse, my most interesting feelings concerning man, nature, and society ; and next, a poem (in which I am at present chiefly engaged) on *my earlier life, or the growth of my own mind*, taken up upon a large scale. This latter work I expect to have finished before the month of May ; and then I purpose to fall with all my might on the former, which is the chief object upon which my thoughts have been fixed these many years."

GRASMERE, May 1, 1800.

" Unable to proceed with this work, I turned my thoughts again to the *Poem on my own Life*, and you will be glad to hear that I have added 300 lines to it in the course of last week. Two books more will conclude it. It will not be much less than 9000 lines,—not hundred but thousand lines long,—an alarming length ! and a thing unprecedented in literary history that a man should talk so much about himself. It is not self-conceit, as you will know well, that has induced me to do this, but real humility. I began the work because I was *unprepared* to treat *any more arduous subject, and diffident of my own powers*. Here, at least, I hoped that to a certain degree I should be sure of succeeding, as I had nothing to do but describe what I had felt and thought, and therefore could not easily be bewildered. This might have been done in narrower compass by a man of more address ; but I have done my best. If, when the work shall be finished, it appears to the judicious to have redundancies, they shall be lopped off, if possible ; but this is very difficult to do, when a man has written with thought ; and this defect, whenever I have suspected it or found it to exist in any writings of mine, I have always found it incurable. The fault lies too deep, and is in the first conception."

GRASMERE, June 3, 1805.

" I have the pleasure to say that I *finished my poem* about a fortnight ago. I had looked forward to the day as a most happy one ; . . . But it was not a happy day for me ; I was dejected on many accounts : when I looked back upon the performance, it seemed to have a dead weight about it,—the reality so far short of the expectation. It was the first long labour that I had finished ; and the doubt whether I should ever live to write *The Recluse*, and the sense which I had of this poem being so far below what I seemed capable of executing,

"depressed me much; above all, many heavy thoughts of my poor departed brother hung upon me, the joy which I should have had in showing him the manuscript, and a thousand other vain fancies and dreams. I have spoken of this, because it was a state of feeling new to me, the occasion being new. This work may be considered as a sort of *portico* to 'The Recluse,' part of the same building, which I hope to be able, ere long, to begin with in earnest; and if I am permitted to bring it to a conclusion, and to write, further, a narrative poem of the epic kind, I shall consider the task of my life as over. I ought to add, that I have the satisfaction of finding the present poem not quite of so alarming a length as I apprehended."

These letters explain the delay in the publication of *The Prelude*. They show that what led Wordsworth to write so much about himself was not self-conceit, but self-diffidence. He felt unprepared as yet for the more arduous task he had set before himself. He saw its faults as clearly, or more clearly, than the critics who condemned him. He knew that its length was excessive. He tried to condense it; he kept it beside him unpublished, and occasionally revised it, with a view to condensation, in vain. The text received his final corrections in the year 1832.

The admission made in the letter of May 1st, 1805, is noteworthy:—"This defect" (of redundancy) "whenever I have suspected it, or found it to exist in my writings, I have always found incurable. The fault lies too deep, and is in the first conception." The actual result—in the Poem he had at length committed to writing—was so far inferior to the ideal he had tried to realise, that he could never be induced to publish it. He spoke of the MS. as forming a sort of *portico* to his larger work—the poem on Man, Nature, and Society—which he meant to call "The Recluse," and of which one portion only, viz., *The Excursion*, was finished. It is clear that throughout the composition of *The Prelude*, he felt that he was experimenting with his powers. He wished to find out whether he could construct "a literary work that might live," on a larger scale than his Lyrics; and it was on the writing of a "philosophical poem," dealing with Man and Nature, in their deepest aspects, that his thoughts had been fixed for many years. From the letter to Sir George Beaumont, December 25, 1804, it is evident that he regarded the autobiographical poem as a mere prologue to this larger work, to which he hoped to turn "with all his might" after *The Prelude* was finished, and of which he had already written about a fifth or a sixth (see *Memoirs*, Vol. I., p. 304). This was the part known in the Grasmere household as *The Pedlar*, a title given to it from the character of the Wanderer, but afterwards happily set aside. He did not devote himself, however, to the completion of his wider purpose, immediately after *The Prelude* was finished. He wrote one book of *The Recluse* which is still unpublished. It is

entitled, "Home at Grasmere;" and, though detached from *The Prelude*, it is a continuation of the narrative of his own life at the point where it is left off in the latter poem. It consists of 733 lines. The following extract from it was published in the *Memoirs* in 1850 (Vol. I. p. 155) :—

" Bleak season was it, turbulent and wild,  
 When hitherward we journeyed, side by side,  
 Through bursts of sunshine and through flying showers,  
 Paced the long vales, how long they were, and yet  
 How fast that length of way was left behind,  
 Wensley's rich vale and Sedbergh's naked heights.  
 The frosty wind, as if to make amends  
 For its keen breath, was aiding to our steps,  
 And drove us onward as two ships at sea ;  
 Or, like two birds, companions in mid-air,  
 Parted and reunited by the blast.  
 Stern was the face of Nature : we rejoiced  
 In that stern countenance ; for our souls thence drew  
 A feeling of their strength. The naked trees,  
 The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared  
 To question us, ' Whence come ye ? To what end ? '

The autobiographical poem remained, as already stated, during Wordsworth's life-time without a title. The name finally adopted—*The Prelude*—was suggested by Mrs Wordsworth, both to indicate its relation to the larger work, and the fact of its having been written comparatively early.

As the poem was addressed to Coleridge, it may be desirable to add in this place his critical verdict upon it ; along with the poem which he wrote, on hearing Wordsworth read a portion of it to him, in the winter of 1806, at Coleorton.

In his *Table Talk* (London, 1835, Vol. II., p. 70), Coleridge's opinion is recorded thus :—

" I cannot help regretting that Wordsworth did not first publish his thirteen (fourteen) books on the growth of an individual mind—superior, as I used to think, upon the whole to 'The Excursion.' You may judge how I felt about them by my own Poem upon the occasion. Then the plan laid out, and, I believe, partly suggested by me, was, that Wordsworth should assume the station of a man in mental repose, one whose principles were made up, and so prepared to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy. He was to treat man as man,—a subject of eye, ear, touch, and taste in contact with external nature, and informing the senses from the mind, and not compounding a mind out of the senses ; then he was to describe the pastoral and other states of society, assuming something of the Juvenalian spirit as he approached the high civilization of cities and towns, and opening a melancholy picture of the present state of degeneracy and vice ; thence he was to infer and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man

and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation, showing how this idea reconciled all the anomalies, and promised future glory and restoration. Something of this sort was, I think, agreed on. It is, in substance, what I have been all my life doing in my system of philosophy.

"I think Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great Philosopher than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton; but it seems to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position which is peculiarly—perhaps, I might say exclusively—fitted for him. His proper title is *Spectator ab extra.*"

The following are Coleridge's Lines addressed to Wordsworth :—

#### TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM ON THE  
GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND.

Friend of the wise ! and teacher of the good !  
Into my heart have I received that lay  
More than historic, that prophetic lay  
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)  
Of the foundations and the building up  
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell  
What may be told, to the understanding mind  
Revealable ; and what within the mind  
By vital breathings secret as the soul  
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart  
Thoughts all too deep for words !—

Theme hard as high,  
Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears  
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth),  
Of tides obedient to external force,  
And currents self-determined, as might seem,  
Or by some inner power ; of moments awful,  
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,  
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received  
The Light reflected, as a light bestowed—  
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,  
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought  
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens,  
Native or outland, lakes and famous hills !  
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars  
Were rising ; or by secret mountain-streams,  
The guides and the companions of thy way !

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense  
 Distending wide, and man beloved<sup>of man</sup>,  
 Where France in all her towns lay vibrating  
 Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst  
 Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud  
 Is visible, or shadow on the main.  
 For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,  
 Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,  
 Amid a mighty nation jubilant,  
 When from the general heart of humankind  
 Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity !  
 —Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,  
 So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure,  
 From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,  
 With light unwaning on her eyes, to look  
 Far on—herself a glory to behold.  
 The Angel of the vision ! Then (last strain)  
 Of Duty, chosen laws controlling choice,  
 Action and joy !—An Orphic song indeed,  
 A song divine of high and passionate thoughts  
 To their own music chanted !

O great Bard !

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,  
 With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir  
 Of ever-enduring men. The truly great  
 Have all one age, and from one visible space  
 Shed influence ! They, both in power and act,  
 Are permanent, and Time is not with them,  
 Save as it worketh for them, they in it.  
 Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,  
 And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame  
 Among the archives of mankind, thy work  
 Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,  
 Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,  
 Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes !  
 Ah ! as I listened with a heart forlorn,  
 The pulses of my being beat anew :  
 And even as life returns upon the drowned,  
 Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—  
 Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe  
 Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart ;  
 And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope ;  
 And hope that scarce would know itself from fear ;  
 Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,  
 And genius given, and knowledge won in vain.

And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,  
And all which patient toil had reared, and all,  
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers  
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,  
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave !

Eve following eve,  
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home  
Is sweetest ! moments for their own sake hailed,  
And more desired, more precious for thy song,  
In silence listening, like a devout child,  
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain  
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,  
With momentary stars of my own birth,  
Fair constellated foam, still darting off  
Into the darkness ; now a tranquil sea,  
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when ! O Friend ! my comforter and guide !  
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength !—  
Thy long-sustained Song finally closed,  
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself  
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both  
That happy vision of beloved faces—  
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close  
I sate, my being blended in one thought  
(Thought was it ? or aspiration ? or resolve ?)  
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—  
And when I rose I found myself in prayer.

It was at Coleorton, in Leicestershire,—where the Wordsworths lived during the winter of 1806, in a farm-house belonging to Sir George Beaumont, and where Coleridge visited them,—that *The Prelude* was read aloud by its author, on the occasion which gave birth to these lines.—ED.

### Book First.

#### INTRODUCTION.—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

O THERE is blessing in this gentle breeze,  
A visitant that while it fans my cheek  
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings  
From the green fields, and from yon azure sky.

Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can come  
 To none more grateful than to me ; escaped  
 From the vast city,\* where I long had pined  
 A discontented sojourner : now free,  
 Free as a bird to settle where I will.

What dwelling shall receive me ? in what vale  
 Shall be my harbour ? underneath what grove  
 Shall I take up my home ? and what clear stream  
 Shall with its murmur lull me into rest ?

The earth is all before me. With a heart  
 Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,  
 I look about ; and should the chosen guide  
 Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,  
 I cannot miss my way. I breathe again !

Trances of thought and mountings of the mind  
 Come fast upon me : it is shaken off,  
 That burthen of my own unnatural self,  
 The heavy weight of many a weary day  
 Not mine, and such as were not made for me.  
 Long months of peace (if such bold word accord  
 With any promises of human life),  
 Long months of ease and undisturbed delight  
 Are mine in prospect ; whither shall I turn,  
 By road or pathway, or through trackless field,  
 Up hill or down, or shall some floating thing  
 Upon the river point me out my course ?

Dear Liberty ! Yet what would it avail  
 But for a gift that consecrates the joy ?  
 For I, methought, while the sweet breath of heaven  
 Was blowing on my body, felt within  
 A correspondent breeze, that gently moved  
 With quickening virtue, but is now ~~become~~

A tempest, a redundant energy,  
Vexing its own creation. Thanks to both,  
And their congenial powers, that, while they join  
In breaking up a long-continued frost,  
Bring with them vernal promises, the hope  
Of active days urged on by flying hours,—  
Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought  
Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,  
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse !

Thus far, O Friend ! did I, not used to make  
A present joy the matter of a song,  
Pour forth that day my soul in measured strains  
That would not be forgotten, and are here  
Recorded : to the open fields I told  
A prophecy : poetic numbers came  
Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe  
A renovated spirit singled out,  
Such hope was mine, for holy services.  
My own voice cheered me, and, far more, the mind's  
Internal echo of the imperfect sound ;  
To both I listened, drawing from them both  
A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give  
A respite to this passion, I paced on  
With brisk and eager steps ; and came, at length,  
To a green shady place,\* where down I sate  
Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice,  
And settling into gentler happiness.  
'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day,  
With warmth, as much as needed, from a sun  
Two hours delinped towards the west ; a day

With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass,  
And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove  
A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts  
Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was made  
Of a known Vale, whither my feet should turn,\*  
Nor rest till they had reached the very door  
Of the one cottage which methought I saw.  
No picture of mere memory ever looked  
So fair; and while upon the fancied scene  
I gazed with growing love, a higher power  
Than Fancy gave assurance of some work  
Of glory there forthwith to be begun,  
Perhaps too there performed. Thus long I mused,  
Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,  
Save when, amid the stately groves of oaks,  
Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup  
Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at once  
To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound.  
From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun  
Had almost touched the horizon; casting then  
A backward glance upon the curling cloud  
(Of city smoke, by distance ruralised;  
Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive,  
But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,  
Even with the chance equipment of that hour,  
The road that pointed toward the chosen Vale.\*  
It was a splendid evening, and my soul  
Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked  
Æolian visitations; but the harp  
.Was soon defrauded, and the banded host  
Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds,  
And lastly utter silence! "Be it so;

---

\* Grasmere: the "one cottage" being Dove Cottage at Town-end.—ED.

Why think of anything but present good?"  
So, like a home-bound labourer I pursued  
My way beneath the mellowing sun, that shed  
Mild influence; nor left in me one wish  
Again to bend the Sabbath of that time  
To a servile yoke. What need of many words?  
A pleasant loitering journey, through three days \*  
Continued, brought me to my hermitage.  
I spare to tell of what ensued, the life  
In common things—the endless store of things,  
Rare, or at least so seeming, every day  
Found all about me in one neighbourhood—  
The self-congratulation, and, from morn  
To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.†  
But speedily an earnest longing rose  
To brace myself to some determined aim,  
Reading or thinking; either to lay up  
New stores, or rescue from decay the old  
By timely interference: and therewith  
Came hopes still higher, that with outward life  
I might endue some airy phantasies  
That had been floating loose about for years,  
And to such beings temperately deal forth  
The many feelings that oppressed my heart.  
That hope hath been discouraged; welcome light  
Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear  
And mock me with a sky that ripens not  
Into a steady morning: if my mind,  
Remembering the bold promise of the past,  
Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,

\* Wordsworth spent most of the year 1799 (from Feb. to Dec.) at Sockburn with the Hutchinsons. He left it on Dec. 19, and reached Dove Cottage, Grasmere, on Dec. 21, 1799.—ED.

† See the extracts, given in this edition, from Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere Journals.—ED.

Vain is her wish ; where'er she turns she finds  
Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield up  
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts  
Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear Friend !  
The Poet, gentle creature as he is,  
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times ;  
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,  
Though no distress be near him but his own  
Unmanageable thoughts : his mind, best pleased  
While she as duteous as the mother dove  
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,  
But like the innocent bird, hath goadings on  
That drive her as in trouble through the groves ;  
With me is now such passion, to be blamed  
No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would prepare  
For such an arduous work, I through myself  
Make rigorous inquisition, the report  
Is often cheering ; for I neither seem  
To lack that first great gift, the vital soul,  
Nor general Truths, which are themselves a sort  
Of Elements and Agents, Under-powers,  
Subordinate helpers of the living mind :  
Nor am I naked of external things,  
Forms, images, nor numerous other aids  
Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil  
And needful to build up a Poet's praise.  
Time, place, and manners do I seek, and these  
Are found in plenteous store, but nowhere such  
As may be singled out with steady choice ;  
No little band of yet remembered names

Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope  
To summon back from lonesome banishment,  
And make them dwellers in the hearts of men  
Now living, or to live in future years.  
Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice, mistaking  
Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea,  
Will settle on some British theme, some old  
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung ;  
More often turning to some gentle place  
Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe  
To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,  
Amid reposing knights by a river side  
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports  
Of dire enchantments faced and overcome  
By the strong mind, and tales of warlike feats,  
Where spear encountered spear, and sword with sword  
Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry  
That the shield bore, so glorious was the strife ;  
Whence inspiration for a song that winds  
Through ever changing scenes of votive quest  
Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid  
To patient courage, and unblemished truth,  
To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,  
And Christian meekness hallowing faithful loves.  
Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate  
How vanquished Mithridates northward passed,  
And, hidden in the cloud of years, became  
Odin, the Father of a race by whom  
Perished the Roman Empire : \* how the friends

\* Mithridates (the Great) of Pontus, 131 B.C. to 63 B.C. Vanquished by Pompey, B.C. 65, he fled to his son-in-law, Tigranes, in Armenia. Being refused an asylum, he committed suicide. I cannot trace the legend of Mithridates becoming Odin. Probably Wordsworth means that he would invent, rather than "relate," the story. Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, chap. x.) says, "It is supposed that Odin was the chief of a tribe of

And followers of Sertorius,\* out of Spain  
 Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,†  
 And left their usages, their arts and laws,‡  
 To disappear by a slow gradual death,  
 To dwindle and to perish one by one,  
 Starved in those narrow bounds : but not the soul  
 Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years  
 Survived, and, when the European came  
 With skill and power that might not be withstood,  
 Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold  
 And wasted down by glorious death that race  
 Of natural heroes : or I would record  
 How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled man,  
 Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,

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barbarians, who dwelt on the banks of Lake Maeotis, till the fall of Mithridates, and the arms of Pompey menaced the north with servitude; that Odin, yielding with indignant fury to a power which he was unable to resist, conducted his tribe from the frontiers of Asiatic Sarmatia into Sweden." See also Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, and Crichton & Wheaton's *Scandinavia* (Edinburgh Cabinet Library)—"Among the fugitive princes of Scythia, who were expelled from their country in the Mithridatic war, tradition has placed the name of Odin, the ruler of a potent tribe in Turkestan, between the Euxine and the Caspian."—ED.

\* Sertorius, one of the Roman generals of the later Republican era, (see Plutarch's biography of him, and Corneille's tragedy). On being proscribed by Sylla, he fled from Etruria to Spain ; there he became the leader of several bands of exiles, and repulsed the Roman armies sent against him. Mithridates VI.—referred to in the previous note—aided him, both with ships and money, being desirous of establishing a new Roman Republic in Spain. From Spain he went to Mauritania. In the Straits of Gibraltar he met some sailors, who had been in the Atlantic Isles, and whose reports made him wish to visit these islands.—ED.

† Supposed to be the Canaries.—ED.

‡ "In the early part of the fifteenth century there arrived at Lisbon an old bewildered pilot of the seas, who had been driven by tempests he knew not whither, and raved about an island in the far deep upon which he had landed, and which he had found peopled, and adorned with noble cities. The inhabitants told him that they were descendants of a band of Christians who fled from Spain when that country was conquered by the Moslems." (See Washington Irving's *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost*, &c.; and Baring Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*).—ED.

Suffered in silence for Truth's sake : or tell  
 How that one Frenchman,\* through continued force  
 Of meditation on the inhuman deeds  
 Of those who conquered first the Indian Isles,  
 Went single in his ministry across  
 The Ocean ; not to comfort the oppressed,  
 But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about  
 Withering the Oppressor : how Gustavus sought  
 Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines :†  
 How Wallace fought for Scotland ; left the name  
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,  
 All over his dear Country ;‡ left the deeds  
 Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,  
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
 Of independence and stern liberty.  
 Sometimes it suits me better to invent  
 A tale from my own heart, more near akin  
 To my own passions and habitual thoughts ;  
 Some variegated story, in the main  
 Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure melts  
 Before the very sun that brightens it,  
 Mist into air dissolving ! Then a wish,  
 My last and favourite aspiration, mounts  
 With yearning toward some philosophic song  
 Of Truth that cherishes our daily life ;  
 With meditations passionate from deep  
 Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse  
 Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre ;

\* Dominique de Gourgues, a Frenchman, who went in 1568 to Florida, to avenge the massacre of the French by the Spaniards there.—ED.

† Gustavus I. of Sweden (1496-1560). In the course of his war with Denmark he retreated to Dalecarlia, and was for a time a field labourer.—ED.

‡ The name—both as christian and surname—is common in Scotland, and towns (such as Wallacetown, Ayr) are named after him.—ED.

But from this awful burthen I full soon  
Take refuge and beguile myself with trust  
That mellower years will bring a riper mind  
And clearer insight. Thus my days are past  
In contradiction ; with no skill to part  
Vague longing, haply bred by want of power,  
From paramount impulse not to be withstood,  
A timorous capacity from prudence,  
From circumspection, infinite delay.  
Humility and modest awe themselves  
Betray me, serving often for a cloak  
To a more subtle selfishness ; that now  
Locks every function up in blank reserve,  
Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye  
That with intrusive restlessness beats off  
Simplicity and self-presented truth.  
Ah ! better far than this, to stray about  
Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,  
And ask no record of the hours, resigned  
To vacant musing, unreproved neglect  
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.  
Far better never to have heard the name  
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live  
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour  
Turns recreant to her task ; takes heart again,  
Then feels immediately some hollow thought  
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.  
This is my lot ; for either still I find  
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,  
Or see of absolute accomplishment  
Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,  
That I recoil and droop, and seek repose  
In listlessness from vain perplexity,  
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,

Like a false steward who hath much received  
And renders nothing back.

Was it for this

That one, the fairest of all rivers,\* loved  
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,  
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,  
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice  
That flowed along my dreams ? For this, didst thou,  
O Derwent ! winding among grassy holms  
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,  
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts  
To more than infant softness, giving me  
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind  
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm  
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves ?  
When he had left the mountains and received  
On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers †  
That yet survive, a shattered monument  
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed  
Along the margin of our terrace walk ;‡

\* The Derwent, which flows past the town of Cockermouth, where Wordsworth was born on the 7th of April 1770.—ED.

† The towers of Cockermouth Castle.—ED.

‡ The “terrace walk” is at the foot of the garden, attached to the old mansion in which Wordsworth’s father, law-agent of the Earl of Lonsdale, resided. This home of his childhood is referred to in *The Sparrow’s Nest*. Three of the “Poems, composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833,” refer to Cockermouth. They are the fifth, sixth, and seventh in that series of Sonnets : and are entitled respectively *To the River Derwent*; *In sight of the Town of Cockermouth*; and the *Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle*. An etching of the house, after a drawing by Mr M’Whirter, is prefixed to the first volume of this edition. It was proposed some time ago that this house, which is known in Cockermouth as “Wordsworth House,” should be purchased, and—as the Grammar School of the place is out of repair—that it should be converted into a School, in memory of Wordsworth. This excellent suggestion has not yet been carried out.—ED.

A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.  
 Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,  
 In a small mill-race severed from his stream,  
 Made one long bathing of a summer's day ;  
 Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again  
 Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured  
 The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves  
 Of yellow ragwort ; or when rock and hill,  
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,  
 Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone  
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born  
 On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut  
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport  
 A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up  
 Fostered alike by beauty and by fear :  
 Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less  
 In that beloved Vale to which ere long  
 We were transplanted \*—there were we let loose  
 For sports of wider range. Ere I had told  
 Ten birth-days,† when among the mountain slopes  
 Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped  
 The last autumnal crocus,‡ 'twas my joy  
 With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung  
 To range the open heights where woodcocks run  
 Along the smooth green turf.§ Through half the night,

\* The Vale of Esthwaite.—ED.

† He went to Hawkshead School in 1778.—ED.

‡ About mid October the autumn crocus in the garden “snaps” in that district.—ED.

§ Possibly in the Claife and Colthouse heights to the east of Esthwaite Water ; but more probably the round-headed grassy hills that lead up and on to the moor between Hawkshead and Coniston, where the turf is always green and smooth.—ED.

Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied  
 That anxious visitation ;—moon and stars  
 Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,  
 And seemed to be a trouble to the peace  
 That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befel  
 In these night wanderings, that a strong desire  
 O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird  
 Which was the captive of another's toil  
 Became my prey ; and when the deed was done  
 I heard among the solitary hills  
 Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
 Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
 Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,\*  
 Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird  
 Had in high places built her lodge ; though mean  
 Our object and inglorious, yet the end  
 Was not ignoble. Oh ! when I have hung  
 Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass  
 And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock  
 But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)  
 Suspended by the blast that blew amain,  
 Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time  
 While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
 With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind  
 Blow through my ear ! the sky seemed not a sky  
 Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds ! †

\* Yewdale : see next note. "Cultured Vale" exactly describes the little oat-growing valley of Yewdale.—ED.

† There are no "naked crags" with "half-inch fissures in the slippery rocks" in the "cultured vale" of Esthwaite. The locality referred to is probably the Holme Fells above Yewdale, to the north of Coniston, and only a few miles from Hawkshead, where a crag, now named Raven's Crag,

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
 Like harmony in music ; there is a dark  
 Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles  
 Discordant elements, makes them cling together  
 In one society. How strange that all  
 The terrors, pains, and early miseries,  
 Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused  
 Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,  
 And that a needful part, in making up  
 The calm existence that is mine when I  
 Am worthy of myself ! Praise to the end !  
 Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ ;  
 Whether her fearless visitings, or those  
 That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light  
 Opening the peaceful clouds ; or she may use  
 Severer interventions, ministry  
 More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found  
 A little boat tied to a willow tree  
 Within a rocky cave,\* its usual home.  
 Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in  
 Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth  
 And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice  
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on ;  
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,

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divides Tilberthwaite from Yewdale. In his *Epistle to Sir George Beaumont*, Wordsworth speaks of Yewdale as a plain

spread

Under a rock too steep for man to tread,  
 Where sheltered from the north and bleak north-west  
 Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,

Fearless of all assault that would her brood molest.

ED.

\* Dr Cradock suggests the reading "rocky cove." Rocky cave is tautological, and Wordsworth would hardly apply the epithet to an ordinary boat-house.—ED.

Small circles glittering idly in the moon,  
Until they melted all into one track  
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,  
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point  
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view  
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,  
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above  
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.  
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily  
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
Went heaving through the water like a swan;  
When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,  
As if with voluntary power instinct  
Upreared its head.\* I struck and struck again,  
And growing still in stature the grim shape  
Tower'd up between me and the stars, and still,  
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
And measured motion like a living thing,  
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,  
And through the silent water stole my way  
Back to the covert of the willow tree;  
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—  
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave  
And serious mood; but after I had seen  
That spectacle, for many days, my brain

\* The "craggy steep till then the horizon's bound," is probably the ridge of Ironkeld, reaching from high Arnside to the Tom Heights above Tarn Hows; while the "huge peak, black and huge, as if with voluntary power instinct," may be either the summit of Wetherlam, or of Pike o' Blisco. Mr Raunsley, however, is of opinion that if Wordsworth rowed off from the west bank of Esthwaite, he might see beyond the craggy ridge of Loughrigg the mass of Nab-Scar, and Rydal Head would rise up "black and huge." If he rowed from the east side, then Pike o' Stickle, or Harrison Stickle, might rise above Ironkeld, over Borwick Ground.—ED.

Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
Of unknown modes of being ; o'er my thoughts  
There hung a darkness, call it solitude  
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes  
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields ;  
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live  
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind  
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe !  
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,  
That givest to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion, not in vain  
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul ;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, with enduring things—  
With life and nature—purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying, by such discipline,  
Both pain and fear, until we recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valley made  
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,  
At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine ;  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and visible for many a mile  
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,  
I heeded not their summons : happy time  
It was indeed for all of us—for me  
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,  
We hissed along the polished ice in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle ; with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars  
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.  
Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star  
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs

Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
 With visible motion her diurnal round !  
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
 Feebler and feeble, and I stood and watched  
 Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.\*

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky  
 And on the earth ! Ye Visions of the hills !  
 And Souls of lonely places ! can I think  
 A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed  
 Such ministry, when ye through many a year  
 Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,  
 On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,  
 Impressed upon all forms the characters  
 Of danger or desire ; and thus did make  
 The surface of the universal earth  
 With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,  
 Work like a sea ?

Not uselessly employed,  
 Might I pursue this theme through every change  
 Of exercise and play, to which the year  
 Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew ; the sun in heaven  
 Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours ;  
 Nor saw a band in happiness and joy  
 Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.  
 I could record with no reluctant voice  
 The woods of autumn, and their hazel bowers

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\* The two preceding paragraphs were published in *The Friend*, December 28, 1809, under the title of the "Growth of Genius from the Influence of Natural Objects on the Imagination in Boyhood and Early Youth;" and was afterwards inserted in all the collective editions of the works from 1815 onwards. For the changes of the text in these editions see Vol. II., pp. 53-55.—ED.

With milk-white clusters hung ; the rod and line,  
 True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong  
 And unreproved enchantment led us on  
 By rocks and pools shut out from every star,  
 All the green summer, to forlorn cascades  
 Among the windings hid of mountain brooks.\*  
 —Unfading recollections ! at this hour  
 The heart is almost mine with which I felt,  
 From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,†  
 The paper kite high among fleecy clouds  
 Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser ;  
 Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,  
 Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly  
 Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,  
 A ministration of your own was yours ;  
 Can I forget you, being as you were  
 So beautiful among the pleasant fields  
 In which ye stood ? or can I here forget  
 The plain and seemly countenance with which  
 Ye dealt out your plain comforts ? Yet had ye  
 Delights and exultations of your own.‡

\* The becks amongst the Furness Fells, in Yewdale, and elsewhere.  
 -ED.

† Possibly from the top of some of the rounded moraine hills on the western side of the Hawkshead Valley.—ED.

‡ The pupils in the Hawkshead school, in Wordsworth's time, boarded in the houses of village dames. Wordsworth lived with one Anne Tyson, for whom he ever afterwards cherished the warmest regard, and whose simple character he has immortalised. (See especially Book iv. of *The Prelude*.) Her cottage in Hawkshead—which is the vignette in the second volume of this edition—was Wordsworth's residence for nine eventful years. It remains externally unaltered, and little, if at all, changed in the interior. It is reached through a picturesque archway, near the principal inn of the village (the Lion), and is on the right of a small open yard which is entered through this archway ; while, to the left, a lane leads westwards to the

Eager and never weary we pursued  
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire  
At evening, when with pencil, and smooth slate  
In square divisions parcelled out and all  
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled o'er,  
We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head  
In strife too humble to be named in verse :  
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,  
Cherry or maple, sate in close array,  
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on  
A thick-ribbed army ; not, as in the world,  
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by  
Even for the very service they had wrought,  
But husbanded through many a long campaign.  
Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few  
Had changed their functions ; some, plebeian cards  
Which Fate, beyond the promise of their birth,  
Had dignified, and called to represent  
The persons of departed potentates.  
Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell !  
Ironic diamonds,—clubs, hearts, diamonds, spades,  
A congregation piteously akin !  
Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,  
Those sooty knaves, precipitated down  
With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of heaven :  
The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,  
Queens gleaming through their splendour's last decay,  
And monarchs surly at the wrongs sustained  
By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad

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open country. It is a humble dwelling of two storeys. The floor of the basement flat—paved with the blue flags of Coniston slate—is not likely to have been changed since Wordsworth's time. The present door, with its "latch" (see p. 164), is probably the same as that referred to in the poem, as in use in 1778, and onwards. For further details see notes to Book iv.  
—ED.

Incessant rain was falling, or the frost  
 Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth ;  
 And, interrupting oft that eager game,  
 From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice  
 The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,  
 Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud  
 Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves  
 Howling in troops along the Bothnian Main.\*

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace  
 How Nature by extrinsic passion first  
 Peopled the minds with form sublime or fair,  
 And made me love them, may I here omit  
 How other pleasures have been mine, and joys  
 Of subtler origin ; how I have felt,  
 Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,  
 Those hallowed and pure motions of the sense  
 Which seem, in their simplicity, to own  
 An intellectual charm ; that calm delight  
 Which, if I err not, surely must belong  
 To those first-born affinities that fit  
 Our new existence to existing things,  
 And, in our dawn of being, constitute  
 The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeful earth  
 And twice five summers on my mind had stamped  
 The faces of the moving year, even then

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\* The notes to this edition are explanatory rather than critical ; but as this image has been objected to—as inaccurate, and out of all analogy with Wordsworth's use and wont—it may be mentioned that the noise of the breaking up of the ice, after a severe winter in these lakes, when it cracks and splits in all directions, is exactly as here described. It is not of course, in any sense peculiar to the English lakes ; but there are probably few districts where the peculiar noise referred to can be heard so easily or frequently.—ED.

I held unconscious intercourse with beauty  
Old as creation, drinking in a pure  
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths  
Of curling mist, or from the level plain  
Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays  
Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell  
How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade,  
And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills  
Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,  
How I have stood, to fancies such as these  
A stranger, linking with the spectacle  
No conscious memory of a kindred sight,  
And bringing with me no peculiar sense  
Of quietness or peace ; Yet have I stood,  
Even while mine eye hath moved o'er many a league  
Of shining water, gathering as it seemed  
Through every hair-breadth in that field of light  
New pleasure like a bee among the flowers.

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy  
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits  
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss  
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood  
And is forgotten ; even then I felt  
Gleams like the flashing of a shield ;—the earth  
And common face of Nature, spake to me  
Rememberable things ; sometimes, 'tis true,  
By chance collisions and quaint accidents  
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed  
Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain  
Nor profitless, if haply they impressed  
Collateral objects and appearances,

Albeit, lifeless then, and doomed to sleep  
Until maturer seasons called them forth  
To impregnate and to elevate the mind.  
—And if the vulgar joy by its own weight  
Wearied itself out of the memory,  
The scenes which were a witness of that joy  
Remained in their substantial lineaments  
Depicted on the brain, and to the eye  
Were visible, a daily sight ; and thus  
By the impressive discipline of fear,  
By pleasure and repeated happiness,  
So frequently repeated, and by force  
Of obscure feelings representative  
Of things forgotten, these same scenes so bright,  
So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,  
Though yet the day was distant, did become  
Habitually dear, and all their forms  
And changeful colours by invisible links  
Were fastened to the affections.

## I began

My story early—not misled, I trust,  
By an infirmity of love for days  
Disowned by memory—ere the breath of spring  
Planting my snowdrops among winter snows : \*  
Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend ! so prompt  
In sympathy, that I have lengthened out  
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.  
Meanwhile, my hope has been that I might fetch  
Invigorating thoughts from former years ;  
Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,  
And haply meet reproaches too, whose power

\* Snowdrops still grow abundantly in an orchard and meadow, by the road skirting the western side of Esthwaite Lake.—ED.

May spur me on, in manhood now mature  
To honourable toil. Yet should these hopes  
Prove vain, and thus should neither I be taught  
To understand myself, nor thou to know  
With better knowledge how the heart was frayed  
Of him thou lovest ; need I dread from thee  
Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to quit  
Those recollected hours that have the charm  
Of visionary things, those lovely forms  
And sweet sensations that throw back our life,  
And almost make remotest infancy  
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining ?

One end at least hath been attained ; my mind  
Hath been revived, and if this genial mood  
Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought down  
Through later years the story of my life.  
The road lies plain before me ;—'tis a theme  
Single and of determined bounds ; and hence  
I choose it rather at this time, than work  
Of ampler or more varied argument,  
Where I might be discomfited and lost ;  
And certain hopes are with me, that to thee  
This labour will be welcome, honoured Friend !

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**Book Second.****SCHOOL-TIME—*continued.***

Thus far, O Friend ! have we, though leaving much  
Unvisited, endeavoured to retrace  
The simple ways in which my childhood walked ;  
Those chiefly that first led me to the love  
Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion yet  
Was in its birth, sustained as might befal  
By nourishment that came unsought ; for still  
From week to week, from month to month, we lived  
A round of tumult. Duly were our games  
Prolonged in summer till the day-light failed ;  
No chair remained before the doors ; the bench  
And threshold steps were empty ; fast asleep  
The labourer, and the old man who had sate  
A later lingerer ; yet the revelry  
Continued and the loud uproar ; at last,  
When all the ground was dark, and twinkling stars  
Edged the black clouds, home and to bed we went,  
Feverish with weary joints and beating minds.  
Ah ! is there one who ever has been young,  
Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride  
Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem ?  
One is there, though the wisest and the best  
Of all mankind, who covets not at times  
Union that cannot be ;—who would not give,  
If so he might, to duty and to truth  
The eagerness of infantine desire ?  
A tranquilising spirit presses now  
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears  
The vacancy between me and those days

Which yet have such self-presence in my mind  
 That, musing on them, often do I seem  
 Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself  
 And of some other Being. A rude mass  
 Of native rock, left midway in the square  
 Of our small market village, was the goal  
 Or centre of these sports ;\* and when, returned  
 After long absence, thither I repaired,  
 Gone was the old grey stone, and in its place  
 A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground  
 That had been ours. There let the fiddle scream,  
 And be ye happy ! Yet, my Friends ! I know  
 That more than one of you will think with me  
 Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame  
 From whom the stone was named, who there had sate,  
 And watched her table with its huckster's wares  
 Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.

We ran a boisterous course ; the year span round  
 With giddy motion. But the time approached  
 That brought with it a regular desire  
 For calmer pleasures, when the winning forms  
 Of Nature were collaterally attached  
 To every scheme of holiday delight  
 And every boyish sport, less grateful else  
 And languidly pursued.

When summer came

Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,  
 To sweep along the plain of Windermere

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\* The "square" of the "small market village" of Hawkshead remains, and the presence of the new "assembly-room" does not prevent us from realising it as open, with the "rude mass of native rock left midway" in it—the "old grey stone," which was the centre of the village sports.—Ed.

With rival oars ; and the selected bourne  
Was now an Island musical with birds  
That sang and ceased not ; now a Sister Isle  
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown  
With lilies of the valley like a field ;  
And now a third small Island, where survived  
In solitude the ruins of a shrine  
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served  
Daily with chaunted rites.\* In such a race  
So ended, disappointment could be none,  
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy :  
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,  
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride of strength  
And the vain-glory of superior skill,  
Were tempered ; thus was gradually produced  
A quiet independence of the heart ;  
And to my Friend who knows me I may add,  
Fearless of blame, that hence for future days  
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,  
And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,  
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare !  
More than we wished we knew the blessing then  
Of vigorous hunger—hence corporeal strength  
Unsapped by delicate viands ; for, exclude  
A little weekly stipend, and we lived

\* These islands in Windermere are easily identified. In the Lily of the Valley Island the plant still grows, though not abundantly ; but from Lady Holme the "ruins of a shrine once to our Lady dedicate" have disappeared as completely as the shrine of St Herbert's Island in Derwentwater. The third island "musical with birds, that sung and ceased not" may have been House Holme, or that now called Thomson's Holme. It could hardly have been Belle Isle ; since from its size it could not be described as a "sister isle" to the one where the lily of the valley grew "beneath the oak's umbrageous covert."—ED.

Through three divisions of the quartered year  
 In penniless poverty. But now to school  
 From the half-yearly holidays returned,  
 We came with weightier purses, that sufficed  
 To furnish treats more costly than the Dame  
 Of the old grey stone, from her scant board, supplied.  
 Hence rustic dinners on the cool green ground,  
 Or in the woods, or by a river side  
 Or shady fountains, while among the leaves  
 Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day sun  
 Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy.  
 Nor is my aim neglected if I tell  
 How sometimes, in the length of those half-years  
 We from our funds drew largely ;—proud to curb  
 And eager to spur on, the galloping steed ;  
 And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose stud  
 Supplied our want, we haply might employ  
 Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound  
 Were distant : some fained temple where of yore  
 The Druids worshipped,\* or the antique walls  
 Of that large Abbey, where within the Vale  
 Of Nightshade, to St Mary's honour built,†  
 Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured arch,  
 Belfry,‡ and images, and living trees ;  
 A holy scene !—Along the smooth green turf

\* Doubtless the circle was at Conishead Priory, on the Cartmell Sands ; or that in the vale of Swinside, on the north-east side of Black Combe : more probably the former. The whole district is rich in Druidical remains, but Wordsworth would not refer to the Keswick circle, or to Long Meg and her Daughters in this connection ; and the proximity of the temple on the Cartmell Shore to the Furness Abbey ruins, and the ease with which it could be visited on holidays by the boys from Hawkshead school, makes it almost certain that he refers to it.—ED.

+ Furness Abbey, founded by Stephen in 1127, in the glen of the deadly Nightshade—Bekansgill—so called from the luxuriant abundance of the plant, and dedicated to St Mary. (See West's *Antiquities of Furness*).—ED.

‡ What was the belfry is now a mass of detached ruins.—ED.

Our horses grazed. To more than inland peace,  
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead  
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers  
In that sequestered valley may be seen,  
Both silent and both motionless alike ;  
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such  
The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons given,  
With whip and spur we through the chauntry flew  
In uncouth race, and left the cross-legged knight,  
And the stone-abbot, and that single wren  
Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave  
Of the old church, that—though from recent showers  
The earth was comfortless, and, touched by faint  
Internal breezes, sabbings of the place  
And respirations, from the roofless walls  
The shuddering ivy dripped large drops—yet still  
So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird  
Sang to herself, that there I could have made  
My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there  
To hear such music. Through the walls we flew  
And down the valley, and, a circuit made  
In wantonness of heart, through rough and smooth  
We scampered homewards. Oh, ye rocks and streams,  
And that still spirit shed from evening air !  
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt  
Your presence, when with slackened step we breathed  
Along the sides of the steep hills, or when  
Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the sea  
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.\*

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\* Doubtless the Cartmell Sands beyond Ulverston, at the estuary of the Leven.—ED.

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore,  
 Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,\*  
 A tavern stood ; no homely-featured house,  
 Primeval like its neighbouring cottages,  
 But, 'twas a splendid place, the door beset  
 With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and within  
 Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.  
 In ancient times, and ere the Hall was built  
 On the large island, had this dwelling been  
 More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,  
 Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore shade.  
 But—though the rhymes were gone that once inscribed  
 The threshold, and large golden characters,  
 Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had dislodged  
 The old Lion and usurped his place, in slight  
 And mockery of the rustic painter's hand—†  
 Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear  
 With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay  
 Upon a slope surmounted by a plain  
 Of a small bowling-green ; beneath us stood  
 A grove, with gleams of water through the trees  
 And over the tree tops ; ‡ nor did we want  
 Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream.  
 There, while through half an afternoon we played  
 On the smooth platform, whether skill prevailed  
 Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee

\* At Bowness.—ED.

† Compare the reference to the "rude piece of self-taught art," at the Swan Inn, in the first canto of *The Waggoner*. William Hutchinson, in his "*Excursion to the Lakes* in 1773 and 1774" (second ed., 1776), mentions "the White Lion Inn at Bownas" (p. 185).—ED.

‡ Dr Cradock tells me that William Hutchinson—referred to in the previous note—describes "Bownas church and its cottages," as seen from the lake, arising "above the trees." Wordsworth, reversing the view, sees "gleams of water through the trees and over the tree tops,"—another instance of minutely exact description.—ED.

Made all the mountains ring. But, ere nightfall,  
 When in our pinnace we returned at leisure  
 Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach  
 Of some small island steered our course with one,  
 The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him there,\*  
 And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute  
 Alone upon the rock—oh, then, the calm  
 And dead still water lay upon my mind  
 Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,  
 Never before so beautiful, sank down  
 Into my heart, and held me like a dream !  
 Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus  
 Daily the common range of visible things  
 Grew dear to me ; already I began  
 To love the sun ; a boy I loved the sun,  
 Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge  
 And surety of our earthly life, a light  
 Which we behold and feel we are alive ;  
 Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—  
 But for this cause, that I had seen him lay  
 His beauty on the morning hills, had seen  
 The western mountain † touch his setting orb,  
 In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess  
 Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow  
 For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.  
 And, from like feelings, humble though intense,  
 To patriotic and domestic love  
 Analogous, the moon to me was dear :  
 For I could dream away my purposes,  
 Standing to gaze upon her while she hung  
 Midway between the hills, as if she knew

\* Robert Greenwood, afterwards Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—ED.

† Wetherlam, or Coniston Old Man, or both.—ED.

No other region, but belonged to thee,\*  
 Yet appertained by a peculiar right  
 To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear Vale ! †

Those incidental charms which first attached  
 My heart to rural objects, day by day  
 Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell  
 How Nature, intervening till this time  
 And secondary, now at length was sought  
 For her own sake. But who shall parcel out  
 His intellect by geometric rules,  
 Split like a province into round and square ?  
 Who knows the individual hour in which  
 His habits were first sown, even as a seed ?  
 Who that shall point as with a wand and say  
 "This portion of the river of my mind  
 Came from yon fountain ?" ‡ Thou, my Friend ! art one  
 More deeply read in thy own thoughts ; to thee  
 Science appears but what in truth she is,  
 Not as our glory and our absolute boast,  
 But as a succedaneum, and a prop  
 To our infirmity. No officious slave  
 Art thou of that false secondary power  
 By which we multiply distinctions, then  
 Deem that our puny boundaries are things  
 That we perceive, and not that we have made  
 To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,  
 The unity of all hath been revealed,

\* "The moon, as it hung over the southernmost shore of Esthwaite, with Gunner's How, seen from Hawkshead rising up boldly to the spectator's left hand, would be that described" (Mr Rawnsley).—ED.

† Esthwaite. Compare *Peter Bell* (Vol. II., p. 12) :

"Where deep and low the hamlets lie  
 Beneath their little patch of sky  
 And little lot of stans." — ED.

‡ See Appendix, Note iii.—ED.

And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly skilled  
 Than many are to range the faculties  
 In scale and order, class the cabinet  
 Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase  
 Run through the history and birth of each  
 As of a single independent thing.  
 Hard task, vain hope, to analyse the mind,  
 If each most obvious and particular thought,  
 Not 'n a mystical and idle sense,  
 But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,  
 Hath no beginning.

Blest the infant Babe,  
 (For with my best conjecture I would trace  
 Our Being's earthly progress), blest the Babe,  
 Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep  
 Rocked on his Mother's breast; who with his soul  
 Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye !  
 For him, in one dear Presence, there exists  
 A virtue which irradiates and exalts  
 Meets through widest intercourse of sense.  
 As outcast he, bewildered and depressed:  
 Along his infant veins are interfused  
 The gravitation and the filial bond  
 Of nature that connect him with the world.  
 There a flower, to which he points with hand  
 Weak to gather it, already love  
 Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for him  
 Hath beautified that flower; already shades  
 Pity cast from inward tenderness  
 To fall around him upon aught that bears  
 Unightly marks of violence or harm.  
 Emphatically such a Being lives,  
 Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,  
 An inmate of this active universe:

For feeling has to him imparted power  
That through the growing faculties of sense  
Doth like an agent of the one great Mind  
Create, creator and receiver both,  
Working but in alliance with the works  
Which it beholds.—Such, verily, is the first  
Poetic spirit of our human life,  
By uniform control of after years,  
In most, abated or suppressed ; in some,  
Through every change of growth and of decay,  
Pre-eminent till death.

From early days,  
Beginning not long after that first time  
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch  
I held mute dialogues with my Mother's heart,  
I have endeavoured to display the means  
Whereby this infant sensibility,  
Great birthright of our being, was in me  
Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path  
More difficult before me ; and I fear  
That in its broken windings we shall need  
The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing  
For now a trouble came into my mind  
From unknown causes. I was left alone  
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.  
The props of my affections were removed,  
And yet the building stood, as if sustained  
By its own spirit ! All that I beheld  
Was dear, and hence to finer influxes  
The mind lay open to a more exact  
And close communion. Many are our joys  
In youth, but oh ! what happiness to live  
When every hour brings palpable access  
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight.

And sorrow is not there ! The seasons came,  
And every season whereso'er I moved  
Unfolded transitory qualities,  
Which, but for this most watchful power of love,  
Had been neglected ; left a register  
Of permanent relations, else unknown.  
Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude  
More active even than " best society "—  
Society made sweet as solitude  
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,  
And gentle agitations of the mind  
From manifold distinctions, difference  
Perceived in things, where, to the unwatchful eye,  
No difference is, and hence, from the same source,  
Sublimer joy ; for I would walk alone,  
Under the quiet stars, and at that time  
Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound  
To breathe an elevated mood, by form  
Or image unprofaned ; and I would stand,  
If the night blackened with a coming storm,  
Beneath some rocks, listening to notes that are  
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.  
Thence did I drink the visionary power ;  
And deem not profitless those fleeting moods  
Of shadowy exultation : not for this,  
That they are kindred to our purer mind  
And intellectual life ; but that the soul,  
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt  
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense  
Of possible sublimity, whereto  
With growing faculties she doth aspire,  
With faculties still growing, feeling still  
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet  
Have something to pursue.

Nor should this, perchance,  
Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved  
The exercise and produce of a toil,  
That analytic industry to me  
More pleasing, and whose character I deem  
Is more poetic as resembling more  
Creative agency. The song would speak  
Of that interminable building reared  
By observation of affinities  
In objects where no brotherhood exists  
To passive minds. My seventeenth year was come ;  
And, whether from this habit rooted now  
So deeply in my mind, or from excess  
In the great social principle of life  
Coercing all things into sympathy,  
To unorganic natures were transferred  
My own enjoyments ; or the power of truth  
Coming in revelation, did converse  
With things that really are ; I, at this time,  
Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.  
Thus while the days flew by, and years passed on,  
From Nature and her overflowing soul,  
I had received so much, that all my thoughts  
Were steeped in feeling ; I was only then  
Contented, when with bliss ineffable  
I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;  
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
And human knowledge, to the human eye  
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart ;  
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,  
Or beats the gladsome air ; o'er all that glides  
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,  
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not

If high the transport, great the joy I felt,  
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven  
With every form of creature, as it looked  
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance  
Of adoration, with an eye of love.  
One song they sang, and it was audible,  
Most audible then when the fleshly ear,  
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain.  
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith  
Find easier access to the pious mind,  
Yet were I grossly destitute of all  
Those human sentiments that make this earth  
So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice  
To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes  
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds  
That dwell among the hills where I was born.  
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,  
If, mingling with the world, I am content  
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived  
With God and Nature communing, removed  
From little enmities and low desires,  
The gift is yours ; if in these times of fear,  
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,  
If, 'mid indifference and apathy,  
And wicked exultation when good men  
On every side fall off, we know not how,  
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names  
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,  
Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers  
On visionary minds ; if, in this time  
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet  
Despair not of our nature, but retain

A more than Roman confidence, a faith  
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,  
 The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,  
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours  
 Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou hast fed  
 My lofty speculations; and in thee,  
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find  
 A never-failing principle of joy  
 And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! wert reared  
 In the great city, 'mid far other scenes; \*  
 But we, by different roads, at length have gained  
 The self-same bourne. And for this cause to thee  
 I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,  
 The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,  
 And all that silent language which so oft  
 In conversation between man and man  
 Blots from the human countenance all trace  
 Of beauty and of love. For thou hast sought  
 The truth in solitude, and, since the days  
 That gave thee liberty, full long desired,  
 To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been  
 The most assiduous of her ministers;  
 In many things my brother, chiefly here  
 In this our deep devotion.

Fare thee well!  
 Health and the quiet of a healthful mind  
 Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,  
 And yet more often living with thyself.  
 And for thyself, so haply shall thy days  
 Be many, and a blessing to mankind.†

\* Coleridge was educated at Christ's Hospital in London.—ED.

† He had left England for the Mediterranean, in search of health.—ED.

## Book Third.

## RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

IT was a dreary morning when the wheels  
 Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,  
 And nothing cheered our way till first we saw  
 The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift  
 Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,  
 Extended high above a dusky grove.\*

Advancing, we espied upon the road  
 A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,  
 Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,  
 Or covetous of exercise and air ;  
 He passed—nor was I master of my eyes  
 Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.  
 As near and nearer to the spot we drew,  
 It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.  
 Onward we drove beneath the castle ; caught,  
 While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam ;  
 And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn. †

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope ;  
 Some friends I had, acquaintances who there  
 Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys, now hung round  
 With honour and importance : in a world  
 Of welcome faces up and down I roved ;

\* Wordsworth went from York to Cambridge, entering it by the coach road from the north-west. This was doubtless the road which now leads in to the city from Girton. The view of "the long-roofed chapel of King's College" must have been from that road.—ED.

† The Hoop Inn still exists, not new so famous as in the end of last century.—ED.

Questions, directions, warnings and advice,  
 Flowed in upon me, from all sides ; fresh day  
 Of pride and pleasure ! to myself I seemed  
 A man of business and expense, and went  
 From shop to shop about my own affairs,  
 To Tutor or to Tailor, as befel,  
 From street to street with loose and careless mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the dream ; I roamed  
 Delighted through the motley spectacle ;  
 Gowns, grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,  
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers ;  
 Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,  
 A northern villager.

As if the change

Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once  
 Behold me rich in monies, and attired  
 In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair  
 Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.  
 My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,  
 With other signs of manhood that supplied  
 The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly on,  
 With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,  
 Smooth housekeeping within, and all without  
 Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St John my patron was ;  
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first  
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure ; \*

\* He entered at St John's College in October 1787. His rooms in the College are not known to the officials : but the locality is pretty clearly indicated by Wordsworth in this passage. They were in the first of the three courts of St John's ; they were above the College kitchens ; and from the window of his bedroom he could look into the ante-chapel of Trinity, with its statue of Newton. There are only one or two rooms in St John's College to which these conditions can apply.—ED.

Right underneath, the College kitchens made  
A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,  
But hardly less industrious; with shrill notes  
Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.  
Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,  
Who never let the quarters, night or day,  
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours  
Twice over with a male and female voice.  
Her pealing organ was my neighbour too:  
And from my pillow, looking forth by light  
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold  
The antechapel where the statue stood  
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,  
The marble index of a mind for ever  
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's room  
All studded round, as thick as chairs could stand,  
With loyal students, faithful to their books,  
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants  
And honest dunces—of important days,  
Examinations, when the man was weighed  
As in a balance! of excessive hopes,  
Tremblings withal and commendable fears,  
Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad—  
Let others that know more speak as they know.  
Such glory was but little sought by me,  
And little won. Yet from the first crude days  
Of settling time in this untried abode,  
I was disturbed at times by prudent thoughts,  
Wishing to hope without a hope, some fears  
About my future worldly maintenance,  
And, more than all, a strangeness in the mind,  
A feeling that I was not for that hour,

Nor for that place. But wherefore be cast down ?  
For (not to speak of Reason and her pure  
Reflective acts to fix the moral law  
Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian Hope,  
Bowing her head before her sister Faith  
As one far mightier), hither I had come,  
Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy powers  
And faculties, whether to work or feel.  
Oft when the dazzling show no longer new  
Had ceased to dazzle, oftentimes did I quit  
My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings and groves,  
And as I paced alone the level fields  
Far from those lovely sights and sounds sublime  
With which I had been conversant, the mind  
Drooped not ; but there into herself returning,  
With prompt rebound seemed fresh as heretofore.  
At least I more distinctly recognised  
Her native instincts : let me dare to speak  
A higher language, say that now I felt  
What independent solaces were mine,  
To mitigate the injurious sway of place  
Or circumstance, how far soever changed  
In youth, or to be changed in after years.  
As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained  
I looked for universal things ; perused  
The common countenance of earth and sky :  
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace  
Of that first Paradise whence man was driven ;  
And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed  
By the proud name she bears—the name of Heaven.  
I called on both to teach me what they might ;  
Or turning the mind in upon herself  
Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts  
And spread them with a wider creeping ; felt

incumbencies more awful, visitings  
Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,  
That tolerates the indignities of Time,  
And, from the centre of Eternity  
All finite motions overruling, lives  
In glory immutable. But peace ! enough  
Here to record that I was mounting now  
To such community with highest truth—  
A track pursuing, not untrod before,  
From strict analogies by thought supplied  
Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.  
To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,  
Even the loose stones that cover the high-way.  
I gave a moral life : I saw them feel,  
Or linked them to some feeling : the great mass  
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.  
Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love  
Or Beauty Nature's daily face put on  
From transitory passion, unto this  
I was as sensitive as waters are  
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood  
Of passion ; was obedient as a lute  
That waits upon the touches of the wind,  
Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich—  
I had a world about me—'twas my own ;  
I made it, for it only lived to me,  
And to the God who sees into the heart.  
Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed  
By outward gestures and by visible looks :  
Some called it madness—so indeed it was,  
If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,  
If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured  
To inspiration, sort with such a name ;

If prophecy be madness; if things viewed  
By poets in old time, and higher up  
By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,  
May in these tutored days no more be seen  
With undisordered sight. But leaving this,  
It was no madness, for the bodily eye  
Amid my strongest workings evermore  
Was searching out the lines of difference  
As they lie hid in all external forms,  
Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye  
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,  
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens  
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,  
Could find no surface where its power might sleep;  
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,  
And by an unrelenting agency  
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend! have I retraced my life  
Up to an eminence, and told a tale  
Of matters which not falsely may be called  
The glory of my youth. Of genius, power,  
Creation, and divinity itself,  
I have been speaking, for my theme has been  
What passed within me. Not of outward things  
Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,  
Symbols or actions, but of my own heart  
Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind.  
O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,  
And what they do within themselves while yet  
The yoke of earth is new to them, the world  
Nothing but a wild field where they were sown.  
This is, in truth, heroic argument,  
This genuine prowess, which I wished to touch

With hand however weak, but in the main  
It lies far hidden from the reach of words.  
Points have we all of us within our souls  
Where all stand single ; this I feel and make  
Breathings for incommunicable powers ;  
But is not each a memory to himself ?  
And, therefore, now that we must quit this theme  
I am not heartless, for there's not a man  
That lives who hath not known his god-like hours,  
And feels not what an empire we inherit  
As natural beings in the strength of Nature.

No more : for now into a populous plain  
We must descend. A Traveller I am,  
Whose tale is only of himself ; even so,  
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt  
To follow, and if thou, my honoured Friend !  
Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,  
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first delight  
That flashed upon me from this novel show  
Had failed, the mind returned into herself ;  
Yet true it is that I had made a change  
In climate, and my nature's outward coat  
Changed also slowly and insensibly.  
Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts  
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise  
And superficial pastimes ; now and then  
Forced labour, and more frequently forced hopes ;  
And, worst of all, a treasonable growth  
Of indecisive judgments, that impared  
And shook the mind's simplicity.—And yet  
This was a gladsome time. Could I behold—

Who, less insensible than sodden clay  
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,  
Could have beheld,—with undelighted heart,  
So many happy youths, so wide and fair  
A congregation in its budding time  
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once  
So many divers samples from the growth  
• Of life's sweet season—could have seen unmoved  
That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers  
Decking the matron temples of a place  
So famous through the world ? To me at least,  
It was a goodly prospect : for, in sooth,  
Though I had learnt betimes to stand unpropped,  
And independent musings pleased me so  
That spells seemed on me when I was alone,  
Yet could I only cleave to solitude  
In lonely places : if a throng was near  
That way I leaned by nature ; for my heart  
Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate  
My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,  
Though not unused to mutter lonesome songs,  
Even with myself divided such delight,  
Or looked that way for aught that might be clothed  
In human language), easily I passed  
From the remembrances of better things,  
And slipped into the ordinary works  
Of careless youth, unburthened, unalarmed.  
*Caverns* there were within my mind which sun  
Could never penetrate, yet did there not  
Want store of leafy *arbours* where the light  
Might enter in at will. Companionships,  
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all.

We sanguined, played, or rioted ; we talked  
 Unprofitable talk at morning hours ;  
 Drifted about along the streets and walks,  
 Read lazily trivial books, went forth  
 To gallop through the country in blind zeal  
 Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast  
 Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars  
 Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act  
 In this new life. Imagination slept,  
 And yet not utterly. I could not print  
 Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps  
 Of generations of illustrious men,  
 Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass  
 Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,  
 Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,  
 That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.  
 Place also by the side of this dark sense  
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,  
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,  
 Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be  
 The more endeared. Their several memories here  
 (Even like their persons in their portraits clothed  
 With the accustomed garb of daily life)  
 Put on a lowly and a touching grace  
 Of more distinct humanity, that left  
 All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington \*  
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade ;

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\* A village two and a half miles north of Cambridge. "There are still some remains of the mill here celebrated by Chaucer in his *Race's Tale*." (Lewis' *Topographical Dictionary of England*, Vol. iv., p. 390)—ED.

Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales  
Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,  
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—  
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven  
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,  
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend !  
Yea, our blind Poet, who in his later day,  
Stood almost single ; uttering odious truth—  
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,  
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged  
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here  
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress  
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—  
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks  
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,  
And conscious step of purity and pride.  
Among the band of my compeers was one  
Whom chance had stationed in the very room  
Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate Bard !  
Be it confess that, for the first time, seated  
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,  
One of a festive circle, I poured out  
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride  
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain  
Never excited by the fumes of wine  
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I ran  
From the assembly, through a length of streets,  
Ran, ostrich-like to reach our chapel door  
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,  
Albeit long after the importunate bell  
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice,  
No lenger haunting the dark winter night.  
Call back, O Friend ! a moment to thy mind,  
The place itself and fashion of the rites.

With careless ostentation shouldering up  
 My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove  
 Of the plain Barghers, who in audience stood  
 On the last skirts of their permitted ground,  
 Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts!  
 I am ashamed of them: and that great Bard,  
 And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample mind  
 Has placed me high above my best deserts,  
 Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,  
 In some of its unworthy vanities,  
 Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort  
 The months passed on, remissly, not given up  
 To wilful alienation from the right,  
 Or walks of open scandal, but in vague  
 And loose indifference, easy likings, aims  
 Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,  
 Yet Nature, or a happy course of things  
 Not doing in their stead the needful work.  
 The memory languidly revolved, the heart  
 Reposed in noon tide rest, the inner pulse  
 Of contemplation almost failed to beat.  
 Such life might not inaptly be compared  
 To a floating island, an amphibious spot  
 Unsound, of spungy texture, yet withal  
 Not wanting a fair face of water weeds  
 And pleasant flowers.\* The thirst of living praise,  
 Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight  
 Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,  
 Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,  
 Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bred  
 A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—  
 Alas! such high emotion touched not me.

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\* Compare the poem *Floating Island*, by Dorothy Wordsworth.—Ed.

Look was there none within these walls to shame  
My easy spirits, and discountenance  
Their light composure, far less to instil  
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed  
To puissant efforts. Nor was this the blame  
Of others, but my own ; I should, in truth,  
As far as doth concern my single self,  
Misdeem most widely, lodging it elsewhere :  
For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,  
Was a spoiled child, and rambling like the wind,  
As I had done in daily intercourse  
With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,  
And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the air,  
I was ill-tutored for captivity ;  
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to month,  
Take up a station calmly on the perch  
Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms  
Had also left less space within my mind,  
Which, wrought upon instinctively, had found  
A freshness in those objects of her love,  
A winning power, beyond all other power.  
Not that I slighted books,\*—that were to lack

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\* The following extract from a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth's illustrates the above, and other passages of this book. It was written from Fornecott, on the 28th of June, 1791. She is speaking of her two brothers, William and Christopher. Of Christopher she says :—" His abilities though not so great, perhaps, as his brother's, may be of more use to him, as he has not fixed his mind upon any particular species of reading or conceived an aversion to any. He is not fond of mathematics, but has resolution sufficient to study them ; because it will be impossible for him to obtain a fellowship without them. William lost the chance, indeed the certainty of a fellowship by not combating his inclinations. He gave way to his natural dislike to studies so dry as many parts of the mathematics, consequently could not succeed in Cambridge. He reads Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Latin, and English ; but never opens a mathematical book. . . . Do not think from what I have said that he reads not at all ; for he does read a great deal, and not only poetry, in these languages he is acquainted with, but History also," &c., &c.—ED.

All sense,—but other passions in me ruled,  
Passions more fervent, making me less prompt  
To in-door study than was wise or well,  
Or suited to those years. Yet I, though used  
In magisterial liberty to rove,  
Culling such flowers of learning as might tempt  
~~A~~ random choice, could shadow forth a place  
(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)  
Whose studious aspect should have bent me down  
To instantaneous service; should at once  
Have made me pay to science and to arts  
And written lore, acknowledged my liege lord,  
A homage frankly offered up, like that  
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and pains  
In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,  
Should spread from heart to heart; and stately groves,  
Majestic edifices, should not want  
A corresponding dignity within.  
The congregating temper that pervades  
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught  
To minister to works of high attempt—  
Works which the enthusiast would perform with love.  
Youth should be awed, religiously possessed  
With a conviction of the power that waits  
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized  
For its own sake, on glory and on praise  
If but by labour won, and fit to endure  
The passing day; should learn to put aside  
Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed  
Before antiquity and steadfast truth  
And strong book-mindedness; and over all  
~~A~~ healthy sound simplicity should reign,  
A seemly plainness, name it what you will—  
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts  
Are a gratuitous emblazonry  
That mocks the recreant age we live in, then  
Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect  
Whatever formal gait of discipline  
Shall raise them highest in their own esteem—  
Let them parade among the Schools at will,  
But spare the House of God. Was ever known  
The witless shepherd who persists to drive  
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked ?  
A weight must surely hang on days begun  
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,  
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit  
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained  
At home in pious service, to your bells  
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound  
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air ;  
And your officious doings bring disgrace  
On the plain steeples of our English Church,  
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,  
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand  
In daily sight of this irreverence,  
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,  
Loses her just authority, falls beneath  
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.  
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,  
That having 'mid my native hills given loose  
To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile  
Upon the basis of the coming time,  
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy  
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth  
Informed with such a spirit as might be  
Its own protection ; a primeval grove,  
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,

Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds  
In under-coverts, yet the countenance  
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe ;  
A habitation sober and demure  
For ruminating creatures ; a domain  
For quiet things to wander in ; a haunt  
In which the heron should delight to feed  
By the shy rivers, and the pelican  
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought  
Might sit and sun himself.—Alas ! alas !  
In vain for such solemnity I looked ;  
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears vexed  
By chattering popinjays ; the inner heart  
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without  
Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight

Those venerable Doctors saw of old,  
When all who dwelt within these famous walls  
Led in abstemiousness a studious life ;  
When, in forlorn and naked chambers cooped  
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung  
Like caterpillars eating out their way  
In silence, or with keen devouring noise  
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then  
At matins froze, and couched at curfew-time,  
Trained up through piety and zeal to prize  
Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds.  
O seat of Arts ! renowned throughout the world !  
Far different service in those homely days  
The Muses' modest nurslings underwent  
From their first childhood : in that glorious time  
When Learning, like a stranger come from far,  
Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet, roused  
Peasant and king ; when boys and youths, the growth

Of ragged villages and crazy huts,  
 Forsook their homes, and, errant, in the quest  
 Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,  
 Where, pensioned, they in shelter might sit down,  
 From town to town and through wide scattered realms  
 Journeyed with ponderous folios in their hands;  
 And often, starting from some covert place,  
 Saluted the chance comer on the road,  
 Crying, "An obolus, a penny give  
 To a poor scholar!" \*—when illustrious men,  
 Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,  
 Bucer, Erasmus, or Melanchthon, read  
 Before the doors or windows of their cells  
 By moonshine through mere lack of taper light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but darkly  
 Even when we look behind us, and best things  
 Are not so pure by nature that they needs  
 Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,  
 Their highest promise. If the mariner,  
 When at reluctant distance he hath passed  
 Some tempting island, could but know the ills  
 That must have fallen upon him had he brought  
 His bark to land upon the wished-for shore,  
 Good cause would oft be his to thank the surf  
 Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind that blew  
 Inexorably adverse: for myself  
 I grieve not; happy is the gownèd youth,  
 Who only misses what I missed, who falls  
 No lower than I fell.

\* Date obolum Belisario. Belisarius, a general of the Emperor Justinian's, died 555 B.C. The story of his begging charity is probably a legend, but the "begging scholar" was common in Christendom throughout the Middle Ages, and was met with in last century.—En.

I did not love,  
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course  
Of our scholastic studies; could have wished  
To see the river flow with ampler range  
And freer pace; but more, far more, I grieved  
To see displayed among an eager few,  
Who in the field of contest persevered,  
Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart  
And mounting spirit, pitiable repaid,  
When so disturbed, whatever palms are won.  
From these I turned to travel with the shoal  
Of more unthinking natures, easy minds  
And pillowy; yet not wanting love that makes  
The day pass lightly on, when foresight sleeps,  
And wisdom and the pledges interchanged  
With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up  
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood  
In my own mind remote from social life,  
(At least from what we commonly so name,)  
Like a lone shepherd on a promontory  
Who lacking occupation looks far forth  
Into the boundless sea, and rather makes  
Than finds what he beholds. And sure it is,  
That this first transit from the smooth delights  
And wild outlandish walks of simple youth  
To something that resembles an approach  
Towards human business, to a privileged world  
Within a world, a midway residence.  
With all its intervening imagery,  
Did better suit my visionary mind,  
Far better, than to have been bolted forth,  
Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way.

Among the conflicts of substantial life ;  
By a more just gradation did lead on  
To higher things ; more naturally matured,  
For permanent possession, better fruits,  
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.  
In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,  
With playful zest of fancy, did we note  
(How could we less ?) the manners and the ways  
Of those who lived distinguished by the badge  
Of good or ill report ; or those with whom  
By frame of Academic discipline  
We were perforce connected, men whose sway  
And known authority of office served  
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.  
Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,  
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring  
Of the grave Elders, men unscoured, grotesque  
In character, tricked out like aged trees,  
Which through the lapse of their infirmity  
Give ready place to any random seed  
That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly  
Those shepherd swains whom I had lately left,  
Appeared a different aspect of old age ;  
How different ! yet both distinctly marked,  
Objects embossed to catch the general eye,  
Or portraiture for special use designed,  
As some might seem, so aptly do they serve  
To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—  
That book upheld as with maternal care  
When she would enter on her tender scheme  
Of teaching comprehension with delight,  
And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life  
And manners finely wrought, the delicate race  
Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down  
Through that state arras woven with silk and gold ;  
This wily interchange of snaky hues,  
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,  
I neither knew nor cared for ; and as such  
Were wanting here, I took what might be found  
Of less elaborate fabric. At this day  
I smile, in many a mountain solitude  
Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks  
Of character, in points of wit as broad,  
As aught by wooden images performed  
For entertainment of the gaping crowd  
At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit  
Remembrances before me of old men—  
Old humourists, who have been long in their graves,  
And having almost in my mind put off  
Their human names, have into phantoms passed  
Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer : 'tis enough to note  
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed  
The limbs of the great world ; its eager strifes  
Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,  
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt  
Though short of mortal combat ; and whate'er  
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit  
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,  
More that way, was not wasted upon me.—  
And yet the spectacle may well demand  
A more substantial name, no mimic show,  
Itself a living part of a live whole,  
A creek in the vast sea ; for all degrees

And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise  
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms  
Retainers won away from solid good ;  
And here was Labour, his own bond-slave; Hope,  
That never set the pains against the prize ;  
Idleness halting with his weary clog,  
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,  
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death ;  
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray ;  
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile  
Murmuring submission, and bald government,  
(The idol weak as the idolater),  
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,  
And blind Authority beating with his staff  
The child that might have led him ; Emptiness  
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth  
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices  
I cannot say what portion is in truth  
The naked recollection of that time,  
And what may rather have been called to life  
By after meditation. But delight  
That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,  
Is still with Innocence its own reward,  
This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed  
As through a wide museum from whose stores  
A casual rarity is singled out  
And has its brief perusal, then gives way  
To others, all supplanted in their turn ;  
Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of things  
That are by nature most unneighbourly,  
The head turns round and cannot right itself ;  
And though an aching and a barren sense

Of gay confusion still be uppermost,  
 With few wise longings and but little love,  
 Yet to the memory something cleaves at last,  
 Whence profit may be drawn in times to come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend !  
 The labouring time of autumn, winter, spring,  
 Eight months ! rolled pleasingly away ; the ninth  
 Came and returned me to my native hills.

### **Book Fourth.**

#### **SUMMER VACATION.**

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when quickening steps  
 Followed each other till a dreary moor  
 Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top.\*  
 Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,  
 I overlooked the bed of Windermere,  
 Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.  
 With exultation, at my feet I saw  
 Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,  
 A universe of Nature's fairest forms  
 Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,  
 Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.  
 I bounded down the hill shouting amain  
 For the old Ferryman ; to the shout the rocks  
 Replied, and when the Charon of the flood  
 Had stayed his oars, and touched the jutting pier,†  
 I did not step into the well-known boat  
 Without a cordial greeting. Thence with speed

\* On the road from Kendal to Windermere.—ED.

† At the Ferry below Bowness.—ED.

Up the familiar hill I took my way \*  
 Towards that sweet valley,† where I had been reared ;  
 'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering round  
 I saw the snow-white church upon her hill ‡  
 Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out  
 A gracious look all over her domain §  
 Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town ;  
 With eager footsteps I advance and reach  
 The cottage threshold where my journey closed.  
 Glad welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps,  
 From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,||  
 While she perused me with a parent's pride.  
 The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew  
 Upon thy grave, good creature ! While my heart  
 Can beat never will I forget thy name.  
 Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest  
 After thy innocent and busy stir  
 In narrow cares, thy little daily growth  
 Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,  
 And more than eighty, of untroubled life, ¶

\* From the Ferry over the ridge to Sawrey.—ED.

† The Vale of Esthwaite.—ED.

‡ Hawkshead Church ; an old Norman structure, built in 1160, the year of the foundation of Furness Abbey. It is no longer "snow-white," a so-called Restoration having taken place within recent years, on architectural principles. The plaster is stripped from the outside of the church, which is now of a dull stone colour. " Apart from poetic sentiment," says Dr Cradock, the Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, " it may be doubted whether the pale colour, still preserved at Grasmere and other churches in the district, does not better harmonize with the scenery and atmosphere of the Lake country." The most interesting feature in the interior is the private chapel of Archbishop Sandys.—ED.

§ Hawkshead Church is a conspicuous object as you approach the town, whether by the Ambleside road, or from Sawrey. It is the latter approach that is here described.—ED.

|| Dame Tyson.—ED.

¶ Anne Tyson seems to have removed from Hawkshead village to Colthouse, on the opposite side of the Vale, and lived there for some time before her death. Along with Dr Cradock I examined the Parish Registers of

Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood  
Honoured with little less than filial love.  
What joy was mine to see thee once again,  
Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things  
About its narrow precincts all beloved,\*  
And many of them seeming yet my own !  
Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts  
Have felt, and every man alive can guess ?  
The rooms, the court, the garden were not left  
Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat  
Round the stone table under the dark pine,†  
Friendly to studious or to festive hours ;  
Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,  
The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed  
Within our garden,‡ found himself at once,

Hawkshead this autumn (1882), and we found the following entry belonging to the year 1796. "Anne Tyson of Colthouse, widow, died May 25th buried 28th, in Churchyard, aged 83." Her removal to Colthouse is confirmed, in a curious way, by a reminiscence of William Wordsworth's (the poet's son), who tells me that if asked where the dame's house was, he would have pointed to a spot on the eastern side of the valley, and out of the village altogether; his father having taken him from Rydal Mount to Hawkshead when a mere boy, and pointed out that spot. Doubtless Wordsworth took his son to the cottage at Colthouse, where Anne Tyson died, as the earlier abode in Hawkshead village is well known, and its site is indisputable.—ED.

\* See pp. 147-8.—ED.

† There is no trace and no tradition at Hawkshead of the "stone table under the dark pine." For a curious parallel to this

sunny seat

Round the stone table under the dark pine,

I am indebted to Dr Cradock. He points out that in the prologue to *Peter Bell* we have the lines,

" To the stone-table in my garden,  
Loved haunt of many a summer hour."

(See Vol. II. p. 8.)—ED.

‡ There can be little doubt as to the identity of "the famous brook" "within our garden" boxed, which gives the name of Flag Street to one of the alleys of Hawkshead. "Persons have visited the cottage," says Dr Cradock, "without discovering it; and yet it is not forty yards distant, an

As if by trick insidious and unkind,  
 Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down  
 (Without an effort and without a will)\*  
 A channel paved by man's officious care.\*  
 I looked at him and smiled, and smiled again,  
 And in the press of twenty thousand thoughts,†

is still exactly as described. On the opposite side of the lane leading to the cottage, and a few steps above it, is a narrow passage through some new stone buildings. On emerging from this, you meet a small garden, the farther side of which is bounded by the brook, confined on both sides by larger flags, and also covered by flags of the same Coniston formation, through the interstices of which you may see and hear the stream running freely. The upper flags are now used as a footpath, and lead by another passage back into the village. No doubt the garden has been reduced in size, by the use of that part of it fronting the lane for building purposes. The stream, before it enters the area of buildings and gardens, is open by the lane side, and seemingly comes from the hills to the westwards. The large flags are extremely hard and durable, and it is probable that the very flags which paved the channel in Wordsworth's time may be still doing the same duty." The house adjoining this garden was not Dame Tyson's but a Mr Watson's. Possibly, however, some of the boys had free access to the latter, so that Wordsworth could speak of it as "our garden;" or, Dame Tyson may have rented it. See note II. in Appendix to this volume.—ED.

\* See note ♦ on previous page (191).—ED.

† Compare the Sonnet (Vol. IV.)—

"Beloved Vale ! I said, 'when I shall con,'

By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost."

There can be little doubt that it is to the "famous brook" of *The Prelude* that reference is made in the later Sonnet, and still more significantly in the earlier poem *The Fountain* (Vol. II., p. 77). Compare the MS. readings given there from Lord Coleridge's copy of the Poems—

"Down to the Vale with eager speed  
 Behold this Streamlet run,  
 From subterranean bondage freed,  
 And glittering in the sun."

with the lines in *The Prelude*—

"The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed  
 Within our garden, found himself at once

Stript of his voice, and left to dimple down, &c."

This is doubtless the streamlet called Town Beck; and it is perhaps the most interesting of all the spots alluded to by Wordsworth which can be

" Ha," quoth I, " pretty prisoner, are you there !"  
 Well might sarcastic Fancy then have whispered,  
 " An emblem here behold of thy own life ;  
 In its late course of even days with all  
 Their smooth enthralment ;" but the heart was full,  
 Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame  
 Walked proudly at my side : she guided me ;  
 I willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.

—The face of every neighbour whom I met  
 Was like a volume to me ; some were hailed  
 Upon the road, some busy at their work,  
 Unceremonious greetings interchanged  
 With half the length of a long field between.  
 Among my schoolfellows I scattered round  
 Like recognitions, but with some constraint  
 Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,  
 But with more shame, for my habiliments,  
 The transformation wrought by gay attire.  
 Not less delighted did I take my place  
 At our domestic table : and, dear Friend !

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traced out in the Hawkshead district. I am indebted to the Rev. Mr Rawnsley of Wray Vicarage for the following note :—

" From the village, nay, from the poet's very door when he lived at Anne Tyson's, a good path leads on, past the vicarage, quite to its upland place of birth. It has eaten its way deeply into the soil ; in one place there is a series of still pools, that overflow and fall into others, with quiet sound ; at other spots, it is bustling and busy. Fine timber is found on either side of it, the roots of the trees often laid bare by the passing current. In one or two places by the side of this beck, and beneath the shadow of lofty oaks, may be found boulder stones, grey and moss-covered. Birds make hiding-places for themselves in these oak and hazel bushes by the stream. Following it up, we find it receives, at a tiny ford, the tribute of another stream from the north-west, and comes down between the adjacent hills (well wooded to the summit) from meadows of short-cropped grass, and to these from the open moorland, where it takes its rise. Every conceivable variety of beauty of sound and sight in streamlet life is found as we follow the course of this Town Beck. We owe much of Wordsworth's intimate acquaintance with streamlet beauty to it."

Compare *The Fountain* in detail with this passage in *The Prelude*.—ED.

In this endeavour simply to relate  
A Poet's history, may I leave untold  
The thankfulness with which I laid me down  
In my accustomed bed, more welcome now  
Perhaps than if it had been more desired  
Or been more often thought of with regret ;  
That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind  
Roar, and the rain beat hard, where I so oft  
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch  
The moon in splendour couched among the leaves  
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood ; \*  
Had watched her with fixed eyes while to and fro  
In the dark summit of the waving tree  
She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased me well  
To see again, was one by ancient right  
Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills ;  
By birth and call of nature pre-ordained  
To hunt the badger and unearth the fox  
Among the impervious crags, but having been  
From youth our own adopted, he had passed  
Into a gentler service. And when first  
The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day  
Along my veins I kindled with the stir,  
The fermentation, and the vernal heat  
Of poesy, affecting private shades

\* The ash tree is gone, but there is no doubt as to the place where it grew. Mr Watson, whose father owned and inhabited the house immediately opposite to Mrs Tyson's cottage in Wordsworth's time (see preceding note), told me that a tall ash tree grew on the proper right front of the cottage, where an outhouse is now built. If this be so, Wordsworth's bedroom must have been that on the proper left, with the smaller of the two windows. The cottage faces nearly south-west. In the upper flat there are two bedrooms to the front, with oak flooring, one of which must have been Wordsworth's. See note II. in Appendix to this volume.—ED.

Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used  
To watch me, an attendant and a friend,  
Obsequious to my steps early and late,  
Though often of such dilatory walk  
Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.  
A hundred times when, roving high and low,  
I have been harassed with the toil of verse,  
Much pains and little progress, and at once  
Some lovely Image in the song rose up  
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea ;  
Then have I darted forwards to let loose  
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,  
Caressing him again and yet again.  
And when at evening on the public way  
I sauntered, like a river murmuring  
And talking to itself when all things else  
Are still, the creature trotted on before ;  
Such was his custom ; but whene'er he met  
A passenger approaching, he would turn  
To give me timely notice, and straightway,  
Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed  
My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air  
And mien of one whose thoughts are free, advanced  
To give and take a greeting that might save  
My name from piteous rumours, such as wait  
On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized and loved—  
Regretted !—that word, too, was on my tongue,  
But they were richly laden with all good,  
And cannot be remembered but with thanks  
And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—  
Those walks in all their freshness now came back  
Like a returning Spring. When first I made

Once more the circuit of our little lake,  
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,  
That day consummate happiness was mine,  
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.  
The sun was set, or setting, when I left  
Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on  
A sober hour, not winning or serene,  
For cold and raw the air was, and untuned.  
But as a face we love is sweetest then  
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look  
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart  
Have fulness in herself ; even so with me  
It fared that evening. Gently did my soul  
Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood  
Naked, as in the presence of her God.  
While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch  
A heart that had not been disconsolate :  
Strength came where weakness was not known to be,  
At least not felt ; and restoration came  
Like an intruder knocking at the door  
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took  
The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself.  
—Of that external scene which round me lay,  
Little, in this abstraction, did I see ;  
Remembered less ; but I had inward hopes  
And swellings of the spirit, was wrapt and soothed,  
Conversed with promises, had glimmering views  
How life pervades the undecaying mind ;  
How the immortal soul with God-like power  
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep  
That time can lay upon her ; how on earth,  
Man, if he do but live within the light  
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad  
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.

Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love,  
Of innocence, and holiday repose ;  
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir  
Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end  
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.  
Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down  
Alone, continuing there to muse : the slopes  
And heights meanwhile were slowly overspread  
With darkness, and before a rippling breeze  
The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,  
And in the sheltered coppice where I sate,  
Around me from among the hazel leaves,  
Now here, now there, moved by the straggling wind,  
Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,  
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,  
The off and on companion of my walk ;  
And such, at times, believing them to be,  
I turned my head to look if he were there ;  
Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

A freshness also found I at this time  
In human Life, the daily life of those  
Whose occupations really I loved ;  
The peaceful scene oft filled me with surprise  
Changed like a garden in the heat of spring  
After an eight-days' absence. For (to omit  
The things which were the same and yet appeared  
Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,  
A narrow Vale where each was known to all,  
'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind  
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny nook,  
Where an old man had used to sit alone,  
Now vacant ; pale-faced babes whom I had left  
In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet

Of a pleased grandame tottering up and down ;  
And growing girls whose beauty, filched away  
With all its pleasant promises, was gone  
To deck some slighted playmate's homely cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,  
And often looking round was moved to smiles  
Such as a delicate work of humour breeds ; . . .  
I read, without design, the opinions, thoughts,  
Of those plain-living people now observed  
With clearer knowledge ; with another eye  
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,  
The shepherd roam the hills. With new delight,  
This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired Daine ;  
Saw her go forth to church or other work  
Of state, equipped in monumental trim ;  
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the like),  
A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers  
Wore in old time. Her smooth domestic life,  
Affectionate without disquietude,  
Her talk, her business, pleased me ; and no less  
Her clear though shallow stream of piety  
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course ;  
With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her read  
Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,  
And loved the book, when she had dropped asleep  
And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,  
Distinctly manifested at this time,  
A human-heartedness about my love  
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth  
Of my own private being and no more ;  
Which I had loved, even as a blessed spirit

Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,  
Might love in individual happiness.  
But now there opened on me other thoughts  
Of change, congratulation or regret,  
A pensive feeling ! It spread far and wide ;  
The trees, the mountains shared it, and the brooks,  
The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old haunts—  
White Sirius glittering o'er the southern crags,  
Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,  
Acquaintances of every little child,  
And Jupiter, my own beloved star !  
Whatever shadings of mortality,  
Whatever imports from the world of death  
Had come among these objects heretofore,  
Were, in the main, of mood less tender : strong,  
Deep, gloomy were they, and severe ; the scatterings  
Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given way  
In later yout'li to yearnings of a love  
Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending from the side  
Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast  
Of a still water, solacing himself  
With such discoveries as his eye can make  
Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,  
Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes, flowers,  
Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,  
Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part  
The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,  
Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth  
Of the clear flood, from things which there abide  
In their true dwelling ; now is crossed by gleam  
Of his own image, by a sun-beam now,  
And wavering motions sent he knows not whence,

Impediments that make his task more sweet ;  
Such pleasant office have we long pursued  
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time  
With like success, nor often have appeared  
Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned  
Than these to which the Tale, indulgent Friend !  
Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite  
Of pleasure won, and knowledge not withheld,  
There was an inner falling off—I loved,  
Loved deeply all that had been loved before,  
More deeply even than ever : but a swarm  
Of heady schemes jostling each other, gawds,  
And feast and dance, and public revelry,  
And sports and games (too grateful in themselves,  
Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe,  
Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh  
Of manliness and freedom) all conspired  
To lure my mind from firm habitual quest  
Of feeling pleasures, to depress the zeal  
And damp those yearnings which had once been mine—  
A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given up  
To his own eager thoughts. It would demand  
Some skill, and longer time than may be spared,  
To paint these vanities, and how they wrought  
In haunts where they, till now, had been unknown.  
It seemed the very garments that I wore  
Preyed on my strength, and stopped the quiet stream  
Of self-forgetfulness.

Yes, that heartless chase  
Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange  
For books and nature at that early age.  
'Tis true, some casual knowledge might be gained  
Of character or life ; but at that time,  
Of manners put to school I took small note,

And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere.  
Far better had it been to exalt the mind  
By solitary study, to uphold  
Intense desire through meditative peace ;  
And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,  
The memory of one particular hour  
Doth here rise up against me. 'Mid a throng  
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,  
A medley of all tempers, I had passed  
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,  
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,  
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,  
And unaimed prattle flying up and down ; \*  
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there  
Slight shocks of young love-loving interspersed,  
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,  
And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,  
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky  
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse  
And open field, through which the pathway wound,  
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent  
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
Glorious as ere I had beheld—in front,  
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,  
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,  
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light ;  
And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—  
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,  
And labourers going forth to till the fields.  
Ah ! need I say, dear Friend ! that to the brim  
My heart was full ; I made no vows, but vows

\* In one of the small mountain farm-houses near Hawkshead.—ED.

Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me  
 Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
 A dedicated Spirit. On I walked  
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.\*

Strange rendezvous ! My mind was at that time  
 A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,  
 Solid and light, short-sighted and profound ;  
 Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,  
 Consorting in one mansion unreproved.  
 The worth I knew of powers that I possessed,  
 Though slighted and too oft misused. Besides,  
 That summer, swarming as it did with thoughts  
 Transient and idle, lacked not intervals  
 When Folly from the frown of fleeting Time  
 Shrunk, and the mind experienced in herself  
 Conformity as just as that of old  
 To the end and written spirit of God's works,  
 Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,  
 Through pregnant vision, separate or conjoined.

When from our better selves we have too long  
 Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,  
 Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,  
 How gracious, how benign, is Solitude ;  
 How potent a mere image of her sway ;  
 Most potent when impressed upon the mind

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\* Dr Cradock has suggested to me the probable course of that morning walk. "All that can be safely said as to the course of that memorable morning walk is that, in that neighbourhood, a view of the sea can only be obtained at a considerable elevation ; also that if the words 'in front the sea lay laughing' are to be taken as rigidly exact, the poet's progress towards Hawkshead must have been in a direction mainly southerly, and therefore from the country north of that place. These and all other conditions of the description are answered in several parts of the range of hills lying between Elterwater and Hawkshead." See Appendix, note III.  
—ED.

With an appropriate human centre—hermit,  
 Deep in the bosom of the wilderness ;  
 Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot  
 Is treading, where no other face is seen)  
 Kneeling at prayers ; or watchman on the top  
 Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves ;  
 Or as the soul of that great Power is met  
 Sometimes embodied on a public road,  
 When, for the night deserted, it assumes  
 A character of quiet more profound  
 Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer months  
 Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show  
 Of oars with oars contending, sails with sails,  
 Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced  
 That—after I had left a flower-decked room  
 (Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived  
 To a late hour), and spirits overwrought  
 Were making night do penance for a day  
 Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—  
 My homeward course led up a long ascent,  
 Where the road's watery surface, to the top  
 Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon  
 And bore the semblance of another stream  
 Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook  
 That murmured in the vale.\* All else was still ;  
 No living thing appeared in earth or air,  
 And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice,  
 Sound there was none—but, lo ! an uncouth shape,  
 Shown by a sudden turning of the road,

\* The “brook” is Sawrey beck, and the “long ascent” is the second of the two, in crossing from Windermere to Hawkshead, and going over the ridge between the two Sawreys. It is only at that point that a brook can be heard “murmuring in the vale.”—ED.

So near that, slipping back into the shade  
Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,  
Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,  
A span above man's common measure, tall,  
Stiff, lank, and upright ; a more meagre man  
Was never seen before by night or day.  
Long were his arms, pallid his hands ; his mouth  
Looked ghastly in the moonlight : from behind,  
A mile-stone propped him ; I could also ken  
That he was clothed in military garb,  
Though faded, yet entire. Companionless,  
No dog attending, by no staff sustained,  
He stood, and in his very dress appeared  
A desolation, a simplicity,  
To which the trappings of a gaudy world  
Make a strange back-ground. From his lips, ere long  
Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain  
Or some uneasy thought ; yet still his form  
Kept the same awful steadiness—at his feet  
His shadow lay, and moved not. From self-blame  
Not wholly free, I watched him thus ; at length  
Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,  
I left the shady nook where I had stood  
And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-place  
He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm  
In measured gesture lifted to his head  
Returned my salutation ; then resumed  
His station as before ; and when I asked  
His history, the veteran, in reply,  
Was neither slow nor eager ; but, unmoved,  
And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,  
A stately air of mild indifference,  
He told in few plain words a soldier's tale—  
That in the Tropic Islands he had served,

Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks past ;  
That on his landing he had been dismissed,  
And now was travelling towards his native home.  
This heard, I said, in pity, " Come with me."  
He stooped, and straightway from the ground took up  
An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—  
A staff which must have dropped from his slack hand  
And lay till now neglected in the grass.  
Though weak his step and cautious, he appeared  
To travel without pain, and I beheld  
With an astonishment but ill suppresed,  
His ghostly figure moving at my side ;  
Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, forbear  
To turn from present hardships to the past,  
And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,  
Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared,  
On what he might himself have seen or felt.  
He all the while was in demeanour calm,  
Concise in answer ; solemn and sublime  
He might have seemed, but that in all he said  
There was a strange half-absence, as of one  
Knowing too well the importance of his theme,  
But feeling it no longer. Our discourse  
Soon ended, and together on we passed  
In silence through a wood gloomy and still.  
Up-turning, then, along an open field,  
We reached a cottage. At the door I knocked,  
And earnestly to charitable care  
Commended him as a poor friendless man,  
Belated and by sickness overcome.  
Assured that now the traveller would repose  
In comfort, I entreated that henceforth  
He would not linger in the public ways,  
But ask for timely furtherance and help

Such as his state required. At this reproof,  
 With the same ghastly mildness in his look,  
 He said, " My trust is in the God of Heaven,  
 And in the eye of him who passes me ! "

The cottage door was speedily unbarred,  
 And now the soldier touched his hat once more  
 With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,  
 Whose tone bespeak reviving interests  
 Till then unfelt, he thanked me ; I returned  
 The farewell blessing of the patient man,  
 And so we parted. Back I cast a look,  
 And lingered near the door a little space,  
 Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

### Book Fifth.

#### BOOKS.

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt  
 Through earth and sky, spreads widely, and sends deep  
 Into the soul its tranquillising power,  
 Even then I sometimes grieve for thee, O Man,  
 Earth's paramount Creature ! not so much for woes  
 That thou endurest ; heavy though that weight be,  
 Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light divine  
 Doth melt away ; but for those palms achieved,  
 Through length of time, by patient exercise  
 Of study and hard thought ; there, there, it is  
 That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,  
 In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked  
 Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven

As her prime teacher, intercourse with man  
Established by the sovereign Intellect,  
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,  
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,  
A deathless spirit. Thou also, man ! hast wrought,  
For commerce of thy nature with herself,  
Things that aspire to unconquerable life ;  
And yet we feel—we cannot choose but feel—  
That they must perish. Tremblings of the heart  
It gives, to think that our immortal being  
No more shall need such garments ; and yet man,  
As long as he shall be the child of earth,  
Might almost “weep to have” what he may lose,  
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,  
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.  
A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,—  
Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes  
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch  
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,  
Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
Victorious, and composure would ensue,  
And kindlings like the morning—presage sure  
Of day returning and of life revived.  
But all the meditations of mankind,  
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth  
By reason built, or passion, which itself  
Is highest reason in a soul sublime ;  
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,  
Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,  
Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes ; .  
Where would they be ? Oh ! why hath not the Mind  
Some element to stamp her image on  
In nature somewhat nearer to her own ?

Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad  
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail ?

One day, when from my lips a like complaint  
Had fallen in presence of a studious friend,  
He with a smile made answer, that in truth  
'Twas going far to seek disquietude ;  
But on the front of his reproof confessed  
That he himself had oftentimes given way  
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I told,  
That once in the stillness of a sumner's noon,  
While I was seated in a rocky cave  
By the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,  
The famous history of the errant knight  
Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts  
Beset me, and to height unusual rose,  
While listlessly I sate, and, having closed  
The book, had turned my eyes toward the wide sea.  
On poetry and geometric truth,  
And their high privilege of lasting life,  
From all internal injury exempt,  
I mused ; upon these chiefly : and at length,  
My senscs yielding to the sultry air,  
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.  
I saw before me stretch'd a boundless plain  
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,  
And as I looked around, distress and fear  
Canie creeping over me, when at my side,  
Close at my side, an uncouth shape appeared  
Upon a dromedary, mounted high.  
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes :  
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm  
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell  
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight

Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide  
 Was present, one who with unerring skill  
 Would through the desert lead me; and while yet  
 I looked and looked, self-questioned what this freigh  
 Which the new comer carried through the waste  
 Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone  
 (To give it in the language of the dream)  
 Was "Euclid's Elements;" and "This," said he,  
 "Is something of more worth;" and at the word  
 Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape,  
 In colour so resplendent, with command  
 That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,  
 And heard that instant in an unknown tongue,  
 Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,  
 A loud prophetic blast of harmony;  
 An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold  
 Destruction to the children of the earth  
 By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased  
 The song, than the Arab with calm look declared  
 That all would come to pass of which the voice  
 Had given forewarning, and that he himself  
 Was going then to bury those two books:  
 The one that held acquaintance with the stars,  
 And wedded soul to soul in purest bond  
 Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;  
 The other that was a god, yea many gods,  
 Had voices more than all the winds, with power  
 To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,  
 Through every clime, the heart of human kind.  
 While this was uttering, strange as it may seem,  
 I wondered not, although I plainly saw  
 The one to be a stone, the other a shell;  
 Nor doubted once but that they both were books,  
 Having a perfect faith in all that passed.

Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt  
 To cleave unto this man ; but when I prayed  
 To share his enterprise, he hurried on  
 Reckless of me : I followed, not unseen,  
 For oftentimes he cast a backward look,  
 Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lance in rest,  
 He rode, I keeping pace with him ; and now  
 He, to my fancy, had become the knight  
 Whose tale Cervantes tells ; yet not the knight,  
 But was an Arab of the desert too ;  
 Of these was neither, and was both at once.  
 His countenance, meanwhile, grew more disturbed ;  
 And, looking backwards when he looked, mine eyes  
 Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,  
 A bed of glittering light : I asked the cause :  
 “ It is,” said he, “ the waters of the deep  
 Gathering upon us ; ” quickening then the pace  
 Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,  
 He left me : I called after him aloud ;  
 He heeded not ; but, with his twofold charge  
 Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,  
 Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,  
 With the fleet waters of a drowning world  
 In chase of him ; whereat I waked in terror,  
 And saw the sea before me, and the book,  
 In which I had been reading, at my side.\*

\* Mr A. J. Duffield, the translator of Don Quixote, has written to me the following letter on Wordsworth and Cervantes, which I transcribe in full.

“ So far as I can learn Wordsworth had not read any critical work on the Don Quixote before he wrote the Fifth Book of the Prelude,\* nor for that matter had any criticism of the master-piece of Cervantes then appeared. Yet Wordsworth,

‘ by patient exercise  
 Of study and hard thought,’

\* Wordsworth studied Spanish during the winter he spent at Orléans (1792), and *Don Quixote* was one of the books he had read when at Hawkshead School (see p. 210) —ED.

Full often, taking from the world of sleep  
 This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,  
 This semi-Quixote, I to him have given  
 A substance, fancied him a living man,  
 A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed  
 By love and feeling, and internal thought  
 Protracted among endless solitudes ;  
Have shaped him wandering upon this quest !  
 Nor have I pitied him ; but rather felt  
 Reverence was due to a being thus employed ;  
 And thought that, in the blind and awful lair  
 Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.  
 Know there are on earth to take in charge  
 Their wives, their children, and their virgin loves,

has given us not only a most poetical insight into the real nature of the Illustrious Hidalgo of La Mancha ; he has shown us that it was a nature compacted of the madman and the poet, and this in language so appropriate, that the consideration of it cannot fail to give fresh pleasure to all who have found a reason for weighing Wordsworth's words.

"He demands

‘ Oh ! why hath not the Mind  
 Some element to stamp her image on ? ’

then falls asleep, ‘ his senses yielding to the sultry air,’ and he sees before him

‘ stretched a boundless plain  
 Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,  
 And as I looked around, distress and fear  
 Came creeping over me, when at my side,  
 Close at my side, an uncouth shape appeared  
 Upon a dromedary, mounted high.  
 He seemed an Arab ’ . . . . .

Here we have the plains of Montiel, and the poet realising all that Don Quixote felt on that day of July, ‘ the hottest of the year,’ when he first set out on his quest and met with nothing worth recording.

‘ The uncouth shape ’

is of course the Don himself

the ‘ dromedary ’

is Rozinante,

and the ‘ Arab ’

doubtless is Cid Hamete Benengeli.

Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear ;  
 Know to stir for these ; yea, will I say,  
 Contemplating in soberness the approach  
 Of an event so dire, by signs in earth  
 Or heaven made manifest, that I could share  
 That maniac's fond anxiety, and go  
 Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least  
 Me hath such strong entrancement overcome,  
 When I have held a volume in my hand,  
 Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,  
 Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine !

"Taking such an one for the guide,  
     ' who with unerring skill  
     Would through the desert lead me,'

is a most sweet play of humour like to the lambent flame of his whose satire was as a summer breath, and who smiled all the time he wrote, although he wrote chiefly in a prison.

'The loud prophetic blast of harmony'

is doubtless a continuation of this humour, down to the lines  
     ' Nor doubted once but that both were books,  
     Having a perfect faith in all that passed.'

"Our poet now becomes positive.

'Lance in rest  
 He rode, I keeping pace with him ; and now  
 He, to my fancy, had become the knight  
 Whose tale Cervantes tells ; yet not the knight,  
 But was an Arab of the desert too ;  
 Of these was neither, and was both at once.'

This is absolutely true, and was one of the earliest complaints made a century and a half ago, when Spaniards began to criticise their one great book. They could not tell at times whether Don Quixote was speaking, or Cervantes, or Cid Hamete Benengeli.

'A bed of glittering light'

is a delightful description of the attitude of Don Quixote's mind towards external nature while passing through the desert.

'It is,' said he, 'the waters of the deep  
 Gathering upon us.'

"It was, of course, only the mirage ; but this he changed to suite his own purpose into the 'waters of the deep,' as he changed the row of Castilian wind-mills into giants, and the roar of the fulling mills into the din of war.

Great and benign, indeed, must be the power  
 Of living nature, which could thus so long  
 Detain me from the best of other guides  
 And dearest helpers, left unthanked, unpraised,  
 Even in the time of lisping infancy ;  
 And later down, in prattling childhood even,  
 While I was travelling back among those days  
 How could I ever play an ingrate's part ?  
 Once more should I have made those bowers resound,  
 By intermingling strains of thankfulness  
 With their own thoughtless melodies ; at least  
 It might have well beseemed me to repeat  
 Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,  
 In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale  
 That did bewitch me then, and soothes me now.

"Wordsworth is now awake from his dream, but turning all he saw in it into a reality, as only the poet can, he feels that

'Reverence was due to a being thus employed ;  
 And thought that, *in the blind and awful lair*  
*Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.'*

Here again is a most profound description of the creation of Cervantes. Don Quixote was mad, but his was a madness that proceeded from that 'blind and awful lair,' a disordered stomach, rather than from an injured brain. Had Don Quixote not forsaken the exercise of the chase and early rising, if he had not taken to eating chestnuts at night, cold spiced meat, together with onions and *ollas podridas*, then proceeding to read exciting unnatural tales of love and war, he would not have gone mad.

"But his reason only lay 'couched,' not overthrown. Only give him a dose of the balsam of Fiorbras, his reason shall spring out of its lair, like a lion from out its hiding-place, as indeed it did ; and you then have that wonderful piece of rhetoric, which describes the army of Alifanfaron in the eighteenth chapter, Part I.

"There are many other things worthy of note, such as

'crazed  
 By love and feeling, and internal thought  
 Protracted among endless solitudes,'

all of which are 'fit epithets blessed in the marriage of pure words,' which the author of *The Prelude*, without any special learning, or personal knowledge of Spain, has given us, and are so striking as to compel us once again to go to Wordsworth and say, 'we do not all understand thee yet, not all that thou hast given us.'—Very truly yours, A. J. Duffield."—ED.

O Friend ! O Poet ! brother of my soul,  
Think not that I could pass along untouched  
By these remembrances. Yet wherefore speak ?  
Why call upon a few weak words to say  
What is already written in the hearts  
Of all that breathe ?—what in the path of all  
Drops daily from the tongue of every child,  
Wherever man is found ? The trickling tear  
Upon the cheek of listening Infancy  
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look  
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave  
There registered : whatever else of power  
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be  
Peculiar to myself, let that remain  
Where still it works, though hidden from all search  
Among the depths of time. Yet is it just  
That here, in memory of all books which lay  
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,  
Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,  
That in the name of all inspirèd souls—  
From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice  
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,  
And that more varied and elaborate,  
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake  
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest notes  
Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made  
For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,  
And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired limbs,  
Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad tunes,  
Food for the hungry ears of little ones,  
And of old men who have survived their joys—  
'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,

And of the men that framed them, whether known  
 Or sleeping nameless in their scattered graves,  
 That I should here assert their rights, attest  
 Their honours, and should, once for all, pronounce  
 Their benediction ; speak of them as Powers  
 For ever to be hallowed ; only less,  
 For what we are and what we may become,  
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,  
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop  
 To transitory themes ; yet I rejoice,  
 And, by these thoughts admonished, will pour out  
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was reared  
 Safe from an evil which these days have laid  
 Upon the children of the land, a pest  
 That might have dried me up, body and soul.  
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,  
 And things that teach as Nature teaches : then,  
 Oh ! where had been the Man, the Poet where,  
 Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend !  
 If in the season of unperilous choice,  
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales  
 Rich with indigenous produce, open ground  
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,  
 We had been followed, hourly watched, and noosed  
 Each in his several melancholy walk  
 Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,  
 Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude ;  
 Or rather like a stalled ox debarred  
 From touch of growing grass, that may not taste  
 A flower till it have yielded up its sweets  
 A prelibation to the mower's scythe.\*

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\* Wordsworth's earliest teachers, before he was sent to Hawkshead

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,  
 Though fledged and feathered, and well pleased to part  
 And straggle from her presence, still a brood,  
 And she herself from the maternal bond  
 Still undischarged ; yet doth she little more  
 Than move with them in tenderness and love,  
 A centre to the circle which they make ;  
 And now and then, alike from need of theirs  
 And call of her own natural appetites,  
 She scratches, ransacks up the earth for food,  
 Which they partake at pleasure. Early died  
 My honoured Mother, she who was the heart  
 And hinge of all our learnings and our loves :\*  
 She left us destitute, and, as we might,  
 Trooping together. Little suits it me

School, were his mother and the Rev. Mr Gilbanks at Cockermouth, and Mrs Anne Birkett at Penrith. His mother and Dame Birkett taught him to read, and trained his infant memory. Mr Gilbanks also gave him elementary instruction ; while his father made him commit to memory portions of the English poets. At Hawkshead he read English literature, learned Latin and Mathematics, and wrote both English and Latin verse. There was little or no method, and no mechanical or artificial drill in his early education. Though he was taught both languages and mathematics he was left as free to range the "happy pastures" of literature, as to range the Hawkshead woods on autumn nights in pursuit of woodcocks. It is likely that the reference in the above passage is to his education both in childhood and in youth, although specially to the former. In his *Autobiographical Memoranda*, Wordsworth says, "Of my earliest days at school I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty, then and in the vacations, to read whatever books I liked. For example, I read all Fielding's works, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and any part of Swift that I liked ; Gulliver's Travels and the Tale of the Tub being both much to my taste." As Wordsworth alludes to Coleridge's education, along with his own, "in the season of unperilous choice," the reference is probably to Coleridge's early time at the vicarage of Ottery St Mary's, Devonshire, and at the Grammar School there, as well as at Christ's Hospital in London, where (with Charles Lamb as school-companion) he was as enthusiastic in his exploits in the New River, as he was an eager student of books.—ED.

\* Mrs Wordsworth died at Penrith, in the year 1778, the poet's eighth year —ED.

To break upon the sabbath of her rest  
With any thought that looks at others' blame :  
Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.  
Hence am I checked : but let me boldly say,  
In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,  
Unheard by her, that she, not falsely taught,  
Fetching her goodness rather from times past  
Than shaping novelties for times to come,  
Had no presumption, no such jealousy,  
Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust  
Our nature, but had virtual faith that He  
Who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk  
Doth also for our nobler part provide,  
Under His great correction and control,  
As innocent instincts, and as innocent food ;  
Or draws for minds that are left free to trust  
In the simplicities of opening life  
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded weeds.  
This was her creed, and therefore she was pure  
From anxious fear of error or mishap,  
And evil, overweeningly so called ;  
Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,  
Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,  
Nor with impatience from the season asked  
More than its timely produce ; rather loved  
The hours for what they are, than from regard  
Glanced on their promises in restless pride.  
Such was she—not from faculties more strong  
Than others have, but from the times, perhaps,  
And spot in which she lived, and through a grace  
Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,  
A heart that found benignity and hope,  
Being itself benign.

My drift I fear

Is scarcely obvious ; but, that common sense  
May try this modern system by its fruits,  
Leave let me take to place before her sight  
A specimen portrayed with faithful hand.  
Full early trained to worship seemliness,  
This model of a child is never known  
To mix in quarrels ; that were far beneath  
Its dignity ; with gifts he bubbles o'er  
As generous as a fountain ; selfishness  
May not come near him, nor the little throng  
Of flitting pleasures tempt him from his path ;  
The wandering beggars propagate his name,  
Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,  
And natural or supernatural fear,  
Unless it leap upon him in a dream,  
Touches him not. To enhance the wonder, see  
How arch his notices, how nice his sense  
Of the ridiculous ; not blind is he  
To the broad follies of the licensed world,  
Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd,  
And can read lectures upon innocence ;  
A miracle of scientific lore,  
Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,  
And tell you all their cunning ; he can read  
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars ;  
He knows the policies of foreign lands ;  
Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,  
The whole world over, tight as beads of dew  
Upon a gossamer thread ; he sifts, he weighs ;  
All things are put to question ; he must live  
Knowing that he grows wiser every day  
Or else not live at all, and seeing too  
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls  
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart :

For this unnatural growth the trainer blame,  
Pity the tree.—Poor human vanity,  
Wert thou extinguished, little would be left  
Which he could truly love ; but how escape ?  
For, ever as a thought of purer birth  
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,  
Some intermeddler still is on the watch  
To drive him back, and pound him, like a stray,  
Within the pinfold of his own conceit.  
Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved to find  
The playthings, which her love designed for him,  
Unthought of : in their woodland beds the flowers  
Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.  
Oh ! give us once again the wishing cap  
Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat  
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,  
And Sabra in the forest with St George !  
The child, whose love is here, at least, doth reap  
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,  
Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged  
The foward chaos of futurity,  
Tamed to their bidding ; they who have the skill  
To manage books, and things, and make them act  
On infant minds as surely as the sun  
Deals with a flower ; the keepers of our time,  
The guides and wardens of our faculties,  
Sages who in their prescience would control  
All accidents, and to the very road  
Which they have fashioned would confine us down,  
Like engines ; when will their presumption learn,  
That in the unreasoning progress of the world  
A wiser spirit is at work for us,

A better eye than theirs, most prodigal  
Of blessings, ~~and~~ most studious of our good,  
Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours.

There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander!—many a time  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him; \* and they would shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,  
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,  
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild  
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause  
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,  
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind,  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died  
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.

\* See the Fenwick note to the poem, "There was a Boy," and the various readings given in Vol. II. p. 55.—ED.

Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale  
 Where he was born ; the grassy churchyard hangs,  
 Upon a slope above the village school,\*  
 And through that churchyard when my way has led  
 On summer evenings, I believe that there  
 A long half hour together I have stood  
 Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies ! †  
 Even now appears before the mind's clear eye  
 That self-same village church ; I see her sit  
 (The throned Lady whom erewhile we hailed)  
 On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy  
 Who slumbers at her feet,—forgetful, too,  
 Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,  
 And listening only to the gladsome sounds  
 That, from the rural school ascending,‡ play

\* Hawkshead School.—ED.

† The two preceding paragraphs were first published in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, and appeared in all the subsequent collective editions of the poems, standing first in the group of "Poems of the Imagination."

The grave of this "immortal boy" cannot be identified. His name, and everything about him except what is here recorded, is unknown ; but he was, in all likelihood, a school companion of Wordsworth's at Hawkshead.

" And through that churchyard when his way has led  
 On summer evenings."

One may localize the above description almost anywhere at Hawkshead.—ED.

‡ Hawkshead School, in which Wordsworth was taught for eight years—from 1778 to 1786—was founded by Archbishop Sandys of York, in 1585, and the building is still very much as it was in Wordsworth's time. The main school-room is on the ground floor. One small chamber on the first floor was used, in the end of last century, by the head master, as a private class-room, for teaching a few advanced pupils. In another is a small library, formed in part by the donations of the scholars ; it having been a custom for each pupil to present a volume on leaving the school, or to send one afterwards. Very probably one of the volumes now in the library was presented by Wordsworth. There are several which were presented by his school-fellows, during the years in which Wordsworth was at Hawkshead. The master, in 1877, was to search through his somewhat musty treasures, to see if he could discover one with the poet's autograph ; but I have not heard of his success. On the wall of the room containing the library is a tablet, recording the names of several masters. There also, in an old oak chest, is kept the original charter of the school. The

Beneath her and about her. May she long  
 Behold a race of young ones like to those  
 With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,  
 We might have fed upon a fatter soil  
 Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—  
 A race of real children; not too wise,  
 Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,  
 And bandied up and down by love and hate;  
 Not unresentful where self-justified;  
 Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy;  
 Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;  
 Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft  
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight  
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not  
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth.  
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,  
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds;  
 May books and Nature be their early joy!  
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with that name—  
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power!

Well do I call to mind the very week  
 When I was first intrusted to the care  
 Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,  
 And brooks \* were like a dream of novelty  
 To my half-infant thoughts; that very week,  
 While I was roving up and down alone,  
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross  
 One of those open fields, which, shaped like ears,

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oak benches downstairs are covered with the names or initials of the boys, deeply cut; and, amongst them, the name of William Wordsworth—but not those of his brothers Richard, John, or Christopher—may be seen. Towards the close of last century, when he and his three brothers were educated at Hawkshead, this school was one of the best educational institutions in the north of England.—ED.

\* Compare p. 192, and note †.—ED.

Make green peni sulas on Esthwaite's Lake :  
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom  
 Appear'd distinctly on the opposite shore  
 A heap of garments, as if left by one  
 Who might have there been bathing. Long I watched,  
 But no one owned them ; meanwhile the calm lake  
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,  
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped  
 The breathless stillness.\* The succeeding day,  
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale  
 Drew to the spot an anxious crowd ; some looked  
 In passive expectation from the shore,  
 While from a boat others hung o'er the deep,  
 Sounding with grappling irons and long poles.  
 At last, the dead man, 'mid the beauteous scene  
 Of trees and hills and water, b. it pright  
 Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape  
 Of terror ; yet no soul-debasing fear,  
 Young as I was, a child not nine years old,  
 Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen  
 Such sights before, among the shining streams  
 Of faery land, the forest of romance.  
 Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle  
 With decoration of ideal grace ;  
 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works  
 Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long possessed,  
 A little yellow canvas-covered book,  
 A slender abstract of the Arabian tales ;  
 And, from companions in a new abode,

\* Compare *Fidelity*, p. 37 of this volume.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer.

—ED.

When first I learnt that this dear prize of mine  
Was but a block hewn from a mighty quarry—  
That there were four large volumes, laden all  
With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,  
A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,  
With one not richer than myself, I made  
A covenant that each should lay aside  
The moneys he possessed, and hoard up more,  
Till our joint savings had amassed enough  
To make this book our own. Through several months,  
In spite of all temptation, we preserved  
Religiously that vow ; but firmness failed,  
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's house  
The holidays returned me, there to find  
That golden store of books which I had left,  
What joy was mine ! How often in the course  
Of those glad respites, though a soft west wind  
Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,  
For a whole day together, have I lain  
Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmuring stream,  
On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,  
And there have read, devouring as I read,  
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !  
Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,  
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,  
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,  
And o'er the heart of man ; invisibly  
It comes, to works of unreproved delight,  
And tendency benign, directing those  
Who care not, know not, think not what they do.

The tales that charm away the wakeful night  
 In Araby, romances ; legends peñned  
 For solace by dim light of monkish lamps ;  
 Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised  
 By youthful squires ; adventures endless, spun  
 By the dismantled warrior in old age,  
 Out of the bowels of those very schemes  
 In which his youth did first extravagate ;  
 These spread like day, and something in the shape  
 Of these will live till man shall be no more.  
 Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,  
 And *they must* have their food. Our childhood sits,  
 Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne  
 That hath more power than all the elements.  
 I guess not what this tells of Being past,  
 Nor what it augurs of the life to come ; \*  
 But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,  
 That twilight when we first begin to see  
 This dawning earth, to recognise, expect  
 And, in the long probation that ensues,  
 The time of trial, ere we learn to live  
 In reconciliation with our stinted powers ;  
 To endure this state of meagre vassalage,  
 Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,  
 Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows  
 To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed  
 And humbled down ; oh ! then we feel, we feel,  
 We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers, then,  
 Forgers of daring tales ! we bless you then,  
 Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape  
 Philosophy will call you : *then* we feel  
 With what and how great might ye are in league,  
 Who make our wish, our power, our thought a deed,

Compare the *Ode on Immortality*. — ED.

An empire, a possession,—ye whom time  
 And season serve; all Faculties to whom  
 Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,  
 Space like a heaven filled up with northern lights,  
 Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence  
 For ground, though humbler, not the less a tract  
 Of the same isthmus, which our spirits cross  
 In progress from their native continent  
 To earth and human life, the Song might dwell  
 On that delightful time of growing youth,  
 When craving for the marvellous gives way  
 To strengthening love for things that we have seen  
 When sober truth and steady sympathies,  
 Offered to notice by less daring pens,  
 Take firmer hold of us, and words themselves  
 Move us with conscious pleasure.

### I am sad

At thought of rapture now for ever flown;  
 Almost to tears I sometimes could be sad  
 To think of, to read over, many a page,  
 Poems withal of name, which at that time  
 Did never fail to entrance me, and are now  
 Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre  
 Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five years  
 Or less I might have seen, when first my mind  
 With conscious pleasure opened to the charm  
 Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet  
 For their own sakes, a passion, and a power;  
 And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,  
 For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public roads  
 Yet unfrequented, while the morning light

Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad  
 With a dear friend,\* and for the better part  
 Of two delightful hours we strolled along  
 By the still borders of the misty lake,†  
 Repeating favourite verses with one voice,  
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds  
 That round us chanted. Well might we be glad,  
 Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,  
 More bright than madness or the dreams of wine ;  
 And, though full oft the objects of our love  
 Were false, and in their splendour overwrought,‡  
 Yet was there surely then no vulgar power  
 Working within us,—nothing less, in truth,  
 Than that most noble attribute of man,  
 Though yet untutored and inordinate,  
 That wish for something loftier, more adorned,  
 Than is the common aspect, daily garb,  
 Of human life. What wonder, then, if sounds  
 Of exultation echoed through the groves !  
 For images, and sentiments, and words,  
 And everything encountered or pursued  
 In that delicious world of poesy,  
 Kept holiday, a never-ending show,  
 With music, incense, festival, and flowers !

\* This friend of his boyhood, with whom Wordsworth spent these "delightful hours," is as unknown as is the immortal Boy of Windermere, who blew "mimic hootings to the distant owls," and who sleeps in the churchyard "above the village school" of Hawkshead, and the Lucy of the Goslar poems. Compare, however, p. 164. Wordsworth may refer to John Fleming of Rayrigg, with whom he used to take morning walks round Esthwaite—

. . . . . five miles  
 Of pleasant wandering . . . : . —ED.

+ Esthwaite.—ED.

† Probably they were passages from Goldsmith, or Pope, or writers of their school. The verses which he wrote upon the completion of the second century of the foundation of the school were, as he himself tells us, "a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style."—ED.

Here must we pause : this only let me add,  
From heart experience, and in humblest sense  
Of modesty, that he, who in his youth  
A daily wanderer among woods and fields  
With living Nature hath been intimate,  
Not only in that raw unpractised time  
Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,  
By glittering verse ; but further, doth receive,  
In measure only dealt out to himself,  
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy  
From the great Nature that exists in works  
Of mighty Poets. Visionary power  
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,  
Embodyed in the mystery of words :  
There, darkness makes abode, and all the host  
Of shadowy things work endless changes,—there,  
As in a mansion like their proper home,  
Even forms and substances are circumfused  
By that transparent veil with light divine,  
And, through the turnings intricate of verse,  
Present themselves as objects recognised,  
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

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## Book Sixth.

## CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks  
 And the simplicities of cottage life  
 I bade farewell ; and, one among the youth  
 Who, summoned by that season, reunite  
 As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,  
 Went back to Granta's cloisters,\* not so prompt  
 Or eager, though as gay and undepressed  
 In mind, as when I thence had taken flight  
 A few short months before. I turned my face  
 Without repining from the coves and heights  
 Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern ;  
 Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence  
 Of calmer lakes and louder streams ; and you,  
 Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,  
 You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,  
 Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,  
 And in my own unlovely cell sate down

\* To Cambridge. The Anglo-Saxons called it *Grantabridge*, of which Cambridge may be a corruption, Granta and Cam being different names for the same stream. *Grantchester* is still the name of a village near Cambridge. It is uncertain whether the village or the city itself is the spot of which Bede writes, “venerunt ad civitatum quandam desolatam, qua lingua Anglorum *Grantachester* vocatur.” If it was Cambridge itself it had already an alternative name, viz., *Camboricum*. Compare *Cache-chache*, a Tale in Verse, by William D. Watson. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1862—

“ Leaving our woods and mountains for the plains  
 Of treeless level Granta ” (p. 103).

“ 'Twas then the time  
 When in two camps, like Pope and Emperor,  
 Byron and Wordsworth parted Granta's sons ” (p. 121).

In lightsome mood—such privilege has youth  
 That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society  
 Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived  
 More to myself. Two winters may be passed  
 Without a separate notice; many books  
 Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,  
 But with no settled plan.\* I was detached  
 Internally from academic cares;  
 Yet independent study seemed a course  
 Of hardy disobedience toward friends  
 And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.  
 This spurious virtue, rather let it bear  
 A name it now deserves, this cowardice,  
 Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love  
 Of freedom which encouraged me to turn  
 From regulations even of my own  
 As from restraints and bonds. Yet who can tell—  
 Who knows what thus may have been gained, both then  
 And at a later season, or preserved;  
 What love of nature, what original strength  
 Of contemplation, what intuitive truths

\* His Cambridge studies were very miscellaneous, partly owing to his strong natural disinclination to work by rule, partly to unmethodic training at Hawkshead, and to the fact that he had already mastered so much of Euclid and Algebra as to have a twelvemonth's start of the freshmen of his year. "Accordingly," he tells us, "I got into rather an idle way, reading nothing but Classic authors, according to my fancy, and Italian poetry. As I took to these studies with much interest, my Italian master was proud of the progress I made. Under his correction I translated the Vision of Mirza, and two or three other papers of the Spectator into Italian." Speaking of her brother Christopher, then at Cambridge, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote thus in 1793:—"He is not so ardent in any of his pursuits as William is, but he is yet particularly attached to the same pursuits which have so irresistible an influence over William, and deprives him of the power of chaining his attention to others discordant to his feelings."—ED.

The deepest and the best, what keen research,  
Unbiased, unbewildered, and unawed ?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time ;  
Sweet meditations, the still overflow  
Of present happiness, while future years  
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,  
No few of which have since been realised ;  
And some remain, hopes for my future life.  
Four years and thirty, told this very week,\*  
Have I been now a sojourner on earth,  
By sorrow not unsinitten ; yet for me  
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,  
Her dew is on the flowers. Those were the days  
Which also first emboldened me to trust  
With firmness, hitherto but slightly touched  
By such a daring thought, that I might leave  
Some monument behind me which pure hearts  
Should reverence. The instinctive humbleness,  
Maintained even by the very name and thought  
Of printed books and authorship, began  
To melt away ; and further, the dread awe  
Of mighty names was softened down and seemed  
Approachable, admitting fellowship •  
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,  
Though not familiarly, my mind put on,  
Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,  
Did I by night frequent the College grove  
And tributary walks ; the last, and oft  
The only one, who had been lingering there  
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,

A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,  
 Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,  
 Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,  
 Inviting shades of opportune recess,  
 Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood  
 Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree  
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,  
 Grew there; \* an ash which Winter for himself  
 Decked out with pride, and with outlandish grace:  
 Up from the ground, and almost to the top,  
 The trunk and every master branch were green  
 With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs  
 And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds  
 That hung in yellow tassels, while the air  
 Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood  
 Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree  
 Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere  
 Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance  
 May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self  
 Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,  
 Or could more bright appearances create  
 Of human forms with superhuman powers,  
 Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights  
 Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth †  
 'Twere idle to descant. My inner judgment  
 Not seldom differed from my taste in books,  
 As if it appertained to another mind,  
 And yet the books which then I valued most

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\* There is no ash tree now in the grove of St John's College, Cambridge, and no tradition as to where it stood. Covered as it was—trunk and branch—with “clustering ivy” in 1787, it would not likely survive many years. See Note VII. in the Appendix.—ED.

† See Note \* p. 230.—ED.

Are dearest to me *now*; for, having scanned,  
 Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the forms  
 Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed  
 A standard, often usefully applied,  
 Even when unconsciously, to things removed  
 From a familiar sympathy.—In fine,  
 I was a better judge of thoughts than words,  
 Misled in estimating words, not only .  
 By common inexperience of youth,  
 But by the trade in classic niceties,  
 The dangerous craft of culling term and phrase  
 From languages that want the living voice  
 To carry meaning to the natural heart;  
 To tell us what is passion, what is truth,  
 What reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook  
 The pleasure gathered from the rudiments  
 Of geometric science. Though advanced  
 In these inquiries, with regret I speak,  
 No farther than the threshold,\* there I found  
 Both elevation and composed delight:  
 With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased  
 With its own struggles, did I meditate  
 On the relation those abstractions bear  
 To Nature's laws, and by what process led,  
 Those immaterial agents bowed their heads  
 Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;  
 From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,  
 From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I drew

\* Before leaving Hawkshead he had mastered five books of Euclid, and in Algebra, simple and quadratic equations.—See Note \* p. 230.—ED.

A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense  
Of permanent and universal sway,  
And paramount belief; there, recognised  
A type, for finite natures, of the one  
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life  
Which—to the boundaries of space and time,  
Of melancholy space and doleful time,  
Superior and incapable of change,  
Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,  
And hath the name of, God. Transcendent peace  
And silence did await upon these thoughts  
That were a frequent comfort to my youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters threw,  
With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared,  
Upon a desert coast, that having brought  
To land a single volume, saved by chance,  
A treatise of Goometry, he wont,  
Although of food and clothing destitute,  
And beyond common wretchedness depressed,  
To part from company and take this book  
(Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths)  
To spots remote, and draw his diagrams  
With a long staff upon the sand, and thus  
Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost  
Forget his feeling: so (if like effect  
From the same cause produced, 'mid outward things  
So different, may rightly be compared),  
So was it then with me, and so will be  
With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm  
Of those abstractions to a mind beset  
With images and haunted by herself,  
And specially delightful unto me  
Was that clear synthesis built up aloft

So gracefully ; even then when it appeared  
 Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy  
 To sense embodied : not the thing it is  
 In verity, an independent world,  
 Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine unearned  
 By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—  
 Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn aptitudes.  
 And not to leave the story of that time  
 Imperfect, with these habits must be joined  
 Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved  
 A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,  
 The twilight more than dawn, autumn than spring ;  
 A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice  
 And inclination mainly, and the mere  
 Redundancy of youth's contentedness.  
 —To time thus spent, add multitudes of hours  
 Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang  
 Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called  
 “Good-natured lounging,” † and behold a map  
 Of my collegiate life—far less intense  
 Than duty called for, or, without regard  
 To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself  
 By change of accidents, or even, to speak  
 Without unkindness, in another place.  
 Yct why take refuge in that plea ?—the fault,  
 This I repeat, was mine ; mine be the blame.

In summer, making quest for works of art,  
 Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored  
 That streamlet whose blue current works its way

\* Compare the second stanza of the *Ode to Lycoris*.—ED.

† Thomson. See *Castle of Indolence*, Canto I., Stanza xv.—ED.

Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks ; \*  
 Pried into Yorkshire dales,† or hidden tracts  
 Of my own native region, and was blest  
 Between these sundry swanderings with a joy  
 Above all joys, that seemed another morn  
 Risen on mid noon ; blest with the presence, Friend !  
 Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long.  
 Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,‡  
 Now, after separation desolate,  
 Restored to me—such absence that she seemed  
 A gift then first bestowed.§ The varied banks  
 Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,¶  
 And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees

\* Dovedale, a rocky chasm, rather more than two miles long, net far from Ashburn, in Derbyshire. Thomas Potts writes of it thus :—"The rugged, dissimilar, and frequently grotesque and fanciful appearance of the rocks distinguish the scenery of this valley from perhaps every other in the kingdom. In some places they shoot up in detached masses, in the form of spires or conical pyramids, to the height of 30 or 40 yards. . . . One rock, distinguished by the name of the Pike, from its spiry form and situation in the midst of the stream, was noticed in the second part of *The Complete Angler*, by Charles Cotton," &c., &c. ("The Beauties of England and Wales," Derbyshire, Vol. III., pp. 425-6, and 431. London, 1810). Potts speaks of the "pellucid waters" of the Dove. "It is transparent to the bottom." (See Whately, *Observations on Modern Gardening*, p. 114.)—ED.

† Doubtless Wharfedale, Wensleydale, and Swaledale.—ED.

‡ For glimpses of the friendship of Dorothy Wordsworth and Coleridge, see the Life of the poet in the last volume of this edition.—ED.

§ The absence referred to—"separation desolate"—may refer both to the Hawkshead years, and to those spent at Cambridge; but doubtless the brother and sister met at Penrith, in vacation time from Hawkshead School; and, after William Wordsworth had gone to the university, Dorothy visited Cambridge, while the brother spent the Christmas holidays of 1790 at Fornecott Rectory in Norfolk, where his sister was then staying, and where she spent several years with their uncle Cookson, the canon of Windsor. It is more probable that the "separation desolate" refers to the interval between this Christmas of 1790 and their reunion at Halifax in 1794. In a letter dated Fornecott, August 30, 1793, Dorothy says, referring to her brother, "It is nearly three years since we parted."—ED.

¶ Thomas Wilkinson's poem on the River Emont had been written in 1787, but was not published till 1824.—ED.

Low standing by the margin of the stream,\*  
 A mansion visited (as fame reports)  
 By Sydney,† where in sight of our Helvellyn,  
 Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen  
 Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love  
 Inspired ;—that river and those mouldering towers  
 Have seen us side by side, when, having climb  
 The darksome windings of a broken stair,  
 And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,  
 Not without trembling, we in safety looked  
 Forth, through some Gothic window's open space,  
 And gathered with one mind a rich reward  
 From the far-stretching landscape, by the light  
 Of morning beautified, or purple eve ;  
 Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's head,  
 Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell flowers  
 Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,  
 Given out while mid-day heat oppressed the plains.

Another maid there was,‡ who also shed  
 A gladness o'er that season, then to me,  
 By her exulting outside look of youth  
 And placid under-countenance, first endeared ;  
 That other spirit, Coleridge ! who is now  
 So near to us; that meek confiding heart,  
 So reverenced by us both. O'er paths and fields  
 In all that neighbourhood, through narrow lanes  
 Of eglantine, and through the shady woods,  
 And o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste §

\* Brougham Castle, at the junction of the Lowther and the Emont, about a mile out of Penrith, south-east, on the Appleby road. This castle is associated with other poems. (See *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, Vol. IV.)—ED.

† Mary Hutchinson.—ED.

‡ Sir Philip Sidney, author of *Arcadia*.—ED. \*

§ The Border Beacon is the hill to the north-east of Penrith. It is now covered with wood, but was in Wordsworth's time a "bare fell."—ED.

Of naked pools, and common crags that lay  
 Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered love,  
 The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.  
 O Friend ! we had not seen thee at that time,  
 And yet a power is on me, and a strong  
 Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.  
 Far art thou wandered now in search of health  
 And milder breezes,—melancholy lot ! \*  
 But thou art with me, with us in the past,  
 The present, with us in the times to come.  
 There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,  
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay,  
 No absence scarcely can there be, for those  
 Who love as we do. Speed thee well ! divide  
 With us thy pleasure ; thy returning strength,  
 Receive it daily as a joy of ours ;  
 Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift  
 Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.†

I, too, have been a wanderer ; but, alas !  
 How different the fate of different men.  
 Though mutually unknown, yea nursed and reared  
 As if in several elements, we were framed  
 To bend at last to the same discipline,  
 Predestined, if two beings ever were,  
 To seek the same delights, and have one health,  
 One happiness. Throughout this narrative,  
 Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind  
 For whom it registers the birth; and marks the growth,  
 Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,  
 And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days

\* He had gone to Malta, "in search of health."—ED.

† The Etesian gales are the mild north winds of the Mediterranean, which are periodical, lasting about six weeks in spring and autumn.—ED.

Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,  
 And groves I speak to thee, my Friend ! to thee,  
 Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths  
 Of the huge city,\* on the leaded roof  
 Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,  
 Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds  
 Moving in heaven ; or, of that pleasure tired,  
 To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
 See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,†  
 Far distant, thus beheld from year to year \*  
 Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,  
 In this late portion of my argument,  
 That scarcely, as my term of pupilage  
 Ceased, had I left those academic bowers  
 When thou wert thither guided.‡ From the heart  
 Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,  
 And didst sit down in temperance and peace,  
 A rigorous student.§ What a stormy course

\* A blue-coat boy at Christ's Hospital. See Appendix, Note No. V.—ED.

† The river Otter, in Devon, thus addressed by Coleridge in one of his *Early poems* :

Dear native Brook ! wild Streamlet of the West !  
 How many various-fated years have passed,  
 What blissful and what anguished hours, since last  
 I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,  
 Numbering its light leaps ! Yet so deep imprest  
 Sink the sweet scenes of Childhood, that mine eyes  
 I never shut amid the sunny haze,  
 But straight with all their tints, thy waters rise,  
 Thy crowning plank, thy margin's willowy maze,  
 And bedded sand that veined with various dyes  
 Gleamed through thy bright transparency to the gaze !  
 Visions of childhood ! oft have ye beguiled  
 Lone Manhood's cares, yet wak'ning fondest sighs,  
 Ah ! that once more I were a careless child ! —ED.

‡ Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in February 1791, just a month after Wordsworth had taken his B.A. degree, and left the university.—ED.

§ Coleridge worked laboriously but unmethodically at Cambridge, studying philosophy and politics, besides classics and mathematics. He lost his scholarship however.—ED.

Then followed.\* Oh ! it is a pang that calls  
For utterance, to think what easy change  
Of circumstances might to thee have spared  
A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,  
For ever withered. Through this retrospect  
Of my collegiate life I still have had  
Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place  
Present before my eyes, have played with times  
And accidents as children do with cards,  
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,  
A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth still,  
As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,  
Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought  
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,  
And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,  
Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse  
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms  
Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out  
From things well-matched or ill, and words for things,  
The self-created sustenance of a mind  
Debarred from Nature's living images,  
Compelled to be a life unto herself,  
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst  
Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,  
Ah ! surely not in singleness of heart  
Should I have seen the light of evening fade  
From smooth Cam's silent waters : had we met,  
Even at that early time, needs must I trust

\* Debt and despondency ; flight to London ; enlistment in the Dragoons ; residence in Bristol ; Republican lectures ; scheme, along with Southey, for founding a new community in America ; its abandonment ; his marriage ; editing *The Watchman* ; lecturing on Shakespeare ; contributing to *The Morning Chronicle* ; preaching in Unitarian pulpits ; publishing his "Juvenile Poems," &c., &c. ; and throughout eccentric, impetuous, fervent—with fresh enthusiasm and overflowing genius—yet erratic, optimistic, self-confident, and unstable.—ED.

In the belief that my maturer age,  
 My calmer habits, and more steady voice,  
 Would with an influence benign have soothed,  
 Or chased away, the airy wretchedness  
 That battened on thy youth. But thou hast trod  
 A march of glory, which doth put to shame  
 These vain regrets ; health suffers in thee, else  
 Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought  
 That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly touch  
 On wanderings of my own, that now embraced  
 With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from restraint,  
 A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,\*  
 Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,  
 And sallying forth, we journeyed side by side,  
 Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy slight  
 Did this unprecedented course imply  
 Of college studies and their set rewards ;  
 Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed by me  
 Without uneasy forethought of the pain,  
 The censures, and ill-omining of those  
 To whom my worldly interests were dear.  
 But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,  
 And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy,  
 Had given a charter to irregular hopes.  
 In any age of uneventful calm  
 Among the nations, surely would my heart  
 Have been possessed by similar desire ;  
 But Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,

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\* Robert Jones, of Plas-yn-lan, near Ruthin, Denbighshire, to whom the *Descriptive Sketches*, which record the tour, were dedicated (see Vol. I. pp. 39, 227, 309 ; also, Vol. II. pp. 199 and 200.)—ED.

France standing on the top of golden hours,\*  
And human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped,† and but a few brief looks  
Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore  
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced  
To land at Calais on the very eve  
Of that great federal day ;‡ and there we saw,  
In a mean city, and among a few,  
How bright a face is worn when joy of one  
Is joy for tens of millions.‡ Southward thence  
We held our way, direct through hamlets, towns,§  
Gaudy with reliques of that festival,  
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,  
And window-garlands. On the public roads,  
And, once, three days successively, through paths

\* In 1790, most of what could be shaken in the order of European, and especially of French society and government, was shaken and changed. By the new constitution of 1790, to which the French king took an oath of fidelity, his power was reduced to a shadow, and two years later France became a Republic. "We crossed at the time," wrote Wordsworth to his sister, "when the whole nation was mad with joy in consequence of the Revolution."—ED.

† "We went staff in hand, without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket handkerchief, with about twenty pounds a-piece in our pockets."—W. W. (*Autobiographical Memoranda*).—ED.

‡ July 14, 1790. "We crossed from Dover and landed at Calais, on the eve of the day when the King was to swear fidelity to the new constitution: an event which was solemnised with due pomp at Calais."—W. W. (*Autobiographical Memoranda*.) See also the sonnet beginning,

• "Jones ! as from Calais southward you and I ;"  
and compare the

" Human nature seeming born again "  
of the *Prelude*, with "the pomp of a too credulous day," and the "homeless sound of joy" of the Sonnet.—ED.

§ They went by Ardres, Peronne, Soissons, Château Thierry, Sezanne, Bar le Duc, Chatillon sur Seine, Nuits, to Châlons; and thence sailed down to Lyons. See Fenwick note to *Stray Pleasures* (Vol. IV.) "The town of Châlons, where my friend Jones and I halted a day, when we crossed France, so far on foot. There we embarked, and floated down to Lyons."—ED.

By which our toilsome journey was abridged,\*  
 Among sequestered villages we walked  
 And found benevolence and blessedness  
 Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when spring  
 Hath left no corner of the land untouched :  
 Where elms for many and many a league in files  
 With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads  
 Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,†  
 For ever near us as we paced along :  
 How sweet at such a time, with such delight  
 On every side, in prime of youthful strength,  
 To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
 And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound  
 Of undulations varying as might please  
 The wind that swayed them ; once, and more than once,  
 Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw  
 Dances of liberty, and in late hours  
 Of darkness, dances in the open air  
 Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired lookers on  
 Might waste their breath in chiding.

## Under hills—

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,  
 Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone  
 We glided forward with the flowing stream.‡  
 Swift Rhone ! thou wert the *wings* on which we cut  
 A winding passage with majestic ease  
 Between thy lofty rocks.§ Enchanting show

\* . “Or through her truant pathway's native charms.  
 By secret villages and lonely farms.”

(See *Descriptive Sketches.*)—ED

† “Her road elms rustling thin above my head.” (See *Descriptive Sketches*, and compare the two passages in detail.)—ED.

‡ On the 29th July 1790.—ED.

§ They were at Lyons on the 30th July.—ED.

Those woods and farms, and orchards did present,  
And single cottages and lurking towns,  
Reach after reach, succession without end  
Of deep and stately vales ! A lonely pair  
Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along  
Clustered together with a merry crowd  
Of those emancipated, a blithe host  
Of travellers, chiefly delegates, returning  
From the great spousals newly solemnised  
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.  
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees ;  
Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,  
And with their swords flourished as if to fight  
The saucy air. In this proud company  
We landed—took with them our evening meal,  
Guests welcome almost as the angels were  
To Abraham of old. The supper done,  
With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts  
We rose at signal given, and formed a ring  
And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board ;  
All hearts were open, every tongue was loud  
With amity and glee ; we bore a name  
Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,  
And hospitably did they give us hail,  
As their forerunners in a glorious course ;  
And round and round the board we danced again.  
With these blithe friends our voyage we renewed  
At early dawn. The monastery bells  
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears ;  
The rapid river flowing without noise,  
And each uprising or receding spire  
Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals  
Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew  
By whom we were encompassed. Taking leave

Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by side,  
 Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued  
 Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set  
 Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there  
 Rested within an awful *solitude* :\*  
 Yes ; for even then no other than a place  
 Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared  
 That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,  
 As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,  
 Arms flashing, and a military glare  
 Of riotous men commissioned to expel  
 The blameless inmates, and belike subvert  
 That frame of social being, which so long  
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things  
 In silence visible and perpetual calm.

—“Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands !”—The voice  
 Was Nature’s, uttered from her Alpine throne ;  
 I heard it then and seem to hear it now—  
 “Your impious work forbear ; perish what may,  
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot  
 Of earth devoted to eternity !”  
 She ceased to speak, but while St Bruno’s pines †  
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,  
 And while below, along their several beds,  
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death, ‡  
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart  
 Responded ; “Honour to the patriot’s zeal !  
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty !  
 Hail to the mighty projects of the time !

\* They reached the Chartreuse on the 4th of August, and spent two days there “contemplating, with increasing pleasure,” says Wordsworth, “its wonderful scenery.”—ED.

† The forest of Bruno, near the Chartreuse.—ED.

‡ “Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.”—W. W. They are called in *Descriptive Sketches* “the mystic streams of Life and Death.”—ED.

Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou  
Go forth and prosper ; and, ye purging fires,  
Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,  
Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.  
But oh ! if Past and Future be the wings,  
On whose support harmoniously conjoined  
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge, spare  
These courts of mystery, where a step advanced  
Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,  
For penitential tears and trembling hopes  
Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure sight  
Monarch and peasant : be the house redeemed  
With its unworldly votaries, for the sake  
Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved  
Through faith and meditative reason, resting  
Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,  
Calmly triumphant ; and for humbler claim  
Of that imaginative impulse sent  
From these majestic floods, yon shining cliffs,  
The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants,  
These forests unapproachable by death,  
That shall endure as long as man endures,  
To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,  
To struggle, to be lost within himself  
In trepidation, from the blank abyss  
To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled."  
Not seldom since that moment have I wished  
That thou, O Friend ! the trouble or the calm  
Hadst shared, when, from profane regards apart  
In sympathetic reverence we trod  
The floors of those dim cloisters, till that hour,  
From their foundation, strangers to the presence

Of unrestricted and unthinking man.  
 Abroad, how cheerfully the sunshine lay  
 Upon the open lawns ! Vallombre's groves  
 Entering,\* we fed the soul with darkness ; thence  
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,  
 In different quarters of the bending sky,  
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if  
 Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there,†  
 Memorial reverenced by a thousand storms ;  
 Yet then, from the undiscriminating sweep  
 And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace  
 That variegated journey step by step.  
 A march it was of military speed,‡  
 And earth did change her images and forms  
 Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven.  
 Day after day, up early and down late,  
 From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to hill  
 Mounted—from province on to province swept,  
 Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,‡  
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship  
 Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing fair :  
 Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,  
 Enticing valleys, greeted them, and left  
 Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam §  
 Of salutation were not passed away.  
 Oh ! sorrow for the youth who could have seen

\* "One of the vallies of the Chartreuse."—W. W.

† "Alluding to crosses seen on the top of the Spiry Rocks of the Chartreuse, which have the appearance of being inaccessible."—W. W.

‡ It extended from July 13 to Sept. 29. See the detailed Itinerary, and Wordsworth's letter to his sister, from Keswill, describing the tour. (Vol. I., pp. 309-313.)—ED.

§ See the account of "Ursern's open vale serene," and the paragraph which follows it in *Descriptive Sketches*.—ED.

Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, unraised  
 To patriarchal dignity of mind,  
 And pure simplicity of wish and will,  
 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,  
 Pleased (though to hardship born, and compassed round  
 With danger, varying as the seasons change),  
 Pleased with his daily task, or, if not pleased,  
 Contented, from the moment that the dawn  
 (Ah ! surely not without attendant gleams  
 Of soul-illumination) calls him forth  
 To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks,  
 Whose evening shadows lead him to repose.\*

Well might a stranger look with bounding heart  
 Down on a green recess,† the first I saw  
 Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,  
 Quiet and larded over and possessed  
 By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like tents  
 Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns  
 And by the river side.

That very day  
 From a bare ridge‡ we also first beheld  
 Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved  
 To have a soulless image on the eye  
 That had usurped upon a living thought  
 That never more could be. The wondrous Vale

\* See the account of these "abodes of peaceful men," in *Descriptive Sketches*. (Vol. I. pp. 300, 301.)—ED.

† Probably the valley between Martigny and the Col de Balme.—ED.

‡ Wordsworth and Jones crossed from Martiguy to Charnouni on the 11th of August. The "bare ridge," from which they first "beheld unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc," and were disenchanted, was doubtless the Col de Balme. The first view of the great Mountain is not impressive as seen from that point, or indeed from any of the possible routes to Charnouni from the Rhone valley. The best approach is from Sallanches by St Gervais.—ED.

Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon  
 With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,  
 A motionless array of mighty waves,  
 Five rivers broad and vast,\* made rich amends  
 And reconciled us to realities ;  
 There small birds warble from the leafy trees,  
 The eagle soars high in the element,  
 There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,  
 The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,  
 While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,  
 Descending from the mountain to make sport  
 Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,  
 Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state  
 Of intellect and heart. With such a book  
 Before our eyes we could not choose but read  
 Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain  
 And universal reason of mankind,  
 The truths of young and old. Nor, side by side  
 Pacing, two social pilgrims, or alone  
 Each with his humour, could we fail to abound  
 In dreams and fictions, pensively composed :  
 Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,  
 And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,  
 And sober posies of funereal flowers,  
 Gathered among those solitudes sublime  
 From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,  
 Did sweeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries

\* Compare Coleridge's *Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*, and Shelley's *Mont Blanc*, with Wordsworth's description of the Alps, in *The Prelude*, in *Descriptive Sketches*, and in the *Memorials of a Tour in the Continent*. 1820.—ED.

Mixed something of stern mood, an under-thirst  
Of vigour seldom utterly allayed :  
And from that source how different a sadness  
Would issue, let one incident make known.  
When from the Vallais we had turned, and clomb  
Along the Simplon's steep and rugged road,\*  
Following a band of muleteers, we reached  
A halting-place, where all together took  
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our guide,  
Leaving us at the board ; awhile we lingered,  
Then paced the beaten downward way that led  
Right to a rough stream's edge, and there broke off ;  
The only track now visible was one  
That from the torrent's further brink held forth  
Conspicuous invitation to ascend  
A lofty mountain. After brief delay  
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we took,  
And clomb with eagerness, till anxious fears  
Intruded, for we failed to overtake  
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate chance,  
While every moment added doubt to doubt,  
A peasant met us, from whose mouth we learned  
That to the spot which had perplexed us first,  
We must descend, and there should find the road,  
Which in the stony channel of the stream  
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks ;  
And that our future course all plain to sight,  
Was downwards, with the current of that stream.  
Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,  
For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds,  
We questioned him again, and yet again ;  
But every word that from the peasant's lips

Came in reply, translated by our feelings,  
Ended in this,—*that we had crossed the Alps.*

Imagination—here the Power so-called  
Through sad incompetence of human speech,  
That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss,  
Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,  
At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost ;  
Halted without an effort to break through ;  
But to my conscious soul I now can say—  
“I recognise thy glory :” in such strength  
Of usurpation, when the light of sense  
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed  
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,  
There harbours ; whether we be young or old,  
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,  
Is with infinitude, and only there ;  
With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
And something evermore about to be.  
Under such banners militant, the soul  
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils  
That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts  
That are their own perfection and reward,  
Strong in herself and in beatitude  
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile  
Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds  
To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued  
Upon those tidings by the peasant given  
Was soon dislodged. Downwards we hurried fast,  
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,  
Entered a narrow chasin. The brook and road \*  
This passage beginning, “The brook and road,” was first published,

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,  
And with them did we journey several hours  
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent at every turn  
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree ;  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

That night our lodging was a house that stood  
Alone within the valley, at a point  
Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent swelled  
The rapid stream whose margin we had trod ;  
A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,\*  
With high and spacious rooms, deafened and stunned  
By noise of waters, making innocent sleep  
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

amongst the "Poems of the Imagination," in the collected Edition of 1845, under the title of *The Simplon Pass* (see Vol. II. p. 51, 52). It is doubtless to this walk down the Italian side of the Simplon route that Wordsworth refers in the letter to his sister from Keswick, in which he says, "The impression of three hours of our walk among these Alps will never be effaced."—ED.

\* The hospice in the Simplon, upon reaching Duomo D'Ossola.—ED.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we renewed,  
 Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified  
 Into a lordly river, broad and deep,  
 Dimpling along in silent majesty,  
 With mountains for its neighbours, and in view  
 Of distant mountains and their snowy tops, .  
 And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake,\*  
 Fit resting-place for such a visitant.  
 Locarno ! spreading out in width like Heaven,  
 How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,  
 Bask in the sunshine of the memory ;  
 And Como ! thou, a treasure whom the earth  
 Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth  
 Of Abyssinian privacy. I speak  
 Of thee, thy chestnut woods,† and garden plots  
 Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids ;  
 Thy lofty steeps, and pathways roofed with vines,  
 Winding from house to house, from town to town,  
 Sole link that binds them to each other ; ‡ walks  
 League after league, and cloistral avenues,  
 Where silence dwells if music be not there :  
 While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,  
 Through fond ambition of that hour I strove  
 To chant your praise ; § nor can approach you now  
 Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,  
 Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned Art

\* "From Duomo d'Ossola we proceeded to the lake of Locarno, to visit the Boromean Islands, and thence to Como." (W. W. to his sister.)—ED.

† "The shores of the lake consist of steeps, covered with large sweeping woods of chestnut, spotted with villages."—(W. W. to his sister.)—ED.

‡ "A small footpath is all the communication by land between one village and another on the side along which we passed, for upwards of thirty miles. We entered on this path about noon, and, owing to the steepness of the banks, were soon unmolested by the sun, which illuminated the woods, rocks, and villages of the opposite shore." (See letter of W. W. from Keswick, Vol. I. pp. 310, 311.)

§ In the *Descriptive Sketches*.—ED.

May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze  
Or sunbeam over your domain I passed  
In motion without pause ; but ye have left  
Your beauty with me, a serene accord  
Of forms and colours, passive, yet endowed  
In their submissiveness with power as sweet  
And gracious, almost might I dare to say,  
As virtue is, or goodness ; sweet as love,  
Or the remembrance of a generous deed,  
Or mildest visitations of pure thought,  
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked  
Religiously, in silent blessedness ;  
Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we advanced,  
For two days' space, in presence of the Lake,  
That, stretching far among the Alps, assumed  
A character more stern. The second night,  
From sleep awakened, and misled by sound  
Of the church clock telling the hours with strokes  
Whose import then we had not learned, we rose  
By moonlight, doubting not that day was nigh,  
And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,  
Along the winding margin of the lake,  
Led, as before, we should behold the scene  
Hushed in profound repose. We left the town  
Of Gravedona \* with this hope ; but soon  
Were lost, bewildered among woods immense,  
And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.  
An open place it was, and overlooked,  
From high, the sullen water far beneath,  
On which a dull red image of the moon

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\* They followed the lake of Como to its head, leaving Gravedona on the 20th August.—ED.

Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form  
Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour  
We sate and sate, wondering as if the night  
Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On the rock  
At last we stretched our weary limbs for sleep,  
But *could not* sleep, tormented by the stings  
Of insects, which, with noise like that of noon,  
Filled all the woods : the cry of unknown birds ;  
The mountains more by blackness visible  
And their own size, than any outward light ;  
The breathless wilderness of clouds ; the clock  
That told, with unintelligible voice,  
The widely parted hours ; the noise of streams,  
And sometimes rustling motions nigh at hand,  
That did not leave us free from personal fear ;  
And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that set  
Before us, while she still was high in heaven ;—  
These were our food ; and such a summer's night \*  
Followed that pair of golden days that shed  
On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay,  
Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid farewell  
To days, each offering some new sight, or fraught  
With some untried adventure, in a course  
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal snow  
Checked our unwearied steps. Let this alone  
Be mentioned as a parting word, that not  
In hollow exultation, dealing out  
Hyperboles of praise comparative ;  
Not rich one moment to be poor for ever ;  
Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind

Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner  
On outward forms—did we in presence stand  
Of that magnificent region. On the front  
Of this whole Song is written that my heart  
Must, in such Temple, needs have offered up  
A different worship. Finally, whate'er  
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream  
That flowed into a kindred stream ; a gale,  
Confederate with the current of the soul,  
To speed my voyage ; every sound or sight,  
In its degree of power, administered  
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one  
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means  
Less often instantaneous in effect ;  
Led me to these by paths that, in the main,  
Were more circuitous, but not less sure  
Duly to reach the point marked out by Heaven.

Oh, most belovèd Friend ! a glorious time,  
A happy time that was ; triumphant looks  
Were then the common language of all eyes ;  
As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed  
Their great expectancy : the fife of war  
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,  
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.  
We left the Swiss exulting in the fate  
Of their near neighbours ; and, when shortening fast  
Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,  
We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret \*  
For battle in the cause of Liberty.  
A stripling, scarcely of the household then

\* They reached Cologne on the 28th September, having floated down the Rhine in a small boat ; and from Cologne went to Calais, through Belgium.  
—ED.

Of social life, I looked upon these things  
 As from a distance ; heard, and saw, and felt,  
 Was touched, but with no intimate concern ;  
 I seemed to move along them, as a bird  
 Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues  
 Its sport, or feeds in its proper element ;  
 I wanted not that joy, I did not need  
 Such help ; the ever-living universe,  
 Turn where I might, was opening out its glories,  
 And the independent spirit of pure youth  
 Called forth, at every season, new delights  
 Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green fields.

### *Book Seventh.*

#### RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

SIX changeful years have vanished since I first  
 Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze  
 Which met me issuing from the City's \* walls)  
 A glad preamble to this Verse : † I sang  
 Aloud, with fervour irresistible  
 Of short-lived transport, like a torrent bursting,  
 From a black thunder-cloud, down Scafell's side  
 To rush and disappear. But soon broke forth  
 (So willed the Muse) a less impetuous stream,  
 That flowed awhile with unabating strength,  
 Then stopped for years ; not audible again  
 Before last primrose-time.‡ Belov'd Friend !  
 The assurance which then cheered some heavy thoughts

\* Goslar, February 10th, 1799 ; see introductory note to *Th. Prelude*, pp. 120-122.—ED.

† The first two paragraphs of Book I. —ED.

‡ April, 1804 : See the reference in Book VI., p. 231, &c., of this volume.—ED.

On thy departure to a foreign land \*  
Has failed ; too slowly moves the promised work.  
Through the whole summer have I been at rest,†  
Partly from voluntary holiday,  
And part through outward hindrance. But I heard,  
After the hour of sunset yester-even,  
Sitting within doors between light and dark,  
A choir of red-breasts gathered somewhere near  
My threshold,—minstrels from the distant woods  
Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,  
With preparation artful and benign,  
That the rough lord had left the surly North  
On his accustomed journey. The delight,  
Due to this timely notice, unawares  
Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers said,  
“ Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be  
Associates, and, unscared by blustering winds,  
Will chant together.” Thereafter, as the shades  
Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied  
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume  
Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,  
Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen  
Through a thick forest. Silence touched me here  
No less than sound had done before ; the child  
Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,  
The voiceless worm on the unfrequented hills,  
Seemed sent on the same errand with the choir  
Of Winter that had warbled at my door,  
And the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

The last night's genial feeling overflowed

\* Before he left for Malta, Coleridge had urged Wordsworth to complete this work.—ED.

† The Summer of 1804.—ED.

Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,  
 Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,\*  
 As if to make the strong wind visible,  
 Wakes in me agitations like its own,  
 A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,  
 Which we will now resume with lively hope,  
 Nor checked by aught of tamer argument  
 That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion,† soon I bade  
 Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats ‡  
 Of gown'd students, quitted hall and bower,  
 And every comfort of that privileged ground,  
 Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among  
 The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life  
 I should adhere, and seeming to possess  
 A little space of intermediate time  
 At full command, to London first I turned, §

\* Doubtless John's Grove, below White Moss Common. On Nov. 24, 1801, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote, "As we were going along, we were stopped at once, at the distance perhaps of fifty yards from our favourite birch tree. It was yielding to the gusty wind with all its tender twigs. The sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water. The sun went in, and it resumed its purplish appearance, the twigs still yielding to the wind, but not so visibly to us. The other birch trees that were near it looked bright and cheerful, but, it was a Creation by itself amongst them." This does not refer to John's Grove, but it may be interesting to compare the sister's description of a birch tree "tossing in sunshine," with the brother's account of a grove of fir trees similarly moved.—ED.

† The visit to Switzerland with Jones in 1790, described in the previous Book.—ED.

‡ He took his B.A. degree in Jan. 1791, and immediately afterwards left Cambridge.—ED.

§ Going to Fornecott Rectory, near Norwich, he spent six weeks with his sister, and then went to London, where he stayed for four months.—ED.

In no disturbance of excessive hope,  
By personal ambition unenslaved.  
Frugal as there was need, and, though self-willed,  
From dangerous passions free. Three years had flown<sup>1</sup>  
Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock  
Of the huge town's first presence, and had paced  
Her endless streets, a transient visitant :\*  
Now, fixed amid that concourse of mankind  
Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,  
And life and labour seem but one, I filled  
An idler's place ; an idler well content  
To have a house (what matter for a home ?)  
That owned him ; living cheerfully abroad  
With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,  
And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoe'er is feigned  
Of airy palaces, and gardens built  
By Genii of romance ; or hath in grave  
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,  
Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis ;  
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,  
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep  
Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far short  
Of what my fond simplicity believed  
And thought of London—held me by a chain  
Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.  
Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy shot  
For me beyond its ordinary mark,  
Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of boys  
Was one, a cripple from his birth, whom chance  
Summoned from School to London ; fortunate

\* From the hint given in this passage, it would seem that he had gone up to London for a few days in 1788. See p. 301 text and note.—ED.

And envied traveller ! When the Boy returned,  
 After short absence, curiously I scanned  
 His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth  
 From disappointment, not to find some change  
 In look and air, from that new region brought,  
 As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned him ;  
 And every word he uttered, on my ears  
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,  
 That answers unexpectedly awry,  
 And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvellous things  
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears  
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong  
 In a Child's heart as fear itself) conceived  
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could now  
 Recal what then I pictured to myself,  
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,  
 The King, and the King's Palace, and, not last,  
 Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the renowned Lord Mayor :  
 Dreams not unlike to those which once begat  
 A change of purpose in young Whittington,  
 When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,  
 Sate on a stone and heard the bells speak out  
 Articulate music. Above all, one thought  
 Baffled my understanding : how men lived  
 Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still  
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's name.

O, wondrous power of words, by simple faith  
 Licensed to take the meaning that we love !  
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh ! I then had heard  
 Of your green groves,\* and wilderness of lamps  
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,  
 And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,

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\* Tea-gardens, in the beginning of this century ; now built over.—ED.

Floating in dance, or warbling high in air  
The songs of spirits ! Nor had fancy fed  
With less delight upon that other class  
Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent :  
The River proudly bridged ; the dizzy top  
And Whispering Gallery of St Paul's ; the tombs  
Of Westminster ; the Giants of Guildhall ;  
Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the gates,\*  
Perpetually recumbent ; Statues—man,  
And the horse under him—in gilded pomp  
Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast squares ;  
The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower  
Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,  
Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic shape  
Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,  
Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed,  
Or life or death upon the battle-field.  
Those bold imaginations in due time  
Had vanished, leaving others in their stead :  
And now I looked upon the living scene ;  
Familiarly perused it ; oftentimes,  
In spite of strongest disappointment, pleased  
Through courteous self-submission, as a tax  
Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain  
Of a too busy world ! Before me flow,  
Thou endless stream of men and moving things !  
Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—  
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—

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\* Bedlam, a popular corruption of Bethlehem, a lunatic hospital, founded in 1246. The old building was taken down in 1675, and the hospital removed to Moorfields. The second building—the one to which Wordsworth refers—was demolished in 1814.—ED.

On strangers, of all ages ; the quick dance  
Of colours, lights, and forms ; the deafening din ;  
The comers and the goers face to face,  
Face after face ; the string of dazzling wares,  
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,  
And all the tradesman's honours overhead :  
Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,  
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,  
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints ;  
There, allegoric shapes, female or male,  
Or physiognomies of real men,  
Land warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,  
Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head  
Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,  
Escaped as from an enemy, we turn  
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,  
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud !  
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,  
And sights and sounds that come at intervals,  
We take our way. A raree-show is here,  
With children gathered round ; another street  
Presents a company of dancing dogs,  
Or dromedary, with an antic pair  
Of monkeys on his back ; a minstrel band  
Of Savoyards ; or, single and alone,  
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,  
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes  
Thrilled by some female vendor's scream, belike  
The very shrillest of all London cries,  
May then entangle our impatient steps ;  
Conducted through those labyrinths, unawares,  
To privileged regions and inviolate,

Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers  
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,  
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,  
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets  
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.  
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls ;  
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high  
Press forward, in all colours, on the sight ;  
These bold in conscious merit, lower down ;  
*That*, fronted with a most imposing word,  
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.  
As on the broadening causeway we advance,  
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong  
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.  
'Tis one encountered here and everywhere ;  
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,  
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb  
Another lies at length, beside a range  
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed  
Upon the smooth flat stones : the Nurse is here,  
The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,  
The military Idler, and the Dame,  
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where  
See, among less distinguishable shapes,  
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand ;  
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,  
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images  
Upon his head ; with basket at his breast  
The Jew ; the stately and slow-moving Turk,  
With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm !

Enough ;—the mighty concourse I surveyed  
With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note  
Among the crowd all specimens of man,  
Through all the colours which the sun bestows,  
And every character of form and face :  
The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial south,  
The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from remote  
America, the Hunter-Indian ; Moors,  
Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,  
And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,  
The spectacles within doors,—birds and beasts  
Of every nature, and strange plants convened  
From every clime ; and, next, those sights that ape  
The absolute presence of reality,  
Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,  
And what earth is, and what she has to show.  
I do not here allude to subtlest craft,  
By means refined attaining purest ends,  
But imitations, fondly made in plain  
Confession of man's weakness and his loves.  
Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill  
Submits to nothing less than taking in  
A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,  
Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,  
Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,  
Or in a ship on waters, with a world  
Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,  
Above, behind, far stretching and before ;  
Or more mechanic artist represent  
By scale exact, in model, wood, or clay,  
From blended colours also borrowing help,  
Some miniature of famous spots or things,—

St Peter's Church ; or, more aspiring aim,  
In microscopic vision, Rome herself ;  
Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the Falls  
Of Tivoli ; and, high upon that steep,  
The Sibyl's mouldering Temple ! every tree,  
Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks  
Throughout the landscape ; tuft, stone, scratch, minute—  
All that the traveller sees when he is there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,  
Others of wider scope, where living men,  
Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,  
Diversified the allurement. Need I fear  
To mention by its name, as in degree,  
Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,  
Yet richly graced with honours of her own,  
Half-rural Sadler's Wells ? Though at that time  
Intolerant, as is the way of youth  
Unless itself be pleased, here more than once  
Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,  
With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,  
Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harlequins,  
Amid the uproar of the rabblement,  
Perform their feats. Nor was it mean delight  
To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds ;  
To note the laws and progress of belief ;  
Though obstinate on this way, yet on that  
How willingly we travel, and how far !  
To have, for instance, brought upon the scene  
The champion, Jack the Giant-killer : Lo !  
He dons his coat of darkness ; on the stage  
Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye  
Of living Mortal covert, “ as the moon  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.”

Delusion bold ! and how can it be wrought ?  
 The garb he wears is black as death, the word  
 " *Invisible* " flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were " forms and pressures of the time,"  
 Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed  
 When Art was young ; dramas of living men,  
 And recent things yet warm with life ; a sea-fight,  
 Shipwreck, or some domestic incident  
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame,  
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late  
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light place—  
 I mean, O distant Friend ! a story drawn  
 From our own ground,—the Maid of Buttermere.— \*

And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife  
 Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came  
 And wooed the artless daughter of the hills,  
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery  
 Of love and marriage bonds. These words to thee  
 Must needs bring back the moment when we first  
 Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,  
 Beheld her serving at the cottage inn  
 Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,  
 With admiration of her modest mien  
 And carriage, marked by unexampled grace.  
 We since that time not unfamiliarly

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\* The story of Mary, "the Maid of Buttermere," as told in the guide books, is as follows :—'She was the daughter of the inn-keeper at the Fish Inn. She was much admired, and many suitors sought her hand in vain. At last a stranger, named Hatfield, who called himself the Hon. Colonel Hope, brother of Lord Hopetoun, won her heart, and married her. Soon after the marriage, he was apprehended on a charge of forgery, surreptitiously franking a letter in the name of a Member of Parliament, tried at Carlisle, convicted, and hanged. It was discovered during the trial, that he had a wife and family, and had fled to these sequestered parts to escape the arm of the law.' See *Essays on His Own Times*, by S. T. Coleridge, edited by his daughter Sarah.—ED.

Have seen her,—her discretion have observed,  
Her just opinions, delicate reserve,  
Her patience, and humility of mind  
Unspoiled by commendation and the excess  
Of public notice—an offensive light  
To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme  
I was returning, when, with sundry forms  
Commingled—shapes which met me in the way  
That we must tread—thy image rose again,  
Maiden of Buttermere ! She lives in peace  
Upon the spot where she was born and reared ;  
Without contamination doth she live  
In quietness, without anxiety :  
Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth,  
Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb  
That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,  
Rests underneath the little rock-like pile  
When storms are raging. Happy are they both—  
Mother and child !—These feelings, in themselves  
Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think  
On those ingenuous moments of our youth  
Ere we have learnt by use to slight the crimes  
And sorrows of the world. Those simple days  
Are now my theme : and, foremost of the scenes  
Which yet survive in memory, appears  
One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,  
A sportive infant, who, for six months' space,  
Not more, had been of age to deal about  
Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful  
As ever clung around a mother's neck,  
Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.  
There, too, conspicuous for stature tall

And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood  
The mother ; but, upon her cheeks diffused,  
False tints too well accorded with the glare  
From play-house lustres thrown without reserve  
On every object near. The Boy had been  
The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on  
In whatsoever place, but seemed in this  
A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.  
Of lusty vigour, more than infantine  
He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose  
Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—if e'er  
By cottage-door on breezy mountain side,  
Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe  
By Nature's gifts so favoured. Upon a board  
Decked with refreshments had this child been placed,  
*His* little stage in the vast theatre,  
And there he sate surrounded with a throng  
Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men  
And shameless women, treated and caressed ;  
Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played,  
While oaths and laughter and indecent speech  
Were rife about him as the songs of birds  
Contending after showers. The mother now  
Is fading out of memory, but I see  
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then  
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,  
Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged  
Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells  
Muttered on black and spiteful instigation  
Have stopped, as some believe, the kindest growths.  
Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer  
Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked  
By special privileges of Nature's love,  
Should in his childhood be detained for ever !

But with its universal freight the tide  
Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,  
Mary ! may now have lived till he could look  
With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,  
Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told \*  
Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,  
I heard, and for the first time in my life,  
The voice of woman utter blasphemy—  
Saw woman as she is, to open shame  
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice ;  
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once  
Thrown in that from humanity divorced  
Humanity, splitting the race of man  
In twain, yet leaving the same outward form.  
Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,  
And ardent meditation. Later years  
Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,  
Feelings of pure commiseration, grief  
For the individual and the overthrow  
Of her soul's beauty ; farther I was then  
But seldom led, or wished to go ; in truth  
The sorrow of the passion stopped me there.

But let me now, less moved, in order take  
Our argument. Enough is said to show  
How casual incidents of real life,  
Observed where pastime only had been sought,  
Outweighed, or put to flight, the set events  
And measured passions of the stage, albeit  
By Siddons trod in the fulness of her power.

\* He first went south to Cambridge, in Oct. 1787 ; and he left London, at the close of his second visit to Town, in the end of May 1791.—ED.

Yet was the theatre my dear delight ;  
The very gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,  
And all the mean upholstery of the place,  
Wanted not animation, when the tide  
Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast  
With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,  
Solemn or gay : whether some beauteous dame  
Advanced in radiance through a deep recess  
Of thick entangled forest, like the moon  
Opening the clouds ; or sovereign king, announced  
With flourishing trumpet, came in full-blown state  
Of the world's greatness, winding round with train  
Of courtiers, banners, and a length of guards ;  
Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling  
His slender manacles ; or romping girl  
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air ; or mumbling sire,  
A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up  
In all the tatters of infirmity  
All loosely put together, hobbled in,  
Stumping upon a cane with which he smites,  
From time to time, the solid boards, and makes them  
Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabout  
Of one so overloaded with his years.  
But what of this ! the laugh, the grin, grimace,  
The antics striving to outstrip each other,  
Were all received, the least of them not lost,  
With an unmeasured welcome. Through the night,  
Between the show, and many-headed mass  
Of the spectators, and each several nook  
Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly  
And with what flashes, as it were, the mind  
Turned this way—that way ! sportive and alert  
And watchful, as a kitten when at play,  
While winds are eddying round her, among straws

And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and sweet  
Romantic almost, looked at through a space,  
How small, of intervening years ! For then,  
Though surely no mean progress had been made  
In meditations holy and sublime  
Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss  
Of novelty survived for scenes like these ;  
Enjoyment haply handed down from times  
When at a country-playhouse, some rude barn  
Tricked out for that proud use, if I perchance  
Caught, on a summer evening through a chink  
In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse  
Of daylight, the bare thought of where I was  
Gladdened me more than if I had been led  
Into a dazzling cavern of romance,  
Crowded with Genii busy among works  
Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may seem,  
To many, neither dignified enough  
Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by them  
Who, looking inward, have observed the ties  
That bind the perishable hours of life  
Each to the other, and the curious props  
By which the world of memory and thought  
Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes,  
Such as at least do wear a prouder face,  
Solicit our regard ; but when I think  
Of these, I feel the imaginative power  
Languish within me ; even then it slept,  
When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the heart  
Was more than full ; amid my sobs and tears  
It slept, even in the pregnant season of youth  
For though I was most passionately moved

And yielded to all changes of the scene  
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the storm  
 Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind ;  
 Save when realities of act and mien,  
 The incarnation of the spirits that move  
 In harmony amid the Poet's world,  
 Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth  
 By power of contrast, made me recognise,  
 As at a glance, the things which I had shaped,  
 And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely seen,  
 When, having closed the mighty Shakspeare's page,  
 I inused, and thought, and felt, in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are such  
 Professedly, to others titled higher,  
 Yet, in the estimate of youth at least  
 More near akin to those than names imply,—  
 I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts  
 Before the ernined judge, or that great stage  
 Where senators, tongue-favoured men, perform,  
 Admired and envied. Oh ! the beating heart,  
 When one among the prime of these rose up,—  
 One, of whose name from childhood we had heard  
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,  
 The Bedfords, Glosters, Salsburys, of old  
 Whom the fifth Harry talks of.\* Silence ! hush !  
 This is no trifler, no short-flighted wit,  
 No stammerer of a minute, painfully  
 Delivered. No ! the Orator hath yoked  
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car :  
 Thrice welcome Prescence ! how can patience e'er  
 Grow weary of attending on a track  
 That kindles with such glory ! All are charmed,

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\* See Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth."—En.

Astonished ; like a hero in romance,  
He winds away his never-ending horn ;  
Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense :  
What memory and what logic ! till the strain  
Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,  
Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke ! forgive the pen seduced  
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell  
Of what the ingenious, what bewildered men,  
Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,  
And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,  
Rapt auditors — on thy most eloquent tongue—  
Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.  
I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—  
Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start  
Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe  
The younger brethren of the grove. But some—  
While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,  
Against all systems built on abstract rights,  
Keen ridicule ; the majesty proclaims  
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time ;  
Declares the vital power of social ties  
Endeared by Custom ; and with high disdain,  
Exploding upstart Theory, insists  
Upon the allegiance to which men are born—  
Some—say at once a foward multitude—  
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)  
As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,  
Galled by their monarch's chain. The times were big  
With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked  
Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised ;  
But memorable moments intervened,  
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,

\* Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
 Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and one  
 In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved  
 Under the weight of classic eloquence,  
 Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired ?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail  
 To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt  
 Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard  
 The awful truths delivered thence by tongues  
 Endowed with various power to search the soul ;  
 Yet ostentation, domineering, oft  
 Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place !—  
 There have I seen a comely bachelor,  
 Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend  
 His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,  
 And, in a tone elaborately low  
 Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze  
 A minuet course ; and, winding up his mouth,  
 From time to time, into an orifice  
 Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,  
 And only not invisible, again  
 Open it out, diffusing thence a smile  
 Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.  
 Mea while the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,  
 Moses, and he who penned, the other day,  
 The Death of Abel,\* Shakspeare, and the Bard  
 Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme

\* Solomon Gesner (or Gessner), a landscape artist, etcher, and poet, born at Zurich 1730, died in 1787. His *Tod Abels* (the death of Abel), though the poorest of all his works, became a favourite in Germany, France, and England. It was translated into English by Mary Collyer, a 12th edition of her version appearing in 1780. As "The Death of Abel" was written before 1760, in the line "he who penned the other day," Wordsworth probably refers to some new edition of the translation.—ED.

With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,\*  
And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the naked truth)  
Summoned from streamy Morven—each and all  
Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and flowers  
To entwine the crook of eloquence that helped  
This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,  
To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,  
Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,  
Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,  
In public room or private, park or street,  
Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,  
Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,  
Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,  
And all the strife of singularity,  
Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—  
Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,  
There is no end. Such candidates for regard,  
Although well pleased to be where they were found,  
I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,  
Nor made unto myself a secret boast  
Of reading them with quick and curious eye ;  
But, as a common produce, things that are  
To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them  
Such willing note, as, on some errand bound  
That asks not speed, a traveller might bestow  
On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach,  
Or daisies swarming through the fields of June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,  
Though most at home in this their dear domain,

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\* Edward Young, author of *Night Thoughts, on Life, Death, and Immortality*.—ED.

Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,  
Even to the rudest novice of the Schools.  
Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep  
In memory, those individual sights  
Of courage, or integrity, or truth.  
Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,  
Appeared more touching. One will I select ;  
A Father—for he bore that sacred name—  
Him saw I, sitting in an open square,  
Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,  
Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced  
A spacious grass-plot ; there, in silence, sate  
This One Man, with a sickly babe outstretched  
Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought  
For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air.  
Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,  
He took no heed ; but in his brawny arms  
(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,  
And from his work this moment had been stolen)  
He held the child, and, bending over it,  
As if he were afraid both of the sun  
And of the air, which he had come to seek,  
Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain top  
Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so  
That huge fermenting mass of human-kind  
Serves as a solemn back-ground, or relief,  
To single forms and objects, whence they draw,  
For feeling and contemplative regard,  
More than inherent liveliness and power.  
How oft, amid those overflowing streets,  
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and said  
Unto myself, “ The face of every one

That passes by me is a mystery!"

Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look, oppressed  
By thoughts of what and whither, when and how,  
Until the shapes before my eyes became  
A second-sight procession, such as glides  
Over still mountains, or appears in dreams ;  
And once, far-travelled in such mood, beyond  
The reach of common indication, lost  
Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten  
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)  
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,  
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his chest  
Wearing a written paper, to explain  
His story, whence he came, and who he was.

Caught by the spectacle my mind turned round

As with the might of waters ; and apt type  
This label seemed of the utmost we can know,  
Both of ourselves and of the universe ;  
And, on the shape of that unmoving man,  
His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I gazed,  
As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of outward things,  
Structures like these the excited spirit mainly  
Builds for herself ; scenes different there are,  
Full-formed, that take, with small internal help,  
Possession of the faculties,—the peace  
That comes with night ; the deep solemnity  
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
When the great tide of human life stands still ;  
The business of the day to come, unborn,  
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave ;  
The blended calmness of the heavens and earth,  
Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds.

Unfrequent as in deserts ; at late hours  
Of winter evenings, when unwholesome rains  
Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
The feeble salutation from the voice  
Of some unhappy woman, now and then  
Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,  
Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,  
Are falsely catalogued ; things that are, are not,  
As the mind answers to them, or the heart  
Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say you, then,  
To times, when half the city shall break out  
Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or fear ?  
To executions, to a street on fire,  
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings ? From these sights  
Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,  
Holden where martyrs suffered in past time,  
And named of St Bartholomew ; there, see  
A work completed to our hands, that lays,  
If any spectacle on earth can do,  
The whole creative powers of man asleep !—  
For once, the Muse's help will we implore,  
And she shall lodge us, wafted on her wings,  
Above the press and danger of the crowd,  
Upon some showman's platform. What a shock  
For eyes and ears ! what anarchy and din,  
Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,  
Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight, sound !  
Below, the open space, through every nook  
Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive  
With heads ; the midway region, and above,  
Is thronged with staring pictures and huge scrolls,  
Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies ;  
With chattering monkeys dangling from their poles,  
And children whirling in their roundabouts ;

With those that stretch the neck and strain the eyes,  
And crack the voice in rivalship, the crowd  
Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons  
Grimacing, writhing, screaming,—him who grinds  
The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves,  
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-drum,  
And him who at the trumpet puffs his cheeks,  
The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,  
Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and boys,—  
Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-towering plumes.—  
All moveables of wonder, from all parts,  
Are here—Albinos, painted Indians, Dwarfs,  
The Horse of knowledge, and the learned Pig,  
The Stone-eater, the man that swallows fire,  
Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,  
The Bust that speaks and moves its goggling eyes,  
The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the marvellous craft  
Of modern Merlin's, Wild Beasts, Puppet-shows,  
All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted things,  
All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts  
Of man, his dullness, madness, and their feats  
All jumbled up together, to compose  
A parliament of Monsters. Tents and Booths  
Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast mill,  
Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,  
Men, Women, three-years' Children, Babes in arms.

Oh, blank confusion! true epitome  
Of what the mighty City is herself,  
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,—  
Living amid the same perpetual whirl  
Of trivial objects, melted and reduced  
To one identity, by differences  
That have no law, no meaning, and no end—

Oppression, under which even highest minds  
Must labour, whence the strongest are not free.  
But though the picture weary out the eye,  
By nature an unmanageable sight,  
It is not wholly so to him who looks  
In steadiness, who hath among least things  
An under-sense of greatest ; sees the parts  
As parts, but with the feeling of the whole.  
This, of all acquisitions, first awaits  
On sundry and most widely different modes  
Of education, nor with least delight  
On that through which I passed. Attention springs,  
And comprehensiveness and memory flow,  
From early converse with the works of God  
Among all regions ; chiefly where appear  
Most obviously simplicity and power.  
Think, how the everlasting streams and woods,  
Stretched and still stretching far and wide, exalt  
The roving Indian, on his desert sands :  
What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant show  
Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's eye :  
And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,  
Its currents ; magnifies its shoals of life  
Beyond all compass ; spreads, and sends aloft  
Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers and aspects  
Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,  
The views and aspirations of the soul  
To majesty. Like virtue have the forms  
Perennial of the ancient hills ; nor less  
The changeful language of their countenances  
Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the thoughts,  
However multitudinous, to move  
With order and relation. This, if still,  
As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,

Not violating any just restraint,  
 As may be hoped, of real modesty,—  
 This did I feel, in London's vast domain.  
 The spirit of Nature was upon me there ;  
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life  
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,  
 Through meagre lines and colours, and the press  
 Of self-destroying, transitory things,  
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

### Book Eighth.

#### RETROSPECT—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard  
 Up to thy summit, through the depth of air  
 Ascending, as if distance had the power  
 To make the sounds more audible ? What crowd  
 Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village green ?  
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill ! to thee,  
 Though but a little family of men,  
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground—betimes  
 Assembled with their children and their wives,  
 And here and there a stranger interspersed.  
 They hold a rustic fair—a festival,  
 Such as, on this side now, and now on that,  
 Repeated through his tributary vales,  
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,  
 Sees annually,\* if clouds towards either ocean

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\* Dorothy Wordsworth alludes to one of these "Fairs" in her Grasmere Journal, Sept. 2, 1800. Her brothers William and John, with Coleridge, were all at Dove Cottage at that time. "They all went to Stickle Tarn. A very fine, warm, sunny, beautiful morning. We walked to the fair

Blown from their favourite resting-place, or mists  
Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded head.  
Delightful day it is for all who dwell  
In the secluded glen, and eagerly  
They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon,  
From byre or field the kine are brought ; the sheep  
Are penned in cotes ; the chaffering is begun.  
The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice  
Of a new master ; bleat the flocks aloud.  
Booths are there none ; a stall or two is here ;  
A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,  
The other to make music ; hither, too,  
From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,  
Of hawker's wares—books, pictures, combs, and pins—  
Some aged woman finds her way again,  
Year after year, a punctual visitant !  
There also stands a speech-maker by rote,  
Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-show ;  
And in the lapse of many years may come  
Prouder itinerant, montebank, or he  
Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.  
But one there is, the loveliest of them all,  
Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out  
For gains, and who that sees her would not buy ?  
Fruits of her father's orchard are her wares,  
And with the ruddy produce, she walks round  
Among the crowd, half pleased with, half ashamed  
Of her new office, blushing restlessly.  
The children now are rich, for the old to-day

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. . . . It was a lovely moonlight night. We talked much about our house on Helvellyn. The moonlight shone only upon the village. It did not eclipse the village lights ; and the sound of dancing and merriment came along the still air. I walked with Coleridge and William up the lane and by the church. . . . "—ED.

Are generous as the young ; and, if content  
 With looking on, some ancient wedded pair  
 Sit in the shade together, while they gaze,  
 " A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled brow,  
 The days departed start again to life,  
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear,  
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun  
 To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve." \*  
 Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,  
 Spreading from young to old, from old to young,  
 And no one seems to want his share.—Immense  
 Is the recess, the circumambient world  
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced.  
 They move about upon the soft green turf :  
 How little they, they and their doings, seem,  
 And all that they can further or obstruct !  
 Through utter weakness pitifully dear,  
 As tender infants are : and yet how great !  
 For all things serve them : them the morning light  
 Loves as it glistens on the silent rocks ;  
 And them the silent rocks, which now from high  
 Look down upon them ; the reposing clouds ;  
 The wild brooks prattling from invisible haunts ;  
 And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir  
 Which animates this day their calm abode.

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,  
 In that enormous City's turbulent world  
 Of men and things, what benefit I owed  
 To thee, and those domains of rural peace,  
 Where to the sense of beauty first my heart

\* These lines are from a descriptive Poem—*Malvern Hills*—by one of Wordsworth's oldest friends, and the publisher of the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, Mr Joseph Cottle of Bristol.—ED.

Was opened ;\* tract more exquisitely fair  
 Than that famed paradise of ten thousand trees, †  
 Or Gehol's matchless gardens,‡ for delight  
 Of the Tartarian dynasty composed  
 (Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,  
 China's stupendous mound) by patient toil  
 Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help ;  
 There, in a clime from widest empire chosen,  
 Fulfilling (could enchantment have done more ?)  
 A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with domes  
 Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells  
 For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts  
 With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,  
 Rocks, dens, and groves, of foliage taught to melt  
 Into each other their obsequious hues,  
 Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,  
 Too fine to be pursued ; or standing forth  
 In no discordant opposition, strong  
 And gorgeous as the colours side by side  
 Bedded among rich plumes of tropic birds ;  
 And mountains over all, embracing all ;  
 And all the landscape, endlessly enriched  
 With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise  
 Where I was reared ;§ in Nature's primitive gifts

\* The district round Cockermouth.—ED.

† Possibly an allusion to the hanging gardens of Babylon, said to have been constructed by Nebuchadnezzar for his Median queen. Berossus in *Joseph. contr. Ap.* I. 19, calls it a hanging *Paradise* (though Diodorus Siculus uses the term κῆπος).—ED.

‡ 150 miles north-east of Pekin. See a description of them in Sir George Stanton's *Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China* (from the papers of Lord Macartney), London, 1797, Vol. II. ch. ii. See also *Ency. Brit.*, ninth ed., art "Gehol."—ED.

§ The Hawkshead district.—ED.

Favoured no less, and more to every sense  
Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,  
The elements, and seasons as they change,  
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—  
Man free, man working for himself, with choice  
Of time, and place, and object ; by his wants,  
His comforts, native occupations, cares,  
Cheerfully led to individual ends  
Or social, and still followed by a train  
Unwooed, unthought-of even—simplicity,  
And beauty, and inevitable grace.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial bowers  
Would to a child be transport over-great,  
When but a half-hour's roam through such a place  
Would leave behind a dance of images,  
That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks ;  
Even then the common haunts of the green earth,  
And ordinary interests of man,  
Which they embosom, all without regard  
As both may seem, are fastening on the heart  
Insensibly, each with the other's help.  
For me, when my affections first were led  
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to partake  
Love for the human creature's absolute self,  
That noticeable kindness of heart  
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most,  
Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks  
And occupations which her<sup>#</sup> beauty adorned,  
And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first ;  
Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian wilds,  
With arts and laws so tempered that their lives  
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,

A bright tradition of the golden age ; \*  
 Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses  
 Sequestered, handed down among themselves  
 Felicity, in Grecian song renowned ; †  
 Nor such as—when an adverse fate had driven,  
 From house and home, the courtly band whose fortunes  
 Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the wild woods  
 Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade  
 Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted hours,  
 Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Ganymede, ‡  
 Or there where Perdita and Florizel  
 Together danced, Queen of the feast, and King ; §  
 Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,  
 That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen)  
 Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far  
 Their May-bush, || and along the streets in flocke  
 Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,  
 Aimed at the laggards slumbering within doors ;  
 Had also heard, from those who yet remembered,  
 Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that decked  
 Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar ; || and of youths,  
 Each with his maid, before the sun was up,  
 By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,  
 To drink the waters of some sainted well  
 And hang it round with garlands. Love survives ;  
 But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow :  
 The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped  
 These lighter graces ; and the rural ways  
 And manners which my childhood looked upon

\* See Virg. *AEn.* VIII. 319.—ED.

† See Polybius IV. 20, 21 ; and Virgil *Ecl.* X. 32.—ED.

‡ See *As you Like It.*—ED.

§ See *The Winter's Tale.*—ED.

|| See Spenser, *The Sheapherd's Calender (May).*—ED.

Were the unluxuriant produce of a life  
 Intent on little but substantial needs,  
 Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.  
 But images of danger and distress,  
 Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms ;  
 Of this I heard, and saw enough to make  
 Imagination restless ; nor was free  
 Myself from frequent perils ; nor were tales  
 Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,  
 Hazards and strange escapes, of which the rocks  
 Immutable, and overflowing streams,  
 Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,  
 Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks  
 Of delicate Galesus ;\* and no less  
 Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores.†  
 Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd  
 To triumphs and to sacrificial rites  
 Devoted, on the inviolable stream  
 Of rich Clitumnus ;‡ and the goat-herd lived  
 As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows  
 Of cool Lucretilis,§ where the pipe was heard  
 Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks  
 With tutelary music, from all harm  
 The fold protecting. I myself, mature  
 In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract

\* An Italian river in Calabria, famous for its groves and the fine-fleeced sheep that pastured on its banks. See Virg. G. IV. 126 ; Hor. II., Ode VI. 10.—ED.

† The Adriatic Sea. See Acts xxvii. 27.—ED.

‡ An Umbrian river whose waters, when drunk, were supposed to make oxen white. See Virg. G. II. 146 ; Plin. II. 103.—ED.

§ A hill in the Sabine country, overhanging a pleasant valley. Near it were the house and farm of Horace. See Hor., Ode I. 17.—ED.

Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,  
 Though under skies less generous, less serene :  
 There, for her own delight had Nature framed  
 A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse  
 Of level pasture, islanded with groves  
 And banked with woody risings ; but the Plain \*  
 Endless, here opening widely out, and there  
 Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn  
 And intricate recesses, creek or bay  
 Sheltered within a shelter, where at large  
 The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home.  
 Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides  
 All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear  
 His flageolet to liquid notes of love  
 Attuned, or sprightly fife resounding far.  
 Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast space  
 Where passage opens, but the same shall have  
 In turn its visitant, telling there his hours  
 In unlaborious pleasure, with no task  
 More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl  
 For spring or fountain, which the traveller finds,  
 When through the region he pursues at will  
 His devious course. A glimpse of such sweet life  
 I saw when, from the melancholy walls  
 Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed  
 My daily walk along that wide champaign,†  
 That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,  
 And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge  
 Of the Hercynian forest.‡ Yet, hail to you

\* The plain at the foot of the Harz Mountains, round Goslar.—ED.

† In the Fenwick Note to the *Lines written in Germany*, (see Vol. II. p. 98), he says that he "walked daily on the ramparts."—ED.

‡ *Hercynian forest*.—(See Caesar, *B.G.* VL 24, 25.) According to Caesar it commenced on the east bank of the Rhine, stretching east and north, its breadth being nine days' journey, and its length sixty. Strabo (see IV. p.

Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,  
 Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,\*  
 Powers of my native region ! Ye that seize  
 The heart with firmer grasp ! Your snows and streams  
 Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,  
 That howl so dismally for him who treads  
 Companionless your awful solitudes !  
 There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long  
 To wait upon the storms : of their approach  
 Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives  
 His flock, and thither from the homestead bears  
 A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,  
 And deals it out, their regular nourishment  
 Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring  
 Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,  
 And when the flock, with warmer weather climbs  
 Higher and higher, him his office leads  
 To watch their goings, whatsoever track  
 The wanderers choose. For this he quits his home  
 At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun  
 Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,  
 Than he lies down upon some shining rock,  
 And breakfasts with his dog. When they have stolen,  
 As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,  
 For rest not needed or exchange of love,  
 Then from his couch he starts ; and now his feet  
 Crush out a livelier fragrance from the flowers  
 Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought  
 In the wild turf : the lingering dews of morn

292) included within the Hercynia Silva all the mountains of southern and central Germany, from the Danube to Transylvania. Later, it was limited to the mountains round Bohemia and extending to Hungary. (See Tacitus, *Germ.*, 28, 30; and Pliny, IV. 25, 28). A trace of the ancient name is retained in the *Harz*, which means a wooded mountain.—ED.

\* Yewdale, Duddendale, Eakdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale.—ED.

Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he hies,  
His staff pretending like a hunter's spear,  
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,  
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged streams.  
Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,  
Might deign to follow him through what he does  
Or sees in his day's march ; himself he feels,  
In those vast regions where his service lies,  
A freeman, wedded to his life of hope  
And hazard, and hard labour interchanged  
With that majestic indolence so dear  
To native man. A rambling school-boy, thus  
I felt his presence in his own domain,  
As of a lord and master, or a power,  
Or genius, under Nature, under God,  
Presiding ; and severest solitude  
Had more commanding looks when he was there  
When up the lonely brooks on rainy days  
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills  
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes  
Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,  
In size a giant, stalking through thick fog  
His sheep like Greenland bears ; or, as he stepped  
Beyond the boundary line of some hill-shadow,  
His form hath flashed upon me, glorified  
By the deep radiance of the setting sun :  
Or him have I descried in distant sky,  
A solitary object and sublime,  
Above all height ! like an aerial cross  
Stationed alone upon a spiry rock  
Of the Chartreuse, for worship.\* Thus was man  
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,

\* See Book VI. p. 247, and note.—ED.

And thus my heart was early introduced  
 To an unconscious love and reverence  
 Of human nature ; hence the human form  
 To me became an index of delight,  
 Of grace and honour, power and worthiness.  
 Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost  
 As those of books, but more exalted far ;  
 Far more of an imaginative form  
 Than the gay Corin of the groves,\* who lives  
 For his own fancies, or to dance by the hour,  
 In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—\* :  
 Was, for the purposes of kind, a man  
 With the most common ; husband, father ; learned,  
 Could teach, admonish ; suffered with the rest  
 From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear ;  
 Of this I little saw, cared less for it,  
 But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—

Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,  
 This sanctity of Nature given to man—  
 A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore  
 On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things ;  
 Whose truth is not a motion or a shape  
 Instinct with vital functions, but a block  
 Or waxen image which yourselves have made,  
 And ye adore ! But blessed be the God  
 Of Nature and of Man that this was so ;  
 That men before my inexperienced eyes  
 Did first present themselves thus purified,  
 Removed, and to a distance that was fit :  
 And so we all of us in some degree  
 Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,

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\* Corin = Corydon ? the shepherd referred to in the pastorals of Virgil and Theocritus. Phyllis, see Virgil, Ecl. X. 37, 41. —ED.

And howsoever ; were it otherwise,  
And we found evil fast as we find good  
In our first years, or think that it is found,  
How could the innocent heart bear up and live !  
But doubly fortunate my lot ; not here  
Alone, that something of a better life  
Perhaps was round me than it is the privilege  
Of most to move in, but that first I looked  
At Man through objects that were great or fair ;  
First communed with him by their help. And thus  
Was founded a sure safeguard and defence  
Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,  
Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat in  
On all sides from the ordinary world  
In which we traffic. Starting from this point  
I had my face turned toward the truth, began  
With an advantage furnished by that kind  
Of prepossession, without which the soul  
Receives no knowledge that can bring forth good,  
No genuine insight ever comes to her.  
From the restraint of over-watchful eyes  
Preserved, I moved about, year after year,  
Happy,\* and now most thankful that my walk  
Was guarded from too early intercourse  
With the deformities of crowded life,  
And those ensuing laughers and contempts,  
Self-pleasing, which, if we could wish to think  
With a due reverence on earth's rightful lord,  
Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,  
Will not permit us ; but pursue the mind,  
That to devotion willingly would rise,  
Into the temple and the temple's heart.

---

\* While living at Dame Tyson's Cottage at Hawkshead. ED.

Yet deem not, Friend ! that human kind with me  
 Thus early took a place pre-eminent ;  
 Nature herself was, at this unripe time,  
 But secondary to my own pursuits  
 And animal activities, and all  
 Their trivial pleasures,\* and when these had drooped  
 And gradually expired, and Nature, prized  
 For her own sake, became my joy, even then—\*  
 And upwards through late youth, until not less  
 Than two-and-twenty summers had been told—†  
 Was Man in my affections and regards  
 Subordinate to her, her visible forms  
 And viewless agencies : a passion, she  
 A rapture often, and immediate love  
 Ever at hand : he, only a delight  
 Occasional, an accidental grace,  
 His hour being not yet come. Far less had then  
 The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attuned  
 My spirit to that gentleness of love  
 (Though they had long been carefully observed),  
 Won from me those minute obeisances  
 Of tenderness,‡ which I may number now  
 With my first blessings. Nevertheless, on these  
 The light of beauty did not fall in vain,  
 Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty  
 Of plain Imagination and severe,  
 No longer a mute influence of the soul,

\* Compare *Tintern Abbey* (Vol. I. p. 268)—

“ Nature then,

To me was all in all,” &c.—ED.

† He spent his twenty-second summer at Blois, in France.—ED.

‡ See *Hart Leap Well*, and *The Green Linnet*.—ED.

Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest call,  
 To try her strength among harmonious words ;\*  
 And to book-notions and the rules of art  
 Did knowingly conform itself ; there came  
 Among the simple shapes of human life  
 A wilfulness of fancy and conceit ;\*  
 And Nature and her objects beautified  
 These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn,  
 They burnished her. From touch of this new power  
 Nothing was safe : the elder-tree that grew  
 Beside the well-known charnel-house had then  
 A dismal look : the yew-tree had its ghost,  
 That took his station there for ornament :  
 The dignities of plain occurrence then  
 Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean, a point  
 Where no sufficient pleasure could be found.  
 Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow  
 Of her distress, was known to have turned her steps  
 To the cold grave in which her husband slept,  
 One night, or haply more than one, through pain  
 Or half-insensate impotence of mind,  
 The fact was caught at greedily, and there  
 She must be visitant the whole year through,  
 Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pursue  
 These cravings ; when the fox-glove, one by one,  
 Upwards through every stage of the tall stem,  
 Had shed beside the public way its bells,  
 And stood of all dismantled, save the last  
 Left at the tapering ladder's top, that seemed

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\* The *Evening Walk*, and *Descriptive Sketches*, published 1793. See especially the original text of the latter, in Appendix to Vol. I. p. 287-308.  
 —ED.

To bend as doth a slender blade of grass  
 Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to seat,  
 Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested still  
 With this last relic, soon itself to fall,  
 Some vagrant mother, whose arch little ones,  
 All unconcerned by her dejected plight,  
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands    "  
 Gathered the purple cups that round them lay,  
 Strewing the turf's green slope.

### A diamond light

(Whene'er the summer sun, declining, smote  
 A smooth rock wet with constant springs) was seen  
 Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that rose  
 Fronting our cottage.\* Oft beside the hearth  
 Seated, with open door, often and long  
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,  
 That made my fancy restless as itself.  
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver shield  
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay  
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood :  
 An entrance now into some magic cave

\* It is difficult to say where this "smooth rock wet with constant springs" and the "copse-clad bank" were. There is no copse-clad bank fronting Anne Tyson's cottage at Hawkshead. It may have been a rock on the wooded slope of the rounded hill that rises west of Cowper Ground, north-west of Hawkshead. A rock "wet with springs" existed there, till it was quarried for road-metal a few years since. But it is quite possible that the cottage referred to is Dove Cottage, Grasmere. In that case the "rock" and "copse-clad bank" may have been on Loughrigg, or more probably on Silver How. The "summer sun" goes down behind Silver How, so that it might smite a wet rock either on Hammar Scar or on the wooded crag above Red Bank. These could be seen from the window of one of the rooms of Dove Cottage. Seated beside the hearth of the "half-kitchen and half-parlour fire" in that cottage, and looking along the passage through the low door, the eye would rest on Hammar Scar, the wooded hill behind Allan Bank. The context of the poem points to Hawkshead; but the details of the description suggest the Grasmere cottage rather than Anne Tyson's.—ED.

Or palace built by fairies of the rock ;  
 Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant  
 The spectacle, by visiting the spot.  
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,  
 Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings bred  
 By pure Imagination : busy Power \*  
 She was, and with her ready pupil turned  
 Instinctively to human passions, then,  
 Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent swarm  
 Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich  
 As mine was through the bounty of a grand  
 And lovely region,† I had forms distinct  
 To steady me : each airy thought revolved  
 Round a substantial centre, which at once  
 Incited it to motion, and controlled,  
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,  
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend !‡  
 Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams  
 Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things  
 Without the light of knowledge. Where the harm,  
 If, when the woodman languished with disease  
 Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground  
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,  
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,  
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,  
 To help him to his grave ? Meanwhile the man  
 If not already from the woods retired  
 To die at home, was haply as I knew,  
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle airs,

\* See the distinction drawn by Wordsworth between Fancy and Imagination in the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, (1800 and subsequent editions), and embodied in his classification of the Poems.—ED.

† Westmoreland.—ED.

‡ See note \* p. 168.—ED.

Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful  
 On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile  
 Breathed up its smoke, an image of his ghost  
 Or spirit that full soon must take her flight.  
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that point  
 Of sound humanity to which our Tale  
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I show  
 How Fancy, in a season when she wove  
 Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious Boy  
 For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's call  
 Some pensive musings which might well beseech  
 Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs  
 Stretch from the western marge of Thurston-mere,\*  
 With length of shade so thick that whoso glides  
 Along the line of low-roofed water, moves  
 As in a cloister. Once—while, in that shade  
 Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light  
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed  
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge  
 Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my thoughts  
 In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart:  
 Dear native Regions,† whereso'er shall close

\* Coniston lake : see next note.—ED.

† The eight lines which follow are a recast, in the blank verse of *The Prelude*, of the youthful lines entitled *Conclusion of a poem written in anticipation of leaving school*. These were composed in Wordsworth's sixteenth year (see Vol. I. p. 1). As the contrast is striking, the earlier lines may be transcribed :—

Dear native regions, I foretell,  
 From what I feel at this farewell,  
 That, whereso'er my steps may tend,  
 And whensoe'er my course may end,  
 If in that hour a single tie  
 Survive of local sympathy,  
 My soul will cast the backward view,  
 The longing look alone on you.

My mortal course, there will I think on you ;  
 Dying, will cast on you a backward look ;  
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale  
 Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)  
 Doth with the fond remains of his last power  
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds  
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose,

Enough of humble arguments ; recal,  
 My Song ! those high emotions which thy voice  
 Has heretofore made known ; that bursting forth  
 Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,  
 When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,  
 And all the several frames of things, like stars,  
 Through every magnitude distinguishable,  
 Shone mutually indebted, or half lost  
 Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy  
 Of life and glory. In the midst stood Man,  
 Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,  
 As, of all visible natures, crown, though born

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest,  
 Far in the regions of the west,  
 Though to the Vale no parting beam  
 Be given, not one memorial gleam,  
 A lingering light he fondly throws  
 On the dear hills where first he rose.

The Fenwick note to this poem is as follows :—"The image with which this poem concludes suggested itself to me while I was resting in a boat along with my companions under the shade of a magnificent row of sycamores, which then extended their branches from the shore of the promontory upon which stands the ancient, and at that time most picturesque, Hall of Coniston." There is nothing in either poem definitely to connect "Thurston-mere" with Coniston, although their identity is suggested by the Fenwick note. I find, however, that Thurston was the ancient name of Coniston ; and this carries us back to the time of the worship of Thor. (See Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of England*, Vol. I. p. 662 ; also the *Edinburgh Gazetteer* (1822), articles "Thurston" and "Coniston.") The site of the grove "on the shore of the promontory" at Coniston Lake is easily identified, but the grove itself is gone.—ED.

Of dust, and kindred to the worm ; a Being,  
 Both in perception and discernment, first  
 In every capability of rapture,  
 Through the divine effect of power and love ;  
 As, more than anything we know, instinct  
 With godhead, and, by reason and by will,  
 Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I moved  
 Begirt, from day to day, with temporal shapes  
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,  
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,  
 Manners and characters discriminate,  
 And little bustling passions that eclipse,  
 As well they might, the impersonated thought,  
 The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

An idler among academic bowers,  
 Such was my new condition, as at large  
 Has been set forth ;\* yet here the vulgar light  
 Of present, actual, superficial life,  
 Gleaming through colouring of other times,  
 Old usages and local privilege,  
 Was welcomed, softened, if not solemnised,  
 This notwithstanding, being brought more near  
 To vice and guilt, forerunning wretchedness,  
 I trembled,—thought, at times, of human life  
 With an indefinite terror and dismay,  
 Such as the storms and angry elements  
 Had bred in me ; but gloomier far, a dim  
 Analogy to uproar and misrule,  
 Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

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\* Compare pp. 170, 171, and 230, both text and notes.—ED.

It might be told (but wherefore speak of things  
 Common to all ?) that, seeing, I was led  
 Gravely to ponder—judging between good  
 And evil, not as for the mind's delight  
 But for her guidance—one who was to *act*,  
 As sometimes to the best of feeble means  
 I did, by human sympathy impelled :  
 And, through dislike and most offensive pain,  
 Was to the truth conducted ; of this faith  
 Never forsaken, that, by acting well,  
 And understanding, I should learn to love  
 The end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress ! for at times  
 Thou canst put on an aspect most severe ;  
 London, to thee I willingly return.  
 Erewhile my verse played idly with the flowers  
 Enwrought upon thy mantle ; satisfied  
 With that amusement, and a simple look  
 Of child-like inquisition now and then  
 Cast upwards on thy countenance, to detect  
 Some inner meanings which might harbour there.  
 But how could I in mood so light indulge,  
 Keeping such fresh remembrance of the day  
 When, having thridded the long labyrinth  
 Of the suburban villages, I first  
 Entered thy vast dominion ?\* On the roof  
 Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,  
 With vulgar men about me, trivial forms  
 Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,—  
 Mean shapes on every side ; but, at the instant  
 When to myself it fairly might be said,

\* Probably in 1788. See note, p. 260.—ED.

The threshold now is overpast (how strange  
 That aught external to the living mind  
 Should have such mighty sway ! yet so it was),  
 A weight of ages did at once descend  
 Upon my heart ; no thought embodied, no  
 Distinct remembrances, but weight and power,—  
 Power growing under weight : alas ! I feel  
 That I am trifling : 'twas a moment's pause,—  
 All that took place within me came and went  
 As in a moment ; yet with Time it dwells,  
 And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open day,  
 Hath passed with torches into some huge cave,  
 The Grotto of Antiparos,\* or the Den  
 In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,  
 Yordas ; † he looks around and sees the vault  
 Widening on all sides ; sees, or thinks he sees,  
 Erelong, the massy roof above his head,  
 That instantly unsettles and recedes,—  
 Substance and shadow, light and darkness, all  
 Commingled, making up a canopy  
 Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape  
 That shift and vanish, change and interchange  
 Like spectres,—ferment silent and sublime !

\* A stalactite cave, in a mountain in the south coast of the island of Antiparos, which is one of the Cyclades. It is six miles from Paros, was famous in ancient times, and was rediscovered in 1673.—ED.

† There is a cave, called Yordas Cave, four and a half miles from Ingleton in Lonsdale, Yorkshire. It is a lime-stone cavern, rich in stalactites, like the grotto of Antiparos ; and is at the foot of the slopes of Gragreth, formerly called Greg-roof. It gets its name from a traditional giant *Yordas* ; some of its recesses being called "Yordas' bed-chamber," "Yordas' oven," &c. See Allen's *County of York*, III., p. 359 ; also Bigland's "Yorkshire" in *The Beauties of England and Wales*, Vol. XVI., p. 735, and Murray's *Hand-book for Yorkshire*, p. 392.—ED.

That after a short space works less and less,  
Till, every effort, every motion gone.  
The scene before him stands in perfect view  
Exposed, and lifeless as a written book !  
But let him pause awhile, and look again,  
And a new quickening shall succeed, at first  
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,  
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass,  
Busies the eye with images and forms  
Boldly assembled,—here is shadowed forth  
From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,  
A variegated landscape,—there the shape  
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,  
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,  
Veiled man, or pilgrim resting on his staff:  
Strange congregation ! yet not slow to meet  
Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire.

Even in such sort had I at first been moved,  
Nor otherwise continued to be moved,  
As I explored the vast metropolis,  
Fount of my country's destiny and the world's :  
That great emporium, chronicle at once  
And burial-place of passions, and their home  
Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it did  
Of past and present, such a place must needs  
Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time  
Far less than craving power ; yet knowledge came,  
Sought or unsought, and influxes of power  
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived  
In fits of kindliest apprehensiveness,  
From all sides, when whate'er was in itself

Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me  
A correspondent amplitude of mind ;  
Such is the strength and glory of our youth !  
The human nature unto which I felt  
That I belonged, and reverenced with love,  
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit  
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived  
Of evidence from monuments, erect,  
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest  
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime  
Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn  
From books and what they picture and record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land,  
With those of Greece compared and popular Rome,  
And in our high-wrought modern narratives  
Script of their harmonising soul, the life  
Of manners and familiar incidents,  
Had never much delighted me. And less  
Than other intellects had mine been used  
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance  
Of record or tradition ; but a sense  
Of what in the Great City had been done  
And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still,  
Weighed with me, could support the test of thought ;  
And, in despite of all that had gone by,  
Or was departing never to return,  
There I conversed with majesty and power  
Like independent natures. Hence the place  
Was thronged with impregnations like the Wilds  
In which my early feelings had been nursed—  
Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks,  
And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,  
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed crags

That into music touch the passing wind.  
 Here then my young imagination found  
 No uncongenial element ; could here  
 Among new objects serve or give command,  
 Even as the heart's occasions might require,  
 To forward reason's else too-scrupulous march.  
 The effect was, still more elevated views  
 Of human nature. Neither vice nor guilt,  
 Debasement undergone by body or mind,  
 Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,  
 Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes scanned  
 Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust  
 In what we *may* become ; induce belief  
 That I was ignorant, had been falsely taught,  
 A solitary, who with vain conceits  
 Had been inspired, and walked about in dreams.  
 From those sad scenes when meditation turned,  
 Lo ! everything that was indeed divine  
 Retained its purity inviolate,  
 Nay brighter shone, by this portentous gloom  
 Set off ; such opposition as aroused  
 The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise  
 Though fallen from bliss, when in the East he saw  
 \*Darkness ere day's mid course, and morning light.  
 More orient in the western cloud, that drew  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 Descending slow with something heavenly fraught.

Add also, that among the multitudes  
 Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen  
 Affectionately set forth, more than elsewhere  
 Is possible, the unity of man,

\* From Milton, Par. Lost, xi. 204. W. W.

One spirit over ignorance and vice . . .  
Predominant, in good and evil hearts ;  
One sense for moral judgments, as one eye  
For the sun's light. The soul when smitten thus  
By a sublime *idea* whenceso'er  
Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds  
On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend !  
My thoughts by slow gradations had been drawn  
To human kind, and to the good and ill  
Of human life : Nature had led me on ;  
And oft amid the " busy hum " I seemed  
To travel independent of her help,  
As if I had forgotten her ; but no,  
The world of human-kind outweighed not hers  
In my habitual thoughts ; the scale of love,  
Though filling daily, still was light, compared  
With that in which *her* mighty objects lay.

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**Book Ninth.****RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.**

EVEN as a river,—partly (it might seem)  
 Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed  
 In part by fear to shape a way direct,  
 That would engulf him soon in the ravenous sea—  
 Turns, and will measure back his course, far back,  
 Seeking the very regions which he crossed  
 In his first outset ; so have we, my Friend !  
 Turned and returned with intricate delay.  
 Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow  
 Of some aerial Down, while there he halts  
 For breathing-time, is tempted to review  
 The region left behind him ; and, if aught  
 Deserving notice have escaped regard,  
 Or been regarded with too careless eye,  
 Strives, from that height, with one and yet one more  
 Last look, to make the best amends he may :  
 So have we lingered. Now we start afresh  
 With courage, and new hope risen on our toil.  
 Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,  
 Whene'er it comes ! needful in work so long,  
 Thrice needful to the argument which now  
 Awaits us ! Oh, how much unlike the past !

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,  
 I ranged at large, through London's wide domain,  
 Month after month.\* Obscurely did I live,  
 Not seeking frequent intercourse with men  
 By literature, or elegance, or rank,

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\* See next note, p. 308.—ED.

Distinguished. Searcely was a year thus spent \*  
 Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,  
 With less regret for its luxurious pomp,  
 And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,  
 Than for the humble book-stalls in the streets,  
 Exposed to eye and hand where'er I turned.

France lured me forth ; the realm that I had crossed  
 So lately,† journeying toward the snow-clad Alps.  
 But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,  
 And all enjoyment which the summer sun  
 Sheds round the steps of those who meet the day  
 With motion constant as his own, I went  
 Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,‡  
 Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course, and there  
 Sojourning a few days, I visited  
 In haste each spot of old or recent fame,  
 The latter chiefly ; from the field of Mars  
 Down to the suburbs of St Antony,  
 And from Mont Martre southward to the Dome  
 Of Geneviève.§ In both her clamorous Halls,  
 The National Synod and the Jacobins,  
 I saw the Revolutionary Power

\* This must either mean a year from the time at which he took his degree at Cambridge, or it is inaccurate as to date. He graduated in January 1791, and left Brighton for Paris in November 1791. In London he only spent four months, the February, March, April, and May of 1791. Then followed the Welsh tour with Jones, and his return to Cambridge in September 1791.—ED.

† With Jones in the previous year, 1790.—ED.

‡ Orleans.—ED.

§ The Champ de Mars is in the west, the Rue St Antoine (the old suburb of St Antony) in the east, Montmartre in the north, and the Dome of St Geneviève, commonly called the Pantheon, in the south of Paris.—ED.

Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms ; \*  
 The Arcades I traversed in the Palace huge  
 Of Orleans ; † coasted round and round the line  
 Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop  
 Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk  
 Of all who had a purpose, or had not ;  
 I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,  
 To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild !  
 And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,  
 In knots, or pairs, or single. . Not a look  
 Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,  
 But seemed there present ; and I scanned them all,  
 Watched every gesture uncontrollable,  
 Of anger, and vexation, and despite,  
 All side by side, and struggling face to face,  
 With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust  
 Of the Bastile, I sate in the open sun,  
 And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,  
 And pocketed the relic,‡ in the guise  
 Of an enthusiast ; yet, in honest truth,  
 I looked for something that I could not find,  
 Affecting more emotion than I felt ;

\* The States-General consisting of the clergy, noblesse, and the *tiers état* met first at Notre Dame on the 4th May 1789. On the following day, the *tiers état* assumed the title of the *National Assembly*—constituting themselves the sovereign power—and invited the others to join them. The club of the Jacobins was instituted the same year. It leased for itself the hall of the Jacobins' convent : hence the name.—ED.

† The Palais Royal, built by Cardinal Richelieu in 1636, presented by Louis XIV. to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, and thereafter the property of the house of Orleans (hence the name). The "arcades" referred to were removed in 1830, and the brilliant *Galerie d'Orléans* built in their place.—ED.

‡ On the 14th July, 1789, the Bastile was taken, and destroyed by the Revolutionists. The stones were used, for the most part, in the construction of the *Font de la Concorde*.—ED.

For 'tis most certain that these various sights,  
 However potent their first shock, with me  
 Appeared to recompense the traveller's pains  
 Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun.\*  
 A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair  
 Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek  
 Pale and bedropped with overflowing tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode  
 I hasten ; there, by novelties in speech,  
 Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks,  
 And all the attire of ordinary life,  
 Attention was engrossed ; and, thus amused,  
 I stood 'mid those concussions, unconcerned,  
 Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower  
 Glassed in a green-house, or a parlour shrub  
 That spreads its leaves in un molested peace,  
 While every bush and tree, the country through,  
 Is shaking to the roots : indifference this  
 Which may seem strange : but I was unprepared  
 With needful knowledge, had abruptly passed  
 Into a theatre, whose stage was filled  
 And busy with an action far advanced.  
 Like others, I had skimmed, and sometimes read  
 With care, the master pamphlets of the day ;  
 Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild  
 Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk  
 And public news ; but having\*never seen  
 A chronicle that might suffice to show  
 Whence the main organs of the public power  
 Had sprung, their transmigrations, when and how  
 Accomplished, giving thus unto events  
 A form and body ; all things were to me

\* Charles Lebrun, Court painter to Louis XIV. of France (1619-1690).—ED.

Loose and disjointed, and the affections left  
Without a vital interest. At that time,  
Moreover, the first storm was overblown,  
And the strong hand of outward violence  
Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear  
Now in connection with so great a theme  
To speak (as I must be compelled to do)  
Of one so unimportant; night by night  
Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,  
Whom, in the city, privilege of birth  
Sequestered from the rest, societies  
Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed;  
Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse  
Of good and evil of the time was shunned  
With scrupulous care; but these restrictions soon  
Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew  
Into a noisier world, and thus ere long  
Became a patriot; and my heart was all  
Given to the people, and my love was theirs.

A band of military Officers,  
Then stationed in the city, were the chief  
Of my associates: some of these wore swords  
That had been seasoned in the wars, and all  
Were men well-born; the chivalry of France.  
In age and temper differing, they had yet  
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike  
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)  
Were bent upon undoing what was done:  
This was their rest and only hope; therewith  
No fear had they of bad becoming worse,  
For worst to them was come; nor would have stirred,  
Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,  
In any thing, save only as the act

Looked thitherward. One,\* reckoning by years,  
Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile  
He had sate lord in many tender hearts;  
Though heedless of such honours now, and change~~s~~:  
His temper was quite mastered by the times,  
And they had blighted him, had eaten away  
The beauty of his person, doing wrong  
Alike to body and to mind: his port,  
Which once had been erect and open, now  
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,  
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts  
Of symmetry and light and bloom, expressed,  
As much as any that was ever seen,  
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts  
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour  
That from the press of Paris duly brought  
Its freight of public news, the fever came,  
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,  
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow cheek  
Into a thousand colours; while he read,  
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch  
Continually, like an uneasy place  
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour  
Of universal ferment; mildest men  
Were agitated; and commotions, strife  
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls  
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.  
The soil of common life was, at that time,  
Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,  
And not then only, "What a mockery this  
Of history, the past and that to come!  
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,  
Reading of nations and their works, in faith,

\* The Republican general, Beaupoil.—ED.

Faith given to vanity and emptiness ;  
 Oh ! laughter for the page that would reflect  
 To future times the face of what now is ! ”  
 The land all swarmed with passion, like a plain  
 Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorsas,—add  
 A hundred other names, forgotten now,\*  
 Nor to be heard of more ; yet, they were powers,  
 Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,  
 And felt through every nook of town and field. .

Such was the state of things. Meanwhile the chief  
 Of my associates stood prepared for flight  
 To augment the band of emigrants in arms†  
 Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued  
 With foreign foes mustered for instant war.  
 This was their undisguised intent, and they  
 Were waiting with the whole of their desires  
 The moment to depart.

An Englishman,  
 Born in a land whose very name appeared  
 To license some unruliness of mind ;

\* Carra and Gorsas were journalist deputies in the first year of the French Republic. Gorsas was the first of the deputies who died on the scaffold. Carlyle thus refers to them, and to the “ hundred other names forgotten now,” in his *French Revolution* (Vol. III., Book I., chap. 7) :—“ The convention is getting chosen—really in a decisive spirit. Some two hundred of our best Legislators may be re-elected, the Mountain bodily. Robespierre, with Mayor Pétion, Buzot, Curate Grégoire, Rubant, some threescore Old Constituents ; though we men had only ‘thirty voices.’ All these ; and along with them friends long known to Revolutionary fame : Camille Desmoulins, though he stutters in speech ; Manuel, Tallien & Company ; Journalists Gorsas, Carra, Mersier, Louvet of *Fables* ; Clootz, Speaker of Mankind ; Collet d’Hubois, tearing a passion to rags ; Fabre d’Eglantine, Speculative Pamphleteer ; Legendre, the solid Butcher ; nay, Marat, though rural France can hardly believe it, or even believe that there is a Marat, except in print,” &c., &c., &c.—ED.

† Many of the old French Noblesse, and other supporters of Monarchy, fled toward the Rhine, to join the German army under Leopold and the King of Prussia.—ED.

A stranger, with youth's further privilege,  
And the indulgence that a half-learnt speech  
Wins from the courteous; I, who had been else  
Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived  
With these defenders of the Crown, and talked,  
And heard their notions; nor did they disdain  
The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by books  
To reason well of polity or law,  
And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,  
Of natural rights and civil; and to acts  
Of nations and their passing interests  
(If with unworldly ends and aims compared)  
Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale  
Prizing but little otherwise than I prized  
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart  
Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair forms,  
Old heroes and their sufferings and their deeds;  
Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp  
Of orders and degrees, I nothing found  
Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,  
That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned  
And ill could brook, beholding that the best  
Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which yet  
Retaineth more of ancient homeliness  
Than any other nook of English ground,  
It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,  
Through the whole tenor of my school-day time,  
The face of one who, whether boy or man,  
Was vested with attention or respect  
Through claims of wealth or blood; nor was it least

Of many benefits, in later years  
Derived from academic institutes  
And rules, that they held something up to view  
Of a Republic, where all stood thus far  
Upon equal ground ; that we were brothers all  
In honour, as in one community,  
Scholars and gentlemen ; where, furthermore,  
Distinction open lay to all that came,  
And wealth and titles were in less esteem  
Than talents, worth, and prosperous industry.  
Add unto this, subservience from the first  
To presences of God's mysterious power  
Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,  
And fellowship with venerable books,  
To sanction the proud workings of the soul,  
And mountain liberty. It could not be  
But that one tutored thus should look with awe  
Upon the faculties of man, receive  
Gladly the highest promises, and hail,  
As best, the government of equal rights  
And individual worth. And hence, O Friend !  
If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced  
Less than might well befit my youth, the cause  
In part lay here, that unto me the events  
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course,  
A gift that was come rather late than soon.  
No wonder, then, if advocates like these,  
Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,  
And stung with injury, at this riper day,  
Were impotent to make my hopes put on  
The shape of theirs, my understanding bend  
In honour to their honour : zeal, which yet  
Had slumbered, now in opposition burst  
Forth like a Polar summer : every word

They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds  
 Blown back upon themselves ; their reason seemed  
 Confusion stricken by a higher power  
 Than human understanding, their discourse  
 Maimed, spiritless ; and, in their weakness strong,  
 I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads  
 Were crowded with the bravest youth of France,  
 And all the promptest of her spirits, linked  
 In gallant soldiership, and posting on  
 To meet the war upon her frontier bounds.\*  
 Yet at this very moment do tears start  
 Into mine eyes : I do not say I weep—  
 I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed my sight,  
 In memory of the farewells of that time,  
 Domestic severings, female fortitude  
 At dearest separation, patriot love  
 And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,  
 Encouraged with a martyr's confidence ;  
 Even files of strangers merely seen but once,  
 And for a moment, men from far with sound  
 Of music, martial tunes, and banners spread,  
 Entering the city, here and there a face  
 Or person singled out among the rest,  
 Yet still a stranger and beloved as such ;  
 Even by these passing spectacles my heart  
 Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed  
 Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the cause  
 Good, pure, which no one could stand up against,  
 Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish, proud,  
 Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,  
 Hater perverse of equity and truth.

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\* See last note p. 318.—ED.

Among that band of Officers was one,  
Already hinted at,\* of other mould—  
A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,  
And with an oriental loathing spurned,  
As of a different cast. A meeker man  
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,  
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries  
Made *him* more gracious, and his nature then  
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,  
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,  
When foot hath crushed them. He through the events  
Of that great change wandered in perfect faith,  
As through a book, an old romance, or tale  
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought  
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he ranked  
With the most noble, but unto the poor  
Among mankind he was in service bound,  
As by some tie, invisible, oaths professed  
To a religious order. Man he loved  
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,  
And all the homely in their homely works,  
Transferred a courtesy which had no air  
Of condescension; but did rather seem  
A passion and a gallantry, like that  
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day  
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,  
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,  
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy  
Diffused around him, while he was intent  
On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
Complacently the progress of a cause  
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek  
And placid, and took nothing from the man

That was delightful. Oft in solitude  
With him did I discourse about the end  
Of civil government, and its wisest forms ;  
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,  
Custom and habit, novelty and change ;  
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few  
For patrimonial honour set apart,  
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.  
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,  
Balanced these contemplations in his mind ;  
And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped  
Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment  
Than later days allowed ; carried about me,  
With less alloy to its integrity,  
The experience of past ages, as, through help  
Of books and common life, it makes sure way  
To youthful minds, by objects over near  
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled  
By struggling with the crowd for present ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find  
Error without excuse, upon the side  
Of them who strove against us, more delight  
We took, and let this freely be confessed,  
In painting to ourselves the miseries  
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life  
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul  
The meanest thrives the most ; where dignity,  
True personal dignity, abideth not ;  
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off  
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,  
From lowly sympathy and chastening truth ;  
Where good and evil interchange their names,  
And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired

With vice at home. We added dearest themes—  
Man and his noble nature, as it is  
The gift which God has placed within his power,  
His blind desires and steady faculties  
Capable of clear truth, the one to break  
Bondage, the other to build liberty  
On firm foundations, making social life,  
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable  
As just in regulation, and as pure  
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds  
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,  
That would be found in all recorded time,  
Of truth preserved and error passed away :  
Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,  
And how the multitudes of men will feed  
And fan each other ; thought of sects, how keen  
They are to put the appropriate nature on,  
Triumphant over every obstacle  
Of custom, language, country, love, or hate,  
And what they do and suffer for their creed ;  
How far they travel, and how long endure ;  
How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,  
From least beginnings ; how, together locked  
By new opinions, scattered tribes have made  
One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven.  
To aspirations then of our own minds  
Did we appeal ; and, finally, beheld  
A living confirmation of the whole  
Before us, in a people from the depth  
Of shameful imbecility uprisen,  
Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked  
Upon their virtues : saw, in rudest men,

Self-sacrifice the firmest ; generous love,  
And continence of mind, and sense of right,  
Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,  
Or such retirement, Friend ! as we have known  
In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream,  
Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,  
To ruminate, with interchange of talk,  
On rational liberty, and hope in man,  
Justice and peace. But far more sweet such toil--  
Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse--  
If nature then be standing on the brink  
Of some great trial, and we hear the voice  
Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance  
Hath called upon to embody his deep sense  
In action, give it outwardly a shape,  
And that of benediction, to the world  
Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth,—  
A hope it is, and a desire ; a creed  
Of zeal, by an authority Divine  
Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.  
Such conversation, under Attic shades,  
Did Dion hold with Plato ; \* ripened thus  
For a Deliverer's glorious task,—and such  
He on that ministry already bound,  
Held with Eudemus and Timonides, †

\* See the poem *Dion*, composed in 1816 (Vol. VI. of this Edition).—ED.

† When Plato visited Syracuse, in the reign of Dionysius, Dion became his disciple, and induced Dionysius to invite Plato a second time to Syracuse. But neither Plato nor Dion could succeed in their efforts to influence and elevate Dionysius. Dion withdrew to Athens, and lived in close intimacy with Plato, and with Speusippus. The latter urged him to return, and deliver Sicily from the tyrant Dionysius, who had become unpopular in the island. Dion got some of the Syracusan exiles in Greece to join him, and "sailed from Zacynthus," with two merchant ships, and

Surrounded by adventurers in arms,  
 When those two vessels with their daring freight,  
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,  
 Sailed from Zacynthus—philosophic war,  
 Led by Philosophers.\* With harder fate,  
 Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend !  
 Of whom I speak. So Beaupuis (let the name  
 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)  
 Fashioned his life ; and many a long discourse,  
 With like persuasion honoured, we maintained :  
 He, on his part, accoutred for the worst,  
 He perished fighting, in supreme command,  
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,  
 For liberty, against deluded men,  
 His fellow-countrymen ; and yet most blessed  
 In this, that he the fate of later times  
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,  
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth  
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet  
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk ;  
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,  
 Lofty and over-arched, with open space  
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many a mile—  
 A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,

about 800 troops. He took Syracuse, and became dictator of the district. But—as was the case with the tyrants of the French Revolution who took the place of those of the old régime (recorded later on in the *Prelude*)—the Syracusans found that they had only exchanged one form of rigour for another. It is thus that Plutarch refers to the occurrence. “ Many statesmen and philosophers assisted him (i.e., Dion) ; “ as, for instance, Eudemus, the Cyprian, on whose death Aristotle wrote his dialogue of the Soul, and Timonides the Lucadian ” (See Plutarch’s *Dion*). Timonides wrote an account of Dion’s campaign in Sicily in certain letters to Spetsaippeus, which are referred to both by Plutarch and by Diogenes Laertius.—ED.

\* See the previous note.—ED.

From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,  
 And let remembrance steal to other times,  
 When, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad,  
 And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,  
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed, might pace  
 In sylvan meditation undisturbed ;  
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church  
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath expired,  
 In peace and silence. But if e'er was heard,—  
 Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveller,  
 Retiring or approaching from afar  
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs  
 From the hard floor reverberated, then  
 It was Angelica \* thundering through the woods  
 Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid  
 Erminia † fugitive as fair as she.  
 Sometimes me thought I saw a pair of knights  
 Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm  
 Rocked high above their heads ; anon, the din  
 Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,  
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt  
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance  
 Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,  
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.  
 The width of those huge forests, unto me  
 A novel scene, did often in this way

\* See the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, Canto I.

“ La donna il palfreno á dietro volta,  
 E per la selva á tutta briglia il caccia ;  
 Ne per la rara piú, che per la folta,  
 La piú sicura, e miglior via procaccia.”

The lady turned her palfrey swiftly round, and pressed on through the woods with utmost force, &c.—ED.

† See the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso, Canto VI. Erminia is the heroine of *Jerusalem Delivered*. An account of her flight occurs at the opening of the seventh canto.—ED.

Master my fancy while I wandered on  
 With that revered companion. And sometimes—  
 When to a convent in a meadow green,  
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,  
 And not by reverential touch of Time  
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—  
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,  
 In spite of real fervour, and of that  
 Less genuine and wrought up within myself—  
 I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,  
 And for the Matin-bell to sound no more  
 Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross  
 High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign  
 (How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes !)  
 Of hospitality and peaceful rest.  
 And when the partner of those varied walks  
 Pointed upon occasion to the site  
 Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,\*  
 To the imperial edifice of Blois,†  
 Or to that rural castle, name now slipped  
 From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,  
 By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him  
 In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,

\* “*Rivus Romentini, petite ville du Blaisois, et capitale de la Sologne, aujourd’hui sous préfecture du département de Loir-et-Cher.*” It was taken in 1356 and in 1429 by the English, in 1562 by the Catholics, in 1567 by the Calvinists, and in 1589 by the Royalists. “*Henri IV., l’érigea en comté pour sa maîtresse, Charlotte des Essarts, 1560.* Francis I., y rendit un édit célèbre qui attribuait aux prélates la connaissance du crime d’hérésie, et la répression des assemblées illicites.” (Dict. Histor. de la France, par Ludovic Lalaune. Paris, 1872.)—ED.

† Blois. “*Louis XII., qui était né à Blois, y séjourna souvent, et reconstruisit complètement le château, où la cour habita fréquemment au XVI. siècle.*” (Dic. Histor. de la France, Lalaune). The town is full of historical reminiscences of Louis XII., Francis I., Henry III., and Catherine and Mary de Medicis. Wordsworth went from Orleans to Blois, in the spring of 1792.—ED.

As a tradition of the country tells,  
 Practised to commune with her royal knight  
 By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse  
 'Twixt her high-seated residence and his  
 Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath ; \*  
 Even here, though less than with the peaceful house  
 Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments  
 Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,  
 Imagination, potent to inflame  
 At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn,  
 Did also often mitigate the force  
 Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,  
 So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind ;  
 And on these spots with many gleams I looked  
 Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,  
 Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one  
 Is law for all, and of that barren pride  
 In them who, by immunities unjust,  
 Between the sovereign an' the people stand,  
 His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold  
 Daily upon me, mixed with pity too  
 And love ; for where hope is, there love will be  
 For the abject multitude. And when we chanced  
 One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,  
 Who crept along fitting her languid gait  
 Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane  
 Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands  
 Was busy knitting in a heartless mood  
 Of solitude, and at the sight my friend

\* Chambord ; "célèbre château du Blaisois (Loir-et-Cher), construit par Francis I., sur l'emplacement d'une maison de plaisance des comtes de Blois. Donné par Louis XV. à son beau-père Stanislas, puis au Maréchal de Saxe, il revint ensuite à la couronne ; et en 1777 Louis XVI. en accorda la jouissance à la famille de Polignac." (Lalaune). — Ed.

In agitation said, “ ‘Tis against *that*  
That we are fighting,” I with him believed  
That a benignant spirit was abroad  
Which might not be withheld, that poverty  
Abject as this would in a little time  
Be found no more, that we should see the earth  
Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,  
All institutes for ever blotted out  
That legalised exclusion, empty pomp  
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,  
Whether by edict of the one or few ;  
And finally, as sum and crown of all,  
Should see the people having a strong hand  
In framing their own laws ; whence better days  
To all mankind. But, these things set apart,  
Was not this single confidence enough  
To animate the mind that ever turned  
A thought to human welfare ? That henceforth  
Captivity by mandate without law  
Should cease; and open accusation lead  
To sentence in the hearing of the world,  
And open punishment, if not the air  
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man  
Dread nothing. From this height I shall not stoop  
To humbler matter that detained us oft  
In thought or conversation, public acts,  
And public persons, and emotions wrought  
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds  
Of record or report swept over us ;  
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,  
Told by my Patriot friend,\* of sad events

\* The tale of Vaudracour and Julia, see p. 63-74.—ED.

That prove to what low depth had struck the roots,  
How widely spread the boughs, of that old tree  
Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul  
And black dishonour, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,  
In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow,  
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven !  
So might—and with that prelude *did* begin  
The record ; and, in faithful verse, was given  
The doleful sequel.

But our little bark  
On a strong river boldly hath been launched ;  
And from the driving current should we turn  
To loiter wilfully within a creek,  
Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager !  
Would'st thou not chide ? Yet deem not my pains lost :  
For Vaudracour and Julia (so were named  
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will draw  
Tears from the hearts of others, when their own  
Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there mayst read  
At leisure, how the enamoured youth was driven,  
By public power abased, to fatal crime,  
Nature's rebellion against monstrous law ;  
How, between heart and heart, oppression thrust  
Her mandates, severing whom true love had joined,  
Harassing both ; until he sank and pressed  
The couch his fate had made for him ; supine,  
Save when the stings of viperous remorse,  
Trying their strength, enforced him to start up,  
Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood  
He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind ;  
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more ;

Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own worst wrongs,  
 Rouse him ; but, hidden in those gloomy shades,  
 His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

### Book Tenth.

#### RESIDENCE IN FRANCE—*continued.*

IT was a beautiful and silent day  
 That overspread the countenance of earth,  
 Then fading with unusual quietness,—  
 A day as beautiful as e'er was given  
 To soothe regret, though deepening what it soothed,  
 When by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast  
 Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,  
 Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured woods,  
 Again, and yet again, a farewell look ;  
 Then from the quiet of that scene passed on,  
 Bound to the fierce Metropolis.\* From his throne  
 The King had fallen,† and that invading host—  
 Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front was written  
 The tender mercies of the dismal wind  
 That bore it—on the plains of Liberty  
 Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder words;  
 They—who had come elate as eastern hunters  
 Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he  
 Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,

\* He left Blois for Paris in the late autumn of 1792.—ED.

† The trial of King Louis the Sixteenth lasted from the 11th to the 16th December 1792, and he was executed on the 20th of January 1793.—ED.

Rajahs and Omrahs\* in his train, intent  
 To drive their prey enclosed within a ring  
 Wide as a province, but, the signal given,  
 Before the point of the life-threatening spear  
 Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash men,  
 Had seen the anticipated quarry turned  
 Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled  
 In terror. Disappointment and dismay  
 Remained for all whose fancies had run wild  
 With evil expectations; confidence  
 And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State, as if to stamp the final seal  
 On her security, and to the world  
 Show what she was, a high and fearless soul,  
 Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung  
 By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt  
 With spiteful gratitude the baffled League,  
 That had stirred up her slackening faculties  
 To a new transition, when the King was crushed,  
 Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste  
 Assumed the body and venerable name  
 Of a Republic.† Lamentable crimes,  
 'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire work  
 Of massacre,‡ in which the senseless sword  
 Was prayed to as a judge; but these were past,  
 Earth free from them for ever, as was thought,—  
 Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!  
 Things that could only show themselves and die.

\* Probably a misprint for Omlahs; the officials who attend the Rajahs to take charge of law cases, collect and sift evidence, and prepare the cases for the decision of the Rajah.—ED.

† The “Republic” was decreed on the 22d of September 1792.—ED.

‡ The “September Massacres” lasted from the 2d to the 6th of that month.—ED.

\* Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,\*  
 And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,  
 The spacious city, and in progress passed  
 The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,  
 Associate with his children and his wife  
 In bondage ; and the palace, lately stormed  
 With roar of cannon by a furious host.  
 I crossed the square (an empty area then !)  
 Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain  
 The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed  
 On this and other spots, as doth a man  
 Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
 Are memorable, but from him locked up,  
 Being written in a tongue he cannot read,  
 So that he questions the mute leaves with pain,  
 And half upbraids their silence. But that night  
 I felt most deeply in what world I was,  
 What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed.  
 High was my room and lonely, near the roof  
 Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge  
 That would have pleased me in more quiet times ;  
 Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.  
 With unextinguished taper I kept watch,  
 Reading at intervals ; the fear gone by  
 Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.  
 I thought of those September massacres,  
 Divided from me by one little month,†  
 Saw them and touched : the rest was conjured up  
 From tragic fictions or true history,  
 Remembrances and dim admonishments.  
 The horse is taught his manage, and no star  
 Of wildest course but treads back his own steps ;

\* He reached Paris in the beginning of October 1792.—ED.

† See the two last notes.—ED.

For the spent hurricane the air provides  
As fierce a successor ; the tide retreats  
But to return out of its hiding-place  
In the great deep ; all things have second birth ;  
The earthquake is not satisfied at once ;  
And in this way I wrought upon myself,  
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,  
To the whole city, " Sleep no more." The trance  
Fled with the voice to which it had given birth ;  
But vainly comments of a calmer mind  
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness.  
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,  
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,  
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-walk  
Of Orleans eagerly I turned ; as yet  
The streets were still ; not so those long Arcades ;  
There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sounds and cries,  
That greeted me on entering, I could hear  
Shrill voices from the hawkers in the throng,  
Bawling, " Denunciation of the Crimes  
Of Maximilian Robespierre ;" the hand,  
Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed speech,  
The same that had been recently pronounced,  
When Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark  
Some words of indirect réproof had been  
Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared  
The man who had an ill surmise of him  
To bring his charge in openness ; whereat,  
When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,  
In silence of all present, from his seat  
Louvet walked single through the avenue,  
And took his station in the Tribune, saying,

"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!"\* Well is known  
 The inglorious issue of that charge, and how  
 He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,  
 The one bold man, whose voice the attack had sounded,  
 Was left without a follower to discharge  
 His perilous duty, and retire lamenting  
 That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men  
 Who to themselves are false.†

But these are things  
 Of which I speak, only as they were storm  
 Or sunshine to my individual mind,  
 No further. Let me then relate that now—  
 In some sort seeing with my proper eyes  
 That Liberty, and Life, and Death would soon  
 To the remotest corners of the land  
 Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled  
 The capital City ; what was struggled for,  
 And by what combatants victory must be won ;

\* "One day, among the last of October, Robespierre, being summoned to the tribune by some new hint of that old calumny of the Dictatorship, was speaking and pleading there, with more and more comfort to himself; till rising high in heart, he cried out valiantly : Is there any man here that dare specifically accuse me? 'Moi!' exclaimed one. Pause of deep silence : a lean angry little Figure, with broad bald brow, strode swiftly towards the tribune, taking papers from its pocket : 'I accuse thee, Robespierre,' 1, Jean Baptiste Louvet! The Seagreen became tallow-green ; shrinking to a corner of the tribune, Danton cried, 'Speak, Robespierre ; there are many good citizens that listen ;' but the tongue refused its office. And so Louvet, with a shrill tone, read and recited crime after crime; dictatorial temper, exclusive popularity, bullying at elections, mob-retinue, September Massacres ;—till all the Convention shrieked again," &c., &c. Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Vol. III., Book II., chap. 5.—ED.

† Robespierre got a week's delay to prepare a ~~defence~~. "That week he is not idle. He is ready at the day with his written Speech : smooth as a Jesuit Doctor's, and convinces some. And now! . . . poor Louvet, unprepared, can do little or nothing. Barrere proposes that these comparatively despicable 'personalities' be dismissed by order of the day ! Order of the day it accordingly is." Carlyle, *ut supra*.—ED.

The indecision on their part whose aim  
Seemed best, and the straightforward path of those  
Who in attack or in defence were strong  
Through their impiety—my inmost soul  
Was agitated ; yea, I could almost  
Have prayed that throughout earth upon all men,  
By patient exercise of reason made  
Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled  
With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,  
The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive  
From the four quarters of the winds to do  
For France, what without help she could not do,  
A work of honour ; think not that to this  
I added, work of safety : from all doubt  
Or trepidation for the end of things  
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but thought  
Of opposition and of remedies :  
An insignificant stranger and obscure,  
And one, moreover, little graced with power  
Of eloquence even in my native speech,  
And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,  
Yet would I at this time with willing heart  
Have undertaken for a cause so great  
Service however dangerous. I revolved  
How much the destiny of Man had still  
Hung upon single persons ; that there was,  
Transcendent to all local patrimony,  
One nature, as there is one sun in heaven ;  
That objects, even as they are great, thereby  
Do come within the reach of humblest eyes ;  
That Man is only weak through his mistrust  
And want of hope where evidence divine

Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure ;  
Nor did the inexperience of my youth  
Preclude conviction that a spirit strong  
In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,  
A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,  
Is for Society's unreasoning herd  
A doaneering instinct, serves at once  
For way and guide, a fluent receptacle  
That gathers up each petty straggling rill  
And vein of water, glad to be rolled on  
In safe obedience ; that a mind, whose rest  
Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,  
In circumspection and simplicity,  
Falls rarely in entire discomfiture  
Below its aim, or meets with, from without,  
A treachery that foils it or defeats ;  
And, lastly, if the means on human will,  
Frail human will, dependent should betray  
Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt  
That 'mid the loud distractions of the world  
A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,  
Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,  
Of life and death, in majesty severe  
Enjoining, as may best promote the aims  
Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,  
From whatsoever region of our cares  
Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,  
Earnest and blind, against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those truths  
That are the common-places of the schools—  
(A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their sires,)  
Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,  
In all their comprehensive bearings known

And visible to philosophers of old,  
 Men who, to business of the world untrained,  
 Lived in the shade ; and to Hermodius known  
 And his compeer Aristogiton \* known  
 To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,  
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,  
 Nor the support of good or evil men  
 To trust in ; that the godhead which is ours  
 Can never utterly be charmed or stilled ;  
 That nothing hath a natural right to last  
 But equity and reason ; that all else  
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best  
 Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my thoughts  
 Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that time  
 But that the virtue of one paramount mind  
 Would have abashed those impious crests—have quelled  
 Outrage and bloody power, and—in despite  
 Of what the People long had been and were  
 Through ignorance and false teaching, sadder proof  
 Of immaturity, and in the teeth  
 Of desperate opposition from without—  
 Have cleared a passage for just government  
 And left a solid birthright to the State,  
 Redeemed, according to example given  
 By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,  
 Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,  
 So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknowledge,  
 Forced by the gracious providence of Heaven,—

\* Harmodius and Aristogiton of Athens murdered the tyrant Hipparchus, 514 B.C., and delivered the city from the rule of the Pisistratidae, much as Brutus rose against Cæsar.—ED.

To England I returned,\* else (though assured  
 That I both was and must be of small weight,  
 No better than a landsman off the deck  
 Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)  
 Doubtless, I should have then made common cause  
 With some who perished ; haply perished too,†  
 A poor mistaken and bewildered offering.—  
 Should to the breast of Nature have gone back,  
 With all my resolutions, all my hopes,  
 A Poet only to myself, to men  
 Useless, and even, beloved Friend ! a soul  
 To thee unknown !

Twice had the trees let fall  
 Their leaves, as often Winter had put on  
 His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge  
 Beat against Albion's shore,‡ since ear of mine  
 Had caught the accents of my native speech  
 Upon our native country's sacred ground.  
 A patriot of the world, how could I glide  
 Into communion with her sylvan shades,  
 Erewhile my tuneful haunt ? . It pleased me more  
 To abide in the great City,§ where I found

\* He crossed the channel, and returned to England reluctantly, in December 1792. Compare p. 400—

Since I withdrew unwillingly from France. —ED.

† Had he remained longer in Paris, he would probably have fallen a victim, amongst the Brissotins, to the reactionary fury of the Jacobin party.—ED.

‡ He left England in November 1791, and returned in December 1792.—ED.

§ He staid in London during the winter of 1792-3 and spring of 1793, probably with his elder brother Richard (who was a solicitor there), doubtless making arrangements for the publication of the *Evening Walk*. The *Descriptive Sketches* were not written till the summer of 1793 (see the Thirteenth Book of *The Prelude*, p. 387); but in a letter dated "Fornoett, February 16th, 1793," his sister sends to a friend an interesting criticism of her brother's verses. The *Evening Walk* must therefore have appeared in January 1793. (See the Life of the Poet in the last volume.)—ED.

The general air still busy with the stir  
Of that first memorable onset made  
By a strong levy of humanity  
Upon the traffickers in Negro blood ;\*  
Effort which, though defeated, had recalled  
To notice old forgotten principles,  
And through the nation spread a novel heat  
Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own  
That this particular strife had wanted power  
To rivet my affections ; nor did now  
Its unsuccessful issue much excite  
My sorrow ; for I brought with me the faith  
That, if France prospered, good men would not long  
Pay fruitless worship to humanity,  
And this most rotten branch of human shame,  
Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,  
Would fall together with its parent tree.  
What, then, were my emotions, when in arms  
Britain put forth her free-born strength in league,  
Oh, pity and shame ! with those confederate Powers !  
Not in my single self alone I found,  
But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,  
Change and subversion from that hour. No shock  
Given to my moral nature had I known  
Down to that very moment ; neither lapse  
Nor turn of sentiment that might be named  
A revolution, save at this one time ;  
All else was progress on the self-same path  
On which, with a diversity of pace,  
I had been travelling : this a stride at once

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\* The movement for the abolition of slavery, led by Clarkson and Wilberforce. Compare the sonnet "to Thomas Clarkson on the final passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, March 1807." (Vol. IV. of this edition.)—ED.

Into another region. As a light  
 And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze  
 On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I  
 Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower  
 Of my beloved country, wishing not  
 A happier fortune than to wither there :  
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn  
 And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,  
 Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record !—  
 Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,  
 When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,  
 Left without glory on the field, or driven,  
 Brave hearts ! to shameful flight. It was a grief,—  
 Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—  
 A conflict of sensations without name,  
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight  
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,  
 When, in the congregation bending all  
 To their great Father, prayers were offered up,  
 Or praises for our country's victories ;  
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance  
 I only, like an uninvited guest  
 Whom no one owned, sate silent ; shall I add,  
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh ! much have they to account for, who could tear,  
 By violence, at one decisive rent,  
 From the best youth in England their dear pride,  
 Their joy, in England ; this, too, at a time  
 In which worst losses easily might wean  
 The best of names, when patriotic love  
 Did of itself in modesty give way,  
 Like the Precursor when the Deity  
 Is come Whose harbinger he was ; a time

In which apostasy from ancient faith  
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed ;  
 Withal a season dangerous and wild,  
 A time when sage Experience would have snatched  
 Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose  
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the red-cross flag \*  
 In that unworthy service was prepared  
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,  
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep ;  
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner  
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy days  
 In that delightful island which protects  
 Their place of convocation †—there I heard,  
 Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,  
 A monitory sound that never failed,—  
 The sunset cannon. While the orb went down  
 In the tranquillity of nature, came  
 That voice, ill requiem ! seldom heard by me  
 Without a spirit overcast by dark  
 Imaginations, sense of woes to come,  
 Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men who, for their desperate ends,  
 Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad  
 Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before  
 In wicked pleas, were strong as demons now ;

\* The red-cross flag, i.e., the British ensign. "On the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, James I. issued a proclamation that 'all the subjects of this isle and the kingdom of Great Britain should bear on the main top, the red cross commonly called St George's Cross, and the white cross commonly called St Andrew's Cross, joined together according to the form made by our own heralds.' This was the first Union Jack." (Encycl. Brit. (ninth edition), Art. Flag.)—ED.

† In the Isle of Wight. Wordsworth spent a month of the summer of 1793 there, with William Calvert. (See Advertisement to *Guilt and Sorrow*, Vol. I., pp. 71, 72.)—ED.

And thus, on every side beset with foes,  
 The goaded land waxed mad ; the crimes of few  
 Spread into madness of the many ; blasts  
 From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven.  
 The sternness of the just, the faith of those  
 Who doubted not that Providence had times  
 Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned  
 The human Understanding paramount.  
 And made of that their God,\* the hopes of men  
 Who were content to barter short-lived pangs  
 For a paradise of ages, the blind rage,  
 Of insolent tempers, the light vanity  
 Of intermeddlers, steady purposes  
 Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,  
 And all the accidents of life were pressed  
 Into one service, busy with one work.  
 The Senate stood aghast, her prudence quenched,  
 Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,  
 Her frenzy only active to extol  
 Past outrages, and shape the way for new,  
 Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole year  
 With feast-days ; old men from the chimney-nook,  
 The maiden from the bosom of her love,  
 The mother from the cradle of her babe,  
 The warrior from the field—all perished, all—  
 Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,  
 Head after head, and never heads enough  
 For those that bade them fall. They found their joy,  
 They made it proudly, eager as a child,  
 (If like desires of innocent little ones

May with such heinous appetites be compared).  
 Pleased in some open field to exercise  
 A toy that mimics with revolving wings  
 The motion of a wind-mill ; though the air  
 Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vanes  
 Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him not,  
 But, with the plaything at arm's length, he sets  
 His front against the blast, and runs amain,  
 That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth  
 Of those enormities, even thinking minds  
 Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their being ;  
 Forgot that such a sound was ever heard  
 As Liberty upon earth : yet all beneath  
 Her innocent authority was wrought,  
 Nor could have been without her blessed name.  
 The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour  
 Of her composure, felt that agony,  
 And gave it vent in her last words.\* O Friend !  
 It was a lamentable time for man,  
 Whether a hope had e'er been his or not ;  
 A woful time for them whose hopes survived  
 The shock ; most woful for those few who still  
 Were flattered, and had trust in human kind :  
 They had the deepest feeling of the grief.  
 Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they deserved :  
 The Herculean Commonwealth had put forth her arms,

\* Jeanne-Marie Philpon—Madame Roland—was guillotined on the 8th of November 1793. “Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she asked for pen and paper ‘to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her :’ a remarkable request ; which was refused. Looking at the Statue of Liberty which stands there, she says bitterly : ‘O Liberty, what things are done in thy name !’” “Like a white Grecian Statue, serenely complete,” adds Carlyle, “she shines in that black wreck of things, long memorable.”—*French Revolution*, Vol. III., Book V., Chap. 2.—ED.

And throttled with an infant godhead's might  
The snakes about her cradle ; that was well,  
And as it should be ; yet no cure for them  
Whose souls were sick with pain of what would be  
Hereafter brought in charge against mankind.  
Most melancholy at that time, O Friend !  
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were miserable ;  
Through months, through years, long after the last beat  
Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep  
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,  
Such ghastly visions had I of despair  
And tyranny, and implements of death ;  
And innocent victims sinking under fear,  
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,  
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds  
For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth  
And levity in dungeons, where the dust  
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene  
Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me  
In long orations, which I strove to plead  
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice  
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,  
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt  
In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful prime  
To yield myself to Nature, when that strong  
And holy passion overcame me first,  
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was free  
From its oppression. But, O Power Supreme !  
Without Whose call this world would cease to breathe,  
Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost fill  
The veins that branch through every frame of life,  
Making man what he is, creature divine,

In single or in social eminence,  
Above the rest raised infinite ascents  
When reason that enables him to be  
Is not sequestered—what a change is here !  
How different ritual for this after-worship,  
What countenance to promote this second love !  
The first was service paid to things which lie  
Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.  
Therefore to serve was high beatitude ;  
Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear  
Ennobling, venerable ; sleep secure,  
And waking thoughts more rich than happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft  
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws  
With them to take a troubled human heart,  
Wanted not consolations, nor a creed  
Of reconciliation, then when they denounced,  
On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss  
Of their offences, punishment to come ;  
Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,  
Before them, in some desolated place,  
The wrath consummate and the threat fulfilled ;  
So, with devout humility be it said,  
So did a portion of that spirit fall  
On me uplifted from the vantage-ground  
Of pity and sorrow to a state of being  
That through the time's exceeding fierceness saw  
Glimpses of retribution, terrible,  
And in the order of sublime behests :  
But, even if that were not, amid the awe  
Of unintelligible chastisement,  
Not only acquiescences of faith  
Survived, but daring sympathies with power,

Motions not treacherous or profane, else why  
Within the folds of no ungentle breast  
Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged ?  
Wild blasts of music thus could find their way  
Into the midst of turbulent events ;  
So that worst tempests might be listened to.  
Then was the truth received into my heart,  
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,  
If from the affliction somewhere do not grow  
Honour which could not else have been, a faith,  
An elevation, and a sanctity,  
If new strength be not given nor old restored,  
The blaine is ours, not Nature's. When a taunt  
Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,  
Saying, " Behold the harvest that we reap  
From popular government and equality,"  
I clearly saw that neither these nor aught  
Of wild belief engrafted on their names  
By false philosophy had caused the woe,  
But a terrific reservoir of guilt  
And ignorance filled up from age to age,  
That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,  
But burst and spread in deluge through the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea  
Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,  
So that disastrous period did not want  
Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,  
To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven  
Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the less,  
For those examples, in no age surpassed,  
Of fortitude and energy and love,  
And human nature faithful to herself  
Under worst trials, was I driven to think

Of the glad times when first I traversed France  
 A youthful pilgrim ; \* above all reviewed  
 That eventide, when under windows bright  
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,  
 And through a rainbow-arch that spanned the street,  
 Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed, †  
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,  
 The town of Arras,‡ whence with promise high  
 Issued, on delegation to sustain  
 Humanity and right, *that Robespierre*,  
 He who thereafter, and in how short time !  
 Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.  
 When the calamity spread far and wide—  
 And this same city, that did then appear  
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned  
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son,  
 As Lear reproached the winds—I could almost  
 Have quarrelled with that blameless spectacle  
 For lingering yet an image in my mind  
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend ! few happier moments have been mine  
 Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe  
 So dreaded, so abhorred. § The day deserves

\* In the long vacation of 1790, with his friend Jones.—ED.

† Compare the sonnet (Vol. II., p. 290) beginning—

“Jones ! as from Calais southward you and I  
 Went pacing side by side, this public Way  
 Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,  
 When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty,” &c. —ED.

‡ Robespierre was a native of Arras.—ED.

§ Robespierre was guillotined with his confederates on the 28th July 1794. Wordsworth lived in Cumberland—at Keswick, Whitehaven, and Penrith—from the winter of 1793-4 till the spring of 1795. He must have made this journey across the Ulverston Sands, in the first week of August 1794. Compare his remarks on Robespierre, in his *Letter to a Friend of Burns*.—F.D.

A separate record. Over the smooth sands  
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay  
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,  
 With distant prospect among gleams of sky  
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain tops,  
 In one inseparable glory clad,  
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met  
 In consistory, like a diadem  
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit  
 In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp  
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales  
 Among whose happy fields I had grown up  
 From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,  
 That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed  
 Entrapt; but brightest things are wont to draw  
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,  
 As even their pensive influence drew from mine.  
 How could it otherwise? for not in vain  
 That very morning had I turned aside  
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves,  
 An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,\*  
 And on the stone were graven by his desire  
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.†

\* The "honoured teacher" of his youth was the Rev. William Taylor, of Eman Coll., Cambridge, who was master at Hawkshead School from 1782 to 1786, who died while Wordsworth was at school, and who was buried in Cartmell Churchyard. See the Note to the *Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ——* (Vol. II., p. 71).—ED.

+ The following is the inscription on the head stone in Cartmell Churchyard:—

"In memory of the Rev. William Taylor, A.M., son of John Taylor of Outerthwaite, who was some years a Fellow of Eman. Coll., Camb., and Master of the Free School at Hawkshead. He departed this life June the 12th 1786, aged 32 years 2 months and 13 days.

His Merits, stranger, seek not to disclose,  
 Or draw his Frailities from their dread abode,  
 There they alike in trembling Hope repose,  
 The Bosom of his Father and his God."—ED.

This faithful guide, speaking from his deathbed,  
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel,  
 But said to me, " My head will soon lie low ; "  
 And when I saw the turf that covered him,  
 After the lapse of full eight years,\* those words,  
 With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,  
 Came back upon me, so that some few tears  
 Fell from me in my own despite. But now  
 I thought, still traversing that widespread plain,  
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven  
 Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself :  
 He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,  
 Would have loved me, as one not destitute  
 Of promise, nor belying the kind hope  
 That he had formed, when I, at his command,  
 Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs. †

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt  
 Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small  
 And rocky island near, a fragment stood  
 (Itself like a sea rock) the low remains  
 (With shells encrusted, dark with briny weeds)  
 Of a dilapidated structure, once  
 A Romish chapel, where the vested priest  
 Said matins at the hour that suited those  
 Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning tide.  
 Not far from that still ruin all the plain

\* This is exact. Taylor died in 1786. Robespierre was executed in 1794, eight years afterwards.—ED.

† He refers to the *Lines written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, anno octatis 14* (see Vol. I., pp. 283-5); and, probably, to *The Summer Vacation*, which is mentioned in the "Autobiographical Memoranda" as "a task imposed by my master," but whether by Taylor, or by his predecessors at Hawkshead School in Wordsworth's time—Parker and Christian—is uncertain.—ED.

Lay spotted with a variegated crowd  
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,  
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide  
In loose procession through the shallow stream  
Of inland waters ; the great sea meanwhile  
Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused,  
Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright  
And cheerful, but the foremost of the band  
As he approached, no salutation given  
In the familiar language of the day,  
Cried, " Robespierre is dead ! "—nor was a doubt,  
After strict question, left within my mind  
That he and his supporters all were fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my gratitude  
To everlasting Justice, by this fiat  
Made manifest. " Come now, ye golden times,"  
Said I, forth-pouring on those open sands  
A hymn of triumph : " as the morning comes  
From out the bosom of the night, come ye :  
Thus far our trust is verified ; behold !  
They who with clumsy desperation brought  
A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else  
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might  
Of their own helper have been swept away ;  
Their madness stands declared and visible ;  
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth  
March firmly towards righteousness and peace."—  
Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how  
The madding factions might be tranquillised,  
And how through hardships manifold and long  
The glorious renovation would proceed.  
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts  
Of exultation, I pursued my way

Along that very shore which I had skimmed  
 In former days, when—spurring from the Vale  
 Of Nightshade, and St Mary's mouldering fane,\*  
 And the stone abbot, after circuit made  
 In wantonness of heart, a joyous band  
 Of school-boys hastening to their distant home  
 Along the margin of the moonlight sea—  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.†

### Book Eleventh.

#### FRANCE—*concluded.*

FROM that time forth,‡ Authority in France  
 Put on a milder face ; Terror had ceased,  
 Yet everything was wanting that might give  
 Courage to them who looked for good by light  
 Of rational Experience, for the shoots  
 And hopeful blossoms of a second spring :  
 Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired ;  
 The Senate's language, and the public acts  
 And measures of the Government, though both  
 Weak, and of heartless omen, had not power  
 To daunt me ; in the People was my trust :  
 And, in the virtues which mine eyes had seen,  
 I knew that wound external could not take  
 Life from the young Republic ; that new foes  
 Would only follow, in the path of shame,  
 Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the end

\* See Note † p. 156.—ED.

† By Arrad Foot and Greenodd, beyond Ulverston, on the way to Hawkshead.—ED.

‡ The Reign of Terror ended with the downfall of Robespierre and his “tribe.”—ED.

Great, universal, irresistible.  
This intuition led me to confound  
One victory with another, higher far,—  
Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,  
And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still  
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought  
That what was in degree the same was likewise  
The same in quality,—that, as the worse  
Of the two spirits then at strife remained  
Untired, the better, surely, would preserve  
The heart that first had roused him. Youth maintains,  
In all conditions of society,  
Communion more direct and intimate  
With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with reason too—  
Than age or manhood, even. To Nature, then,  
Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,  
Had left an interregnuni's open space  
For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.  
Hence could I see how Babel-like their task,  
Who, by the recent deluge stupified,  
With their whole souls went culling from the day  
Its petty promises, to build a tower  
For their own safety; laughed with my compeers  
At gravest heads, by enmity to France  
Distempered, till they found, in every blast  
Forced from the street-disturbing newsman's horn,  
For her great cause record or prophecy  
Of utter ruin. How might we believe  
That wisdom could, in any shape, come near  
Men clinging to delusions so insane?  
And thus, experience proving that no few  
Of our opinions had been just, we took  
Like credit to ourselves where less was due,  
And thought that other notions were as sound,

Yea, could not but be right, because we saw  
That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain

More animated I might here give way,  
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,  
What in those day, through Britain, was performed  
To turn *all* judgments out of their right course ;  
But this is passion over-near ourselves,  
Reality too close and too intense,  
And intermixed with something, in my mind,  
Of scorn and condemnation personal,  
That would profane the sanctity of verse.  
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time  
Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men  
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law  
A tool of murder ; \* they who ruled the State,  
Though with such awful proof before their eyes  
That he, who would sow death, reaps death, or worse,  
And can reap nothing better, child-like longed  
To imitate, not wise enough to avoid ;  
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)  
The plain straight road, for one no better chosen  
Than if their wish had been to undermine  
Justice, and make an end of Liberty. \*

But from these bitter truths I must return  
To my own history. It hath been told

\* He refers doubtless to the effect, upon the Government of the day, of the dread of Revolution in England. There were a few partizans of France and of the Revolution in England ; and the panic which followed, though irrational, was widespread. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, a Bill was passed against seditious Assemblies, the Press was prosecuted, some Scottish Whigs who clamoured for reform were sentenced to transportation, while one Judge expressed regret that the practice of torture for sedition had fallen into disuse.—ED.

That I was led to take an eager part  
 In arguments of civil polity,  
 Abruptly, and indeed before my time\*:  
 I had approached, like other youths, the shield  
 Of human nature from the golden side,  
 And would have fought, even to the death, to attest  
 The quality of the metal which I saw.  
 What there is best in individual man,  
 Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,  
 Benevolent in small societies,  
 And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,  
 Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood  
 By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet,  
 As cause was given me afterwards to learn,  
 Not proof against the injuries of the day;  
 Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,  
 Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,  
 And with such general insight into evil,  
 And of the bounds which sever it from good,  
 As books and common intercourse with life  
 Must needs have given—to the inexperienced mind,  
 When the world travels in a beaten road,  
 Guide faithful as is needed—I began  
 To meditate with ardour on the rule  
 And management of nations; what it is  
 And ought to be; and strove to learn how far  
 Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,  
 Their happiness or misery, depends  
 Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy! \*  
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood

Upon our side, us who were strong in love !  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young\* was very Heaven ! \* O times,  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
 The attraction of a country in romance !  
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A priine enchantress—to assist the work  
 Which then was going forward in her name !  
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,  
 The beauty wore of promise—that which sets  
 (As at some moments might not be unfelt  
 Among the bowers of Paradise itself)  
 The budding rose above the rose full blown  
 What temper at the prospect did not wake  
 To happiness unthought of ? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away !  
 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
 The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
 As if they had within some lurking right  
 To wield it ;—they, too, who of gentle mood  
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,

\* Compare *Ruth*, Vol. II., p. 87.

Before me shone a glorious world—  
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled  
 To music suddenly :  
 I looked upon those hills and plains,  
 And seemed as if let loose from chains,  
 To live at liberty.—ED.

And in the region of their peaceful selves ;—  
 Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty  
 Did both find helpers to their hearts' desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—  
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
 Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—  
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where !  
 But in the very world, which is the world  
 Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,  
 We find our happiness, or not at all !

Why should I not confess that Earth was then  
 To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,  
 Seems, when the first time visited, to one  
 Who thither comes to find it in his home !  
 He walks about and looks upon the spot  
 With cordial transport, moulds it and remoulds,  
 And is half pleased with things that are amiss,  
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked  
 From every object pleasant circumstance  
 To suit my ends ; I moved among mankind  
 With genial feelings still predominant ;  
 When erring, erring on the better part,  
 And in the kinder spirit ; placable,  
 Indulgent, as not uninformed that men  
 See as they have been taught—Antiquity  
 Gives rights to error ; and aware, no less,  
 That throwing off oppression must be work  
 As well of License as of Liberty ;  
 And above all—for this was more than all—  
 Not caring if the wind did now and then  
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave

Prospect so large into futurity ;  
 In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,  
 Diffusing only those affections wider  
 That from the cradle had grown up with me,  
 And losing, in no other way than light  
 Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong.

In the main outline, such it might be said  
 Was my condition, till with open war  
 Britain opposed the liberties of France.\*  
 This threw me first out of the pale of love ;  
 Soured and corrupted, upwards to the source,  
 My sentiments ; was not, as hitherto,  
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great,  
 But change of them into their contraries ;  
 And thus a way was opened for mistakes  
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,  
 In kind more dangerous. What had been a pride  
 Was now a shame ; my likings and my loves  
 Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry ;  
 And hence a blow that, in maturer age,  
 Would but have touched the judgment, struck more deep  
 Into sensations near the heart : meantime,  
 As from the first, wild theories were afloat,  
 To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,  
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured  
 That time was ready to set all things right,  
 And that the multitude, so long oppressed,  
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when events  
 Brought less encouragement, and unto these  
 The immediate proof of principles no more  
 Could be entrusted, while the events themselves,

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\* In 1795.

Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty,  
 Less occupied the mind, and sentiments  
 Could through my understanding's natural growth  
 No longer keep their ground, by faith maintained  
 Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid  
 Her hand upon her object—evidence  
 Safer, of universal application, such  
 As could not be impeached, was sought elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their turn,  
 Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence  
 For one of conquest,\* losing sight of all  
 Which they had struggled for: up mounted now,  
 Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,  
 The scale of liberty. I read her doom,  
 With anger vexed, with disappointment sore,  
 But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame  
 Of a false prophet. While resentment rose  
 Striving to hide, what nought could heal, the wounds  
 Of mortified presumption, I adhered  
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove  
 Their temper, strained them more; and thus in heat  
 Of contest, did opinions every day  
 Grow into consequence, till round my mind  
 They clung, as if they were its life, nay more,  
 The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things tending fast  
 To depravation, speculative schemes—  
 That promised to abstract the hopes of Man  
 Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth  
 For ever in a purer element—  
 Found ready welcome. · Tempting \*region that

\* Referring probably to Napoleon's Italian campaign in 1796.—ED.

For Zeal to enter and refresh herself, \*

Where passions had the privilege to work,

And never hear the sound of their own names.

But, speaking more in charity, the dream

Flattered the young; pleased with extremes, nor least

With that which makes our Reason's naked self

The object of its fervour. What delight!

How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-rule,

To look through all the frailties of the world,

And, with a resolute mastery shaking off

Infirmities of nature, time, and place,

Build social upon personal Liberty,

Which, to the blind restraints of general laws

Superior, magisterially adopts

One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed

Upon an independent intellect.

Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,

From her first ground expelled, grew proud once more.

Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human kind,

I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with thirst

Of a secure intelligence, and sick

Of other longing, I pursued what seemed

A more exalted nature; wished that Man

Should start out of his earthly, worm-like state, \*

And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,

Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—

A noble aspiration! *yet* I feel

(Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)

The aspiration, nor shall ever cease

To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea excuse  
Those aberrations—had the clamorous friends  
Of ancient Institutions said and done

To bring disgrace upon their very names ;  
Disgrace, of which, custom and written law,  
And sundry moral sentiments as props  
Or emanations of those institutes,  
Too justly bore a part. A veil had been  
Uplifted ; why deceive ourselves ? ~~In sooth,~~  
'Twas even so ; and sorrow for the man  
Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,  
Or, seeing, had forgotten ! A strong shock  
Was given to old opinions ; all men's minds  
Had felt its power, and mine was both let loose,  
Let loose and goaded. After what hath been  
Already said of patriotic love,  
Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern  
In temperament, withal a happy man,  
And therefore bold to look on painful things,  
Free likewise of the world, and thence more bold,  
I summoned my best skill, and toiled, intent  
To anatomise the frame of social life,  
Yea, the whole body of society  
Searched to its heart. Share with me, Friend ! the wish  
That some dramatic tale, endued with shapes  
Livelier, and flinging out less guarded words  
Than suit the work we fashion, might set forth  
What then I learned, or think I learned, of truth,  
And the errors into which I fell, betrayed  
By present objects, and by reasonings false  
From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn  
Out of a heart that had been turned aside  
From Nature's way by outward accidents,  
And which was thus confounded, more and more  
Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,  
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,  
Like culprits to the bar ; calling the mind,

Suspiciously, to establish in plain day  
Her titles and her honours ; now believing,  
Now disbelieving ; endlessly perplexed  
With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground  
Of obligation, what the rule and whence  
The sanction ; till, demanding formal *proof*,  
And seeking it in every thing, I lost  
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,  
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,  
This the soul's last and lowest ebb ; I drooped,  
Deeming our blessed reason of least use  
Where wanted most : " The lordly attributes  
Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,  
" What are they but a mockery of a Being  
Who hath in no concerns of his a test  
Of good and evil ; knows not what to fear  
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun ;  
And who, if those could be discerned, would yet  
Be little profited, would see, and ask  
Where is the obligation to enforce ?  
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,  
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss ;  
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk,  
With scoffers, seeking light and gay revenge  
From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate down  
In reconcilement with an utter waste  
Of intellect ; such sloth I could not brook,  
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,  
Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their dear reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there sought  
 Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned  
 Where the disturbances of space and time—  
 Whether in matters various, properties  
 Inherent, or from human will and power  
 Derived—find no admission.\* Then it was—  
 Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good !—  
 That the beloved Sister in whose sight  
 Those days were passed,† now speaking in a voice  
 Of sudden admonition—like a brook ‡  
 That did but cross a lonely road, and now  
 Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,  
 Companion never lost through many a league—  
 Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
 With my true self; for, though bedimmed and changed  
 Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed  
 Than as a clouded and a waning moon :  
 She whispered still that brightness would return,  
 She, in the midst of all, preserved me still  
 A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
 And that alone, my office upon earth ;  
 And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,  
 If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,  
 By all varieties of human love  
 Assisted, led me back through opening day

\* In 1794 he returned, with intermittent ardour, to the study of mathematics and phaics. See the Life in the last volume of this edition.—ED.

† In the winter of 1794 he went to Halifax, and there joined his sister, whom he accompanied in the same winter to Kendal, Grasmere, and Keswick. They stayed for several weeks at Windybow farm-house, near Keswick. The brother and sister had not met since the Christmas of 1790. It is to those "days," in 1794, that he refers.—ED.

‡ "Her voice was like a hidden brook that sang ;  
 The thought of her was like a flash of light  
 Or an unseen companionship."

(From the First Book of *The Recluse*, still in MS.)—ED.

To those sweet counsels between head and heart  
 Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,  
 Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,  
 Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now  
 In the catastrophe (for so they dream,  
 And nothing less), when, finally to close  
 And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope  
 Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor—\*  
 This last opprobrium, when we see a people,  
 That once looked up in faith, as if to Heaven  
 For manna, take a lesson from the dog  
 Returning to his vomit; when the sun  
 That rose in splendour, was alive, and moved  
 In exultation with a living pomp  
 Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—  
 Hath dropped all functions by the gods bestowed,  
 And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,  
 Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend !

Through times of honour and through times of shame  
 Descending, have I faithfully retraced  
 The perturbations of a youthful mind  
 Under a long-lived storm of great events—  
 A story destined for thy ear, who now,  
 Among the fallen of nations, dost abide  
 Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts  
 His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,†  
 The city of Timoleon ! † Righteous Heaven !

\* In 1804 Bonaparte sent for the Pope to anoint him as Emperor of France.—ED.

† Coleridge was then living in Sicily, whither he had gone from Malta. He ascended Etna. See Cottles' *Early Recollections*, chiefly relating to Samuel Taylor Coleridge (Vol. II., p. 77), and also compare the notes in this Volume, pp. 168, 238, and 258.—ED.

‡ Timoleon, one of the greatest of the Greeks, was sent in command of an expedition to reduce Scilly to order; and was afterwards the Master, but

How are the mighty prostrated ! They first,  
 They first of all that breathe, should have awaked  
 When the great voice was heard from out the tombs  
 Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief  
 For ill-requited France, by many deemed  
 A trifler only in her proudest day ;  
 Have been distressed to think of what she once  
 Promised, now is ; a far more sober cause  
 Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,  
 To the reanimating influence lost  
 Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,  
 Though with the wreck of loftier years bestrewn.

But indignation works where hope is not,  
 And thou, O Friend ! wilt be refreshed. There is  
 One great society alone on earth :  
 The noble Living and the noble Dead.

Thine be such converse strong and sanative,  
 A ladder for thy spirit to reascend  
 To health and joy and pure contentedness ;  
 To me the grief confined, that thou art gone  
 From this last spot of earth, where Freedom now  
 Stands single in her only sanctuary ;  
 A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain  
 Compelled and sickness,\* at this latter day,  
 This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.  
 I feel for thee, must utter what I feel :  
 The sympathies, erewhile in part discharged,

not the Tyrant, of Syracuse. He colonised it afresh from Corinth, and from the rest of Sicily ; and enacted new laws of a democratic character, being ultimately the ruler of the whole island ; although he refused office and declined titles, remaining a private citizen to the end. (See Plutarch's Life of him, and Cor. Nep.)—ED.

\* See p. 238, text, and note \*.—ED.

Gather afresh, and will have vent again :  
 My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
 My own delights ; the lordly Alps themselves,  
 Those rosy peaks, from which the Morning looks  
 Abroad on many nations, are no more  
 For me that image of pure gladsomeness  
 Which they were wont to be. Through kindred scenes,  
 For purpose, at a time, how different !  
 Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart and soul  
 That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought  
 Matured, and in the summer of their strength.  
 Oh ! wrap him in your shades, ye giant woods,  
 On Etna's side ; and thou, O flowery field  
 Of Enna !\* is there not some nook of thine,  
 From the first play-time of the infant world  
 Kept sacred to restorative delight,  
 When from afar invoked by anxious love ?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds reared,  
 Ere yet familiar with the classic page,  
 I learnt to dream of Sicily ; and lo,  
 The gloom, that, but a moment past, was deepened  
 At thy command, at her command gives way ;  
 A pleasant promise, wafteū from her shores,  
 Comes o'er my heart : in fancy I behold  
 Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales ;  
 Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name  
 Of note belonging to that honoured isle,  
 Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,†  
 Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul !†

\* Compare *Paradise Lost* iv. 260.—ED.

† Empedocles, the philosopher of Agrigentum, physicist, metaphysician, poet, musician, and hierophant. (Flo. cir. 450 B.C.)—ED.

‡ The geometrician of Syracuse (287-212 B.C.).—ED.

That doth not yield a solace to my grief ;  
 And, O Theocritus, so far have some\*  
 Prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,  
 By their endowments, good or great, that they  
 Have had, as thou reportest, miracles  
 Wrought for them in old time : yea, not unmoved,  
 When thinking on my own beloved friend,  
 I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed  
 Divine Comates,† by his impious lord  
 Within a chest imprisoned ; how they came  
 Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,  
 And fed him there, alive, month after month,  
 Because the goatherd, blessed man ! had lips  
 Wet with the Muses' nectar.

Thus I soothe  
 The pensive moments by this calm fire-side,  
 And find a thousand bounteous images  
 To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and mine.  
 Our prayers have been accepted ; thou wilt stand  
 On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,  
 Triumphant, winning from the invaded heavens  
 Thoughts without bound, magnificent designs,  
 Worthy of poets who attuned their harps  
 In wood or echoing cave, for discipline  
 Of heroes ; or, in reverence to the gods,  
 'Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and choirs  
 Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain  
 Those temples, where they in their ruins yet  
 Survive for inspiration, shall attract  
 Thy solitary steps : and on the brink  
 Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse ;

\* The pastoral poet of Syracuse.—ED.

† See Theocritus, Idyll vii. 78.—ED.

Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,  
Then, near some other spring—which by the name  
Thou gratulatest, willingly deceived—  
I see thee linger a glad votary,  
And not a captive pining for his home.

### Book Twelfth

#### IMAGINATION AND TASTE, NOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

LONG time have human ignorance and guilt  
Detained us, on what spectacles of woe  
Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed  
With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts,  
Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,  
And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself  
And things to hope for! Not with these began  
Our song, and not with these our song must end.—  
Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides  
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,  
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers  
Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race  
How without injury to take, to give  
Without offence; ye who, as if to show  
The wondrous influence of power gently used,  
Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,  
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds  
Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks  
Muttering along the stones, a busy noise  
By day, a quiet sound in silent night;  
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth  
In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,

Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm ;  
And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is  
To interpose the covert of your shades,  
Even as a sleep, between the heart of man  
And outward troubles, between man himself,  
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart :  
Oh ! that I had a music and a voice  
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell  
What ye have done for me. The morning shines,  
Nor heedeth man's perverseness ; Spring returns,—  
I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,  
In common with the children of her love,  
Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh fields,  
Or boldly seeking pleasures nearer heaven  
On wings that navigate cerulcan skies.  
So neither were complacency, nor peace,  
Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good  
Through these distracted times ; in Nature still  
Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her,  
Which when the spirit of evil reached its height  
Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend ! hath chiefly told  
Of intellectual power, fostering love,  
Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,  
Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing  
Prophetic sympathies of genial faith :  
So was I favoured—such my happy lot—  
Until that natural graciousness of mind  
Gave way to overpressure from the times  
And their disastrous issues. What availed,  
When spells forbade the voyager to land,  
That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore  
Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower

Of blissful gratitude and fearless love ?  
Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,  
And hope that future times *would* surely see,  
The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,  
From him who had been ; that I could no more  
Trust the elevation which had made me one  
With the great family that still survives  
To illuminate the abyss of ages past,  
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero ; for it seemed  
That their best virtues were not free from taint  
Of something false and weak, that could not stand  
The open eye of Reason. Then I said,  
“ Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee  
More perfectly of purer creatures ;—yet  
If reason be nobility in man,  
Can aught be more ignoble than the man  
Whom they delight in, blinded as he is.  
By prejudice, the miserable slave  
Of low ambition or distempered love ?”

In such strange passion, if I may once more  
Review the past, I warred against myself—  
A bigot to a new idolatry—  
Like a cowled monk who hath forsaken the world,  
Zealously laboured to cut off my heart  
From all the sources of her former strength ;  
And as, by simple waving of a wand,  
The wizard instantaneously dissolves  
Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul  
As readily by syllogistic words  
Those mysteries of being which have made,  
And shall continue evermore to make,  
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far  
Perverted, even the visible Universe  
Fell under the dominion of a taste  
Less spiritual, with microscopic view  
Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world ?

O Soul of Nature ! excellent and fair !  
That didst rejoice with me, with whom I, too,  
Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds  
And roaring waters, and in lights and shades  
That marched and countermarched about the hills  
In glorious apparition, Powers on whom  
I daily waited, now all eye and now  
All ear ; but never long without the heart  
Employed, and man's unfolding intellect :  
O Soul of Nature ! that, by laws divine  
Sustained and governed, still dost overflow  
With an impassioned life, what feeble ones  
Walk on this earth ! how feeble have I been  
When thou wert in thy strength ! Nor this through stroke  
Of human suffering, such as justifies  
Remissness and inaptitude of mind,  
But through presumption ; even in pleasure pleased  
Unworthily, disliking here, and there  
Liking ; by rules of mimic art transferred  
To things above all art ; but more,—for this,  
Although a strong infection of the age,  
Was never much my habit—giving way  
To a comparison of scene with scene,  
Bent overmuch on superficial things,  
Pampering myself with meagre novelties  
Of colour and proportion ; to the moods  
Of time and season, to the moral power,  
The affections and the spirit of the place,

Insensible. Nor only did the love  
Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt  
My deeper feelings, but another cause,  
More subtle and less easily explained,\*  
That almost seems inherent in the creature,  
A twofold frame of body and of mind.  
I speak in recollection of a time  
When the bodily eye, in every stage of life  
The most despotic of our senses, gained  
Such strength in *me* as often held my mind  
In absolute dominion. Gladly here,  
Entering upon abstruser argument,  
Could I endeavour to unfold the means  
Which Nature studiously employs to thwart  
This tyranny, summons all the senses each  
To counteract the other, and themselves,  
And makes them all, and the objects with which all  
Are conversant, subservient in their turn  
To the great ends of Liberty and Power.  
But leave we this; enough that my delights  
(Such as they were) were sought insatiably.  
Vivid the transport, vivid though not profound;  
I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,  
Still craving combinations of new forms,  
New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,  
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced  
To lay the inner faculties asleep.  
Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife  
And various trials of our complex being,  
As we grow up, such thraldom of that sense  
Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid,  
A young enthusiast, who escap'd these bonds;\*

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\* His sister. Compare pp. 359 and 396.—ED.

Her eye was not the mistress of her heart ;  
 Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,  
 Or barren intermeddling subtleties,  
 Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are  
 When genial circumstance hath favoured them,  
 She welcomed what was given, and craved no more ;  
 Whate'er the scene presented to her view  
 That was the best, to that she was attuned  
 By her benign simplicity of life,  
 And through a perfect happiness of soul,  
 Whose variegated feelings were in 'this  
 Sisters, that they were each some new delight.  
 Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,  
 Could they have known her, would have loved ; methought  
 Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,  
 That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,  
 And everything she looked on, should have had  
 An intimation how she bore herself  
 Towards them and to all creatures.\* (God delights  
 In such a being ; for, her common thoughts  
 Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was called forth  
 From the retirement of my native hills,  
 I loved whate'er I saw : nor lightly loved,  
 But most intensely ; never dreamt of aught  
 More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed  
 Than those few nooks to which my happy feet  
 Were limited. I had not at that time  
 Lived long enough, nor in the least survived  
 The first diviner influence of this world,  
 As it appears to unaccustomed eyes,  
 Worshipping them among the depth of things,

\* For illustration, see the Life in the last volume.—ED.

As piety ordained ; could I submit  
To measured admiration, or to aught  
That should preclude humility and love ?  
I felt, observed, and pondered ; did not judge,  
Yea, never thought of judging ; with the gift  
Of all his glory filled and satisfied.  
And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps  
Roaming, I carried with me the same heart :  
In truth, the degradation—howsoe'er  
Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,  
Of custom that prepares a partial scale  
In which the little oft outweighs the great ;  
Or any other cause that hath been named ;  
Or lastly, aggravated by the times  
And their impassioned sounds, which well might make  
The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes  
Inaudible—was transient ; I had known  
Too forcibly, too early in my life,  
Visitings of imaginative power  
For this to last : I shook the habit off  
Entirely and for ever, and again  
In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,  
A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,  
That with distinct pre-eminence retain  
A renovating virtue, whence, depressed  
By false opinion and contentious thought,  
Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,  
In trivial occupations, and the round  
Of ordinary intercourse, our minds  
Are nourished and invisibly repaired ;  
A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,  
That penetrates, enables us to mount,

When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen.  
This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks  
Among those passages of life that give  
Profundest knowledge to what point, and how,  
The mind is lord and master—outward sense  
The obedient servant of her will. Such moments  
Are scattered everywhere, taking their date  
From our first childhood.\* I remember well,  
That once, while yet my inexperienced hand  
Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud hopes  
I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills :†  
An ancient servant of my father's house  
Was with me, my encourager and guide :  
We had not travelled long, ere some mischance  
Disjoined me from my comrade : and, through fear  
Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor  
I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at length  
Came to a bottom, where in former times  
A murderer had been hung in iron chains.  
The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the bones  
And iron case were gone ; but on the turf,  
Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,  
Some unknown hand had carved the murderer's name.  
The monumental letters were inscribed  
In times long past ; but still, from year to year,  
By superstition of the neighbourhood,  
The grass is cleared away, and to this hour  
The characters are fresh and visible :  
A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,  
Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road :  
Then, reascending the bare common, saw

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\* Compare the *Ode on Immortality*, Vol. IV. of this edition.—ED.

† Either amongst the Lorton Fells, or the north-western slopes of Skiddaw. —ED.

A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,  
The beacon on the summit, and, more near  
A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,  
And seemed with difficult steps to force her way  
Against the blowing wind. It was, in' truth,  
An ordinary sight ; but I should need  
Colours and words that are unknown to man,  
To paint the visionary dreariness  
Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,  
Invested moorland waste, and naked pool,  
The beacon crowning the lone eminence,  
The female and her garments vexed and tossed  
By the strong wind. When, in the blessed hours  
Of early love, the loved one at my side,\*  
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,  
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,  
And on the melancholy beacon, fell  
A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam ;  
And think ye not with radiance more sublime  
For these remembrances, and for the power  
They had left behind ? So feeling comes in aid  
Of feeling, and diversity of strength  
Attends us, if but once we have been strong.  
Oh ! mystery of man, from what a depth  
Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see  
In simple childhood something of the base  
On which thy greatness stands ; but this I feel,  
That from thyself it comes, that thou must give,  
Else never canst receive. The days gone by  
Return upon me almost from the dawn  
Of life : the hiding-places of man's power  
Open ; I would approach them, but they close.

I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,  
 May scarcely see at all; and I would give,  
 While yet we may, as far as words can give,  
 Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,  
 Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past  
 For future restoration.—Yet another  
 Of these memorials:—

One Christmas-time,\*

On the glad eve of its dear holidays,  
 Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth  
 Into the fields, impatient for the sight  
 Of those led palfreys that should bear us home;  
 My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,  
 That, from the meeting-point of two highways \*

\* The year was evidently 1783, but the locality is difficult to determine. It may have been one or other of two places. Wordsworth's father died at Penrith, and it was there that the sons went for their Christmas holiday. The road from Penrith to Hawkshead was by Kirkstone Pass, and Ambleside; and the "led palfreys" sent to take the boys home would certainly come through the latter town. Now there are only two roads from Ambleside to Hawkshead, which meet at a point about a mile north of Hawkshead, called in the Ordnance map "Outgate." The eastern road is now chiefly used by carriages, being less hilly and better made than the western one. The latter would be quite as convenient as the former for horses. If one were to walk out from Hawkshead village to the place where the two roads separate at "Outgate," and then ascend the ridge between them, he would find several places from which he could overlook both roads "far stretched," were the view not now intercepted by numerous plantations. (The latter are of comparatively recent growth.) Dr Cradock, —to whom I am indebted for this, and for many other suggestions as to localities alluded to by Wordsworth,—thinks that "a point, marked on the map as 'High Crag' between the two roads, and about three-quarters of a mile from their point of divergence, answers the description as well as any other. It may be nearly two miles from Hawkshead, a distance of which an active eager school-boy would think nothing. The 'blasted hawthorn' and the 'naked wall' are probably things of the past as much as the 'single sheep.'"

Doubtless this may be the spot,—a green, rocky knoll with a steep face to the north, where a quarry is wrought, and with a plantation to the east. It commands a view of both roads. The other possible place is a crag, not a quarter of a mile from Outgate, a little to the right of the place where the two roads divide. A low wall runs up across it to the top,

Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched ;  
Thither, uncertain on which road to fix  
My expectation, thither I repaired,  
Scout-like, and gained the summit ; 'twas a day  
Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass  
I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall ;  
Upon my right hand couched a single sheep,  
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood ;  
With those companions at my side, I watched,  
Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist  
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse  
And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned,—  
That dreary time—ere we had been ten days  
Sojourners in my father's house, he died,  
And I and my three brothers, orphans then,  
Followed his body to the grave. The event,  
With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared  
A chastisement ; and when I called to mind  
That day so lately past, when from the crag  
I looked in such anxiety of hope ;  
With trite reflections of morality,  
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low

dividing a plantation of oak, hazel, and ash, from the firs that crown the summit. These firs, which are larch and spruce, seem all of this century. The top of the crag may have been bare when Wordsworth lived at Hawkshead. But at the foot of the path along the dividing wall there are a few (probably older) trees ; and a solitary walk beneath them, at noon or dusk, is almost as suggestive to the imagination, as repose under the yews of Borrowdale, listening to "the mountain flood" on Glaramara. There one may still hear the bleak music from the old stone wall, and "the noise of wood and water," while the loud dry wind whistles through the underwood, or moans amid the fir trees of the Crag, on the summit of which there is "a blasted hawthorn" tree. It may be difficult now to determine the precise spot to which the boy Wordsworth climbed on that eventful day—afterwards so significant to him, and from the events of which, he says, he drank "as at a fountain"—but I think it may have been to one or other of these two crags. (See, however, Mr Rawnsley's conjecture in note IV., in the Appendix to this volume.)—ED.

To God, Who thus corrected my desires ;  
And afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,  
And all the business of the elements,  
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,  
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,  
The noise of wood and water, and the mist  
That on the line of each of those two roads  
Advanced in such indisputable shapes ;  
All these were kindred spectacles and sounds  
To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,  
As at a fountain ; and on winter nights,  
Down to this very time, when storm and rain  
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,  
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,  
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock  
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,  
Some inward agitations thence are brought,  
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile  
Thoughts over busy in the course they took,  
Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

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### Book Thirteenth.

#### IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED—*concluded.*

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and moods . . .  
 Of calmness equally are Nature's gift :  
 This is her glory ; these two attributes  
 Are sister horns that constitute her strength.  
 Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange  
 Of peace and excitation, finds in her  
 His best and purest friend ; from her receives  
 That energy by which he seeks the truth,  
 From her that happy stillness of the mind  
 Which fits him to receive it when unsought.

Such benefit the humblest intellects  
 Partake of, each in their degree ; 'tis mine  
 To speak, what I myself have known and felt ;  
 Smooth task ! for words find easy way, inspired  
 By gratitude, and confidence in truth.  
 Long time in search of knowledge did I range  
 The field of human life, in heart and mind  
 Benighted ; but, the dawn beginning now  
 To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in vain  
 I had been taught to reverence a Power  
 That is the visible quality and shape  
 And image of right reason ; that matures  
 Her processes by steadfast laws ; gives birth  
 To no impatient or fallacious hopes,  
 No heat of passion or excessive zeal,  
 No vain conceits ; provokes to no quick turns  
 Of self-applauding intellect ; but trains  
 To meekness, and exalts by humble faith ;

Holds up before the mind intoxicate  
With present objects, and the busy dance  
Of things that pass away, a temperate show  
Of objects that endure ; and by this course  
Disposes her, when over-fondly set  
On throwing off incumbrances, to seek  
In man, and in the frame of social life,  
Whate'er there is desirable and good  
Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form  
And function, or, through strict vicissitude  
Of life and death, revolving. Above all  
Were re-established now those watchful thoughts  
Which, seeing little worthy or sublime  
In what the Historian's pen so much delights  
To blazon—power and energy detached  
From moral purpose—early tutored me  
To look with feelings of fraternal love  
Upon the unassuming things that hold  
A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found  
Once more in man an object of delight,  
Of pure imagination, and of love ;  
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,  
Again I took the intellectual eye  
For my instructor, studious more to see  
Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.  
Knowledge was given accordingly ; my trust  
Became more firm in feelings that had stood  
The test of such a trial ; clearer far  
My sense of excellence—of right and wrong :  
The promise of the present time retired  
Into its true proportion ; sanguine schemes,  
Ambitious projects, pleased me less ; I sought

For present good in life's familiar face,  
And built thereon my hopes of good to come.

With settling judgments now of what would last  
And what would disappear ; prepared to find  
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men  
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world  
As Rulers of the world ; to see in these,  
Even when the public welfare is their aim,  
Plans without thought, or built on theories  
Vague and unsound ; and having brought the books  
Of modern statists to their proper test,  
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims  
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,  
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death ;  
And having thus discerned how dire a thing  
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named  
“The Wealth of Nations,” *where* alone that wealth  
Is lodged, and how increased ; and having gained  
A more judicious knowledge of the worth  
And dignity of individual man,  
No composition of the brain, but man  
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold  
With our own eyes—I could not but inquire—  
Not with less interest than heretofore,  
But greater, though in spirit more subdued.—  
Why is this glorious creature to be found  
One only in ten thousand ? What one is,  
Why may not millions be ? What bars are thrown  
By Nature in the way of such a hope ?  
Our animal appetites and daily wants,  
Are these obstructions insurmountable ?  
If not, then others vanish into air.  
“Inspect the basis of the social pile :

Inquire," said I, " how much of mehtal power  
And genuine virtue they possess who live  
By bodily toil, labour exceeding far.  
Their due proportion, under all the weight  
Of that injustice which upon ourselves  
Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame  
I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond?)  
Among the natural abodes of men,  
Fields with their rural works ; recalled to mind  
My earliest notices ; with these compared  
The observations made in later youth,  
And to that day continued.—For the time  
Had never been when throes of mighty Nations  
And the world's tumult unto me could yield,  
How far soe'er transported and possessed,  
Full measure of content ; but still I craved  
An intermingling of distinct regards  
And truths of individual sympathy  
Nearer ourselves. Such often might be gleaned  
From the great City, else it must have proved  
To me a heart-depressing wilderness ;  
But much was wanting : therefore did I turn  
To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads ;  
Sought you enriched with everything I prized,  
With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh ! next to one dear state of bliss, vouchsafed  
Alas ! to few in this untoward world,  
The bliss of walking daily in life's prime  
Through field or forest with the maid we love,  
While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe  
Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,  
Deep vale, or any where, the home of both,  
From which it would be misery to stir :

Oh ! next to such enjoyment of our youth,  
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight,  
 Was that of wandering on from day to day  
 Where I could meditate in peace, and cull  
 Knowledge that step by step might lead me on  
 To wisdom ; or, as lightsome as a bird  
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,  
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves,  
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn :  
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,  
 Converse with men, where if we meet a face  
 We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths,  
 With long long ways before, by cottage bench,  
 Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his eye  
 The windings of a public way ? the sight,  
 Familiar object as it is, hath wrought  
 On my imagination since the morn  
 Of childhood, when a disappearing line  
 One daily present to my eyes, that crossed  
 The naked summit of a far-off hill  
 Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,  
 Was like an invitation into space  
 Boundless, or guide into eternity.\*

\* For a hint in reference to this road, I am indebted to the late Dr Henry Dodgson of Cockermouth. Referring to a suggestion that it might be the road from Cockermouth to Bridekirk, he wrote (July 1878), "I scarcely think that road answers to the description. The hill over which it goes is not naked but well wooded, and has probably been so for many years. Besides, it is not visible from Wordsworth's house, nor from the garden behind it. This garden extends from the house to the river Derwent, from which it is separated by a wall, with a raised terraced walk on the inner side, and nearly on a level with the top. I understand that this terrace was in existence in the poet's time. . . . Its direction is nearly due east and west ; and looking eastward from it, there is a hill which bounds the view in that direction, and which fully corresponds to the description

Yes, something of the grandeur which invests  
The mariner who sails the roaring sea  
Through storm and darkness, early in my mind  
Surrounded, to the wanderers of the earth ;  
Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.  
Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites ;  
From many other uncouth vagrants (passed  
In fear) have walked with quicker step ; but why  
Take note of this ? When I began to enquire,  
To watch and question those I met, and speak  
Without reserve to them, the lonely roads  
Were open schools in which I daily read  
With most delight the passions of mankind,  
Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears, revealed ;  
There saw into the depth of human souls,  
Souls that appear to have no depth at all  
To careless eyes. And—now convinced at heart  
How little those formalities, to which

in *The Prelude*. It is from one and a-half to two miles distant, of considerable height, is bare and destitute of trees, and has a road going directly over its summit, as seen from the terrace in Wordsworth's garden. The road is now used only as a footpath ; but, fifty or sixty years ago it was the highroad to Isel, a hamlet on the Derwent, about three and a half miles from Cockermouth, in the direction of Bannerthwaite Lake. The hill is locally called 'the Hay,' but on the Ordnance map it is marked 'Watch Hill.'"

There can be little doubt as to the accuracy of this suggestion. No other hill-road is visible from the house or garden at Cockermouth. The view from the front of the old mansion is limited by houses, doubtless more so now than in last century ; but there is no hill towards the Lorton Fells on the south or south-east, with a road over it, visible from any part of the town. Besides, as this was a very early experience of Wordsworth's—it was in "the morn of childhood" that the road was "daily present to his sight"—it must have been seen, either from the house or from the garden. It is almost certain that he refers to the path over the Hay or Watch Hill, which he and his "sister Emmeline" could see daily from the high terrace, at the foot of their garden in Cockermouth, where they used to "chase the butterfly" and visit the "sparrow's nest" in the "impervious shelter" of privet and roses.—ED.

With overweening trust alone we give  
The name of Education, have to do  
With real feeling and just sense ; how vain  
A correspondence with the talking world  
Proves to the most ; and called to make good search  
If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked  
With toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance ;  
If virtue be indeed so hard to rear  
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—  
I prized such walks still more, for there I found  
Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peace.  
And steadiness, and healing and repose  
To every angry passion. There I heard,  
From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths  
Replete with honour ; sounds in unison  
With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong affection, love  
Known by whatever name, is falsely deemed  
A gift, to use a term which they would use,  
Of vulgar nature ; that its growth requires  
Retirement, leisure, language purified  
By manners studied and elaborate ;  
That whoso feels such passion in its strength  
Must live within the very light and air  
Of courteous usages refined by art.  
True is it, where oppression worse than death  
Salutes the being at his birth, where grace  
Of culture hath been utterly unknown,  
And poverty and labour in excess  
From day to day pre-occupy the ground  
Of the affections, and to Nature's self  
Oppose a deeper nature ; there, indeed,  
Love cannot be ; nor does it thrive with ease

Among the close and overcrowded haunts  
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,  
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed.

—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel  
How we mislead each other ; above all,  
How books mislead us, seeking their reward  
From judgments of the wealthy Few, who see  
By artificial lights ; how they debase  
The Many for the pleasure of those Few ;  
Effeminately level down the truth  
To certain general notions, for the sake  
Of being understood at once, or else  
Through want of better knowledge in the heads  
That framed them ; flattering self-conceit with words,  
That, while they most ambitiously set forth  
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks  
Whereby society has parted man  
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here, calling up to mind what then I saw, .  
A youthful traveller, and see daily now  
In the familiar circuit of my home,  
Here might I pause, and bend in reverence  
To Nature, and the power of human minds,  
To men as they are men within themselves.  
How oft high service is performed within,  
When all the external man is rude in show,—  
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,  
But a mere mountain chapèl that protects  
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower.  
Of these, said I, shall be my song ; of these,  
If future years mature me for the task,  
Will I record the praises, making verse  
Deal boldly with substantial things ; in truth

And sanctity of passion, speak of these,  
That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,  
Inspire; through unadulterated ears  
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my theme  
No other than the very heart of man,  
As found among the best of those who live,  
Not unexalted by religious faith,  
Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few  
In Nature's presence: thence may I select  
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;  
And miserable love, that is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.  
Be mine to follow with no timid step  
Where knowledge leads me: it shall be my pride  
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,  
Speaking no dream, but things oracular;  
Matter not lightly to be heard by those  
Who to the letter of the outward promise  
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit  
In speech, and for communion with the world  
Accomplished; minds whose faculties are then  
Most active when they are most eloquent,  
And elevated most when most admired.  
Men may be found of other mould than these,  
Who are their own upholders, to themselves  
Encouragement, and energy, and will,  
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words  
As native passion dictates. Others, too,  
There are among the walks of homely life  
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,  
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;  
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink

Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse :  
 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,  
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy :  
 Words are but under-agents in their souls ;  
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength,  
 They do not breathe among them : this I speak  
 In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts  
 For His own service ; knoweth, loveth us,  
 When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive  
 Convictions still more strong than heretofore,  
 Not only that the inner frame is good,  
 And graciously composed, but that, no less,  
 Nature for all conditions wants not power  
 To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,  
 The outside of her creatures, and to breathe  
 Grandeur upon the very humblest face  
 Of human life. I felt that the array  
 Of act and circumstance, and visible form,  
 Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind  
 What passion makes them ; that meanwhile the forms  
 Of Nature have a passion in themselves,  
 That intermingles with those works of man  
 To which she summons him ; although the works  
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own ;  
 And that the Genius of the Poet hence  
 May boldly take his way among mankind  
 Wherever Nature leads ; that he hath stood  
 By Nature's side among the men of old,  
 And so shall stand for ever. Dearest Friend !  
 If thou partake the animating faith  
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with each  
 Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,

Have each his own peculiar faculty,  
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive  
 Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame  
 The humblest of this band who dares to hope  
 That unto him hath also been vouchsafed  
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,  
 A privilege whereby a work of his,  
 Proceeding from a source of untaught things,  
 Creative and enduring, may become  
 A power like one of Nature's. To a hope  
 Not less ambitious once among the wilds  
 Of Sarum's Plain,\* my youthful spirit was raised ;  
 There, as I ranged at will the pastoral downs  
 Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare white roads  
 Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,  
 Time with his retinue of ages fled  
 Backwards, nor checked his flight until I saw  
 Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear ;  
 Saw multitudes of men, and, here and there,  
 A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,  
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across the wold ;  
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling spear  
 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in strength,  
 Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.  
 I called on Darkness—but before the word  
 Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to take  
 All objects from my sight ; and lo ! again  
 The Desert visible by dismal flames ;  
 It is the sacrificial altar, fed  
 With living men—how deep the groans ! the voice

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\* In the summer of 1793, on his return from the Isle of Wight, and before proceeding to Bristol and Wales, he wandered with his friend William Calvert over Salisbury plain for three days. See the Life of the Poet in the last volume.—ED.

Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills  
 The monumental hillocks, and the pomp  
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.  
 At other moments—(for through that wide waste  
 Three summer days I roamed) where'er the Plain  
 Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or mounds,\*  
 That yet survive, a work, as some divine,  
 Shaped by the Druids, so to represent  
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and image forth  
 The constellations; gently was I charmed  
 Into a waking dream, a reverie  
 That, with believing eyes, where'er I turned,  
 Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white wands  
 Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,  
 Alternately, and plain below, while breath  
 Of music swayed their motions, and the waste  
 Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet sounds.

This for the past, and things that may be viewed  
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years  
 From monumental hints: and thou, O Friend!  
 Pleased with some unpremeditated strains  
 That served those wanderings to beguile,† hast said  
 That then and there my mind had exercised  
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things,  
 The actual world of our familiar days.  
 Yet higher power; had caught from them a tone,  
 An image, and a character, by books  
 Not hitherto reflected.‡ Call we this

\* Compare the reference to "Sarum's naked plain" in the third book of *The Excursion*.—ED.

† *Descriptive Sketches*. This supplies us with the date of the composition of these sketches—viz., the summer of 1793—but he was also at work on this poem while in France in 1791-2.—ED.

‡ Coleridge read *Descriptive Sketches* when an undergraduate at Cam-

A partial judgment—and yet why? for *then*  
We were as strangers; and I may not speak  
Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,  
Which on thy young imagination, trained  
In the great City, broke like light from far.  
Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself  
Witness and judge; and I remember well  
That in life's every-day appearances  
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight  
Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit  
To be transmitted, and to other eyes  
Made visible; as ruled by those fixed laws  
Whence spiritual dignity originates,  
Which do both give it being and maintain  
A balance, an ennobling interchange  
Of action from without and from within;  
The excellence, pure function, and best power  
Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

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bridge in 1793—before the two men had met—and wrote thus of them:  
“Seldom, if ever, was the emergence of a great and original poetic genius  
above the literary horizon more evidently announced.”—ED.

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*Book Fourteenth.*

## CONCLUSION.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er  
Fade from remembrance !) through the Northern tracts  
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,\*  
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-tiine,  
And westward took my way, to see the sun  
Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the door  
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base  
We came, and roused the shepherd who attends  
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide ;  
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,  
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog  
Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky ;  
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb  
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,  
And, after ordinary travellers' talk  
With our conductor, pensively we sank  
Each into commerce with his private thoughts :  
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself  
Was nothing either seen or heard that checked  
Those musings or diverted, save that once  
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,  
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased  
His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.  
This small adventure, for even such it seemed  
In that wild place and at the dead of night,

Being over and forgotten, on we wound  
In silence as before. With forehead bent  
Earthward, as if in opposition set  
Against an enemy, I panted up  
With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.  
Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,  
Ascending at loose distance each from each,  
And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band ;  
When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,  
And with a step or two seemed brighter still ;  
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,  
For instantly a light upon the turf  
Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up,  
The Moon hung naked in a firmament  
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet  
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.  
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved  
All over this still ocean ; and beyond,  
Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,  
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,  
Into the main Atlantic, that appeared  
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,  
Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.  
Not so the ethereal vault ; encroachment none  
Was there, nor loss ; only the inferior stars  
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light  
In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon,  
Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed  
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay  
All meek and silent, save that through a rift—  
Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,  
A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place—  
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams  
Innumerable, roaring with one voice !

Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,  
For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved  
That vision, given to spirits of the night  
And three chance human wanderers, in calm thought  
Reflected, it appeared to me the type.  
Of a majestic intellect, its acts  
And its possessions, what it has and craves,  
What in itself it is, and would become.  
There I beheld the emblem of a mind  
That feeds upon infinity, that broods  
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear  
Its voices issuing forth to silent light  
In one contiguous stream ; a mind sustained  
By recognitions of transcendent power,  
In sense conducting to ideal form,  
In soul of more than mortal privilege.  
One function, above all, of such a mind  
Had Nature shadowed there, by putting forth,  
'Mid circumstances awful and sublime,  
That mutual domination which she loves  
To exert upon the face of outward things,  
So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed  
With interchangeable supremacy,  
That men, least sensitive, see, hear, perceive,  
And cannot choose but feel. The power, which all  
Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus  
To bodily sense exhibits, is the express  
Resemblance of that glorious faculty  
That higher minds bear with them as their own.  
This is the very spirit in which they deal  
With the whole compass of the universe ;  
They from their native selves can send abroad

Kindred mutations ; for themselves create  
A like existence ; and, whene'er it dawns  
Created for them, catch it, or are caught  
By its inevitable mastery,  
Like angels stopped upon the wind by sound  
Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.  
Then the enduring and the transient both  
Serve to exalt ; they build up greatest things  
From least suggestions ; ever on the watch,  
Willing to work and to be wrought upon,  
They need not extraordinary calls  
To rouse them ; in a world of life they live,  
By sensible impressions not enthralled,  
But by their quickening impulse made more prompt  
To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,  
And with the generations of mankind  
Spread over time, past, present, and to come,  
Age after age, till Time shall be no more.  
Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
For they are Powers ; and hence the highest bliss  
That flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness  
Of Whom they are, habitually infused  
Through every image and through every thought,  
And all affections by communion raised  
From earth to heaven, from human to divine ;  
Hence endless occupation for the Soul,  
Whether discursive or intuitive ;  
Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,  
Emotions which best foresight need not fear,  
Most worthy then of trust when most intense.  
Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush  
Our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ  
May with fit reverence be applied—that peace  
Which passeth understanding, that repose

In moral judgments which from this pure source  
Must come, or will by man be sought in vain.

Oh ! who is he that hath his whole life long  
Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in himself ?  
For this alone is genuine liberty :  
Where is the favoured being who hath held  
That course unchecked, unerring, and untired,  
In one perpetual progress smooth and bright ?—  
A humbler destiny have we retraced,  
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,  
And backward wanderings along thorny ways :  
Yet—compassed round by mountain solitudes,  
Within whose solemn temple I received  
My earliest visitations, careless then  
Of what was given me ; and which now I range,  
A meditative, oft a suffering man—  
Do I declare—in accents which, from truth  
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall ble l  
Their modulation with these vocal streams—  
That, whatsoever falls my better mind,  
Revolving with the accidents of life  
May have sustained, that, howsoe'er misled  
Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,  
Tamper with conscience from a private aim ;  
Nor was in any public hope the dupe  
Of selfish passions ; nor did ever yield  
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,  
But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy  
From every combination which might aid  
The tendency, too potent in itself,  
Of use and custom to bow down the soul  
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,  
And substitute a universe of death

For that which moves with light and life informed,  
Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,  
To love as prime and chief, for there fear ends,  
Be this ascribed ; to early intercourse,  
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,  
With the adverse principles of pain and joy—  
Evil, as one is rashly named by men  
Who know not what they speak. By love subsists.  
All lasting grandeur, by pervading love ;  
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the fields  
In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers  
And joyous creatures ; see that pair, the lamb  
And the lamb's mother, and their tender ways  
Shall touch thee to the heart ; thou callest this love,  
And not inaptly so, for love it is,  
Far as it carries thee. In some green bower  
Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there  
The One who is thy choice of all the world :  
There, linger, listening, gazing, with delight  
Impassioned, but delight how pitiable !  
Unless this love by a still higher love  
Be hallowed, love that breathes not without awe ;  
Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,  
By heaven inspired ; that frees from chains the soul,  
Lifted, in union with the purest, best,  
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise  
Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist  
Without Imagination, which, in truth,  
Is but another name for absolute power  
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,  
And Reason in her most exalted mood.  
This faculty has been the feeding source

Of our long labour : we have traced the stream  
From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard  
Its natal murmur ; followed it to light  
And open day ; accompanied its course  
Among the ways of Nature, for a time  
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed ;  
Then given it greeting as it rose once more  
In strength, reflecting from its placid breast  
The works of man and face of human life ;  
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn  
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought  
Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,  
So also hath that intellectual Love,  
For they are each in each, and cannot stand  
Dividually.—Here must thou be, O Man !  
Power to thyself ; no Helper hast thou here ;  
Here keepest thou in singleness thy state :  
No other can divide with thee this work :  
No secondary hand can intervene  
To fashion this ability ; 'tis thine,  
The prime and vital principle is thine  
In the recesses of thy nature, far  
From auy reach of outward fellowship,  
Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,  
Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath laid  
Here, the foundation of his future years !  
For all that friendship, all that love can do,  
All that a darling countenance can look  
Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,  
Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,  
All shall be his : and he whose soul hath risen  
Up to the height of feeling intellect

Shall want no humbler tenderness ; his heart  
 Be tender as a nursing mother's heart ;  
 Of female softness shall his life be full,  
 Of humble cares and delicate desires,  
 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents ! Sister of my soul !  
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been elsewhere  
 Poured out\* for all the early tenderness  
 Which I from thee imbibed : and 'tis most true  
 That later seasons owed to thee no less ;  
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the touch  
 Of kindred hands that opened out the springs  
 Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite  
 Of all that unassisted I had marked  
 In life or nature of those charms minute  
 That win their way into the heart by stealth,  
 Still, to the very going-out of youth,  
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,  
 And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton sings,  
 Hath terror in it.† Thou didst soften down  
 This over-sternness ; but for thee, dear Friend !  
 My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood  
 In her original self too confident,  
 Retained too long a countenance severe ;  
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds  
 Familiar, and a favourite of the stars :  
 But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,  
 Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,  
 And teach the little birds to build their nests  
 And warble in its chambers. At a time  
 When Nature, destined to remain so long

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\* Compare *The Sparrow's Nest* (Vol. II. p. 206).—ED.

† See *Paradise Lost*, Book IX. pp. 490-1.—ED.

Foremost in my affections, had fallen back  
 Into a second place, pleased to become  
 A handmaid to a nobler than herself,  
 When every day brought with it some new sense  
 Of exquisite regard for common things,  
 And all earth was budding with these gifts  
 Of more refined humanity, thy breath,  
 Dear Sister ! was a kind of gentler spring  
 That went before my steps. Thereafter came  
 One whom with thee friendship had early paired ;  
 She came, no more a phantom to adorn  
 A moment,\* but an inmate of the heart,  
 And yct a spirit, there for me enshrined  
 To penetrate the lofty and the low ;  
 Even as one essence of pervading light  
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars,  
 And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp  
 Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,

Coleridge ! with this my argument, of thec  
 Shall I be silent ? O capacious soul !  
 Placed on this earth to love and understand,  
 And from thy presence shed the light of love,  
 Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of ?  
 Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts  
 Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed  
 Her over-weening grasp ; thus thoughts and things  
 In the self-haunting spirit learned to take  
 More rational proportions ; mystery,  
 The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,

\* Mary Hutchinson. Compare the lines—

"She was a phantom of delight,"

(p. 4).—ED.

Of life and death, time and eternity,  
Admitted more habitually a mild  
Interposition—a serene delight  
In closer gathering cares, such as become  
A human creature, howsoe'er endowed,  
Poet, or destined for a humbler name ;  
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,  
The rapture of the hallelujah sent  
From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed  
And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust  
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay  
Of Providence ; and in reverence for duty,  
Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there  
Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with herbs  
At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend ! this history is brought  
To its appointed close : the discipline  
And consummation of a Poet's mind,  
In everything that stood most prominent,  
Have faithfully been pictured ; we have reached  
The time (our guiding object from the first)  
When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,  
Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and such  
My knowledge, as to make me capable  
Of building up a Work that shall endure.\*  
Yet much hath been omitted, as need was :  
Of books how much ! and even of the other wealth  
That is collected among woods and fields,

\* Compare the preface to *The Excursion*. "Several years ago, when the author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live," &c.—ED.

Far more : for Nature's secondary grace  
Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,  
The charm more superficial that attends  
Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice  
Apt illustrations of the moral world,  
Caught at a glance, or traced with curious pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend ! (I speak  
With due regret) how much is overlooked  
In human nature and her subtle ways,  
As studied first in our own hearts, and then  
In life among the passions of mankind,  
Varying their composition and their hue,  
Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes  
That individual character presents  
To an attentive eye. For progress meet,  
Along this intricate and difficult path,  
Whate'er was wanting, something had I gained,  
As one of many schoolfellows compelled,  
In hardy independence, to stand up  
Amid conflicting interests, and the shock  
Of various tempers ; to endure and note  
What was not understood, though known to be ;  
Among the mysteries of love and hate,  
Honour and shame, looking to right and left,  
Unchecked by innocence too delicate,  
And moral notions too intolerant,  
Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when called  
To take a station among men, the step  
Was easier, the transition more secure,  
More profitable also ; for the mind  
Learns from such timely exercise to keep  
In wholesome separation the two natures,  
The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal concern ;—  
 Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,  
 I led an undomestic wanderer's life,  
 In London chiefly harboured, whence I roamed,  
 Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot  
 Of rural England's cultivated vales  
 Or Cambrian solitudes.\* A youth—(he bore  
 The name of Calvert†—it shall live, if words  
 Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief  
 That by endowments not from me withheld  
 Good ~~might~~ be furthered—in his last decay  
 By a bequest sufficient for my needs  
 Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk  
 At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon  
 By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet  
 Far less a common follower of the world,  
 He deemed that my pursuits and labours lay  
 Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even  
 A necessary maintenance insures,  
 Without some hazard to the finer sense ;  
 He cleared a passage for me, and the stream  
 Flowed in the bent of Nature.‡

Having now  
Told what best merits mention, further pains

\* After leaving London, he went to the Isle of Wight and to Salisbury plain with Calvert; then to Bristol, the Valley of the Wye, and Tintern Abbey, alone on foot; thence to Jones' residence in North Wales at Plas-y-n-llan in Denbighshire; with him to other places in North Wales, thence to Halifax; and with his sister to Kendal, Grasmere, Keswick, Whitehaven, and Penrith.—ED.

† Raisley Calvert.—ED.

‡ His friend, dying in Jan. 1795, bequeathed to Wordsworth a legacy of £900. Compare the sonnet beginning

Calvert! it must not be unheard by them,  
and the Life of the Poet in the last volume.—ED.

Our present purpose seems not to require,  
 And I have other tasks. Recall to mind  
 The mood in which this labour was begun,  
 O Friend ! The termination of my course  
 Is nearer now, much nearer ; yet even then,  
 In that distraction and intense desire,  
 I said unto the life which I had lived,  
 Where art thou ? Hear I not a voice from thee  
 Which 'tis reproach to hear ? Anon I rose  
 As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretched  
 Vast prospect of the world which I had been  
 And was ; and hence this Song, which like a lark  
 I have protracted, in the unwearied heavens  
 Singing, and often with more plaintive voice  
 The earth attempered and her deep-drawn sighs,  
 Yet centring all in love, and in the end  
 All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,  
 And, with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,  
 That will be deemed no insufficient plea  
 For having given the story of myself,  
 Is all uncertain : but, beloved Friend !  
 When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view  
 Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
 That summer, under whose indulgent skies  
 Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
 Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,\*

\* The Wordsworths went to Alfoxden in the end of July, 1797. It was in the following summer (1798) that, with Coleridge,

Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge they roved  
 Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs ;

when the latter chaunted his *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, and Wordsworth composed *The Idiot Boy* and *The Thorn* : although the plan of a joint publication had been sketched out in November 1797. (See note to *We are Seven*, Vol. I. pp. 198-200.—ED.)

Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
 Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner,\* and rueful woes  
 Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;\*  
 And I, associate with such labour, steeped  
 In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,  
 Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,  
 After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
 Near the loud waterfall ;\* or her who sate  
 In misery near the miserable Thorn ;\*  
 When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,  
 And hast before thee all which then we wore,  
 To thee, in memory of that happiness,  
 It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend !  
 Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind  
 Is labour not unworthy of regard :  
 To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift  
 Have been prepared, not with the buoyant spirits  
 That were our daily portion when we first  
 Together wantoned in wild Poesy,  
 But, under pressure of a private grief,†  
 Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart,  
 That in this meditative history  
 Have been laid open, needs must make me feel  
 More deeply, yet enable me to bear  
 More firmly ; and a comfort now hath risen  
 From hope that thou art near, and wilt be soon  
 Restored to us in renovated health ;  
 When, after the first mingling of our tears,

\* See note on previous page.

† The death of his brother John. (See pp. 47-61.)—ED.

'Mong other consolations, we may draw  
Some pleasure from this offering of my love.

Oh ! yet a few short years of useful life,  
And all will be complete, thy race be run,  
Thy monument of glory will be raised ;  
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)  
This age fall back to old idolatry,  
Though men return to servitude as fast  
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame  
By nations sink together, we shall still  
Find solace—knowing what we have learnt to know,  
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be  
Faithful alike in forwarding a day  
Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work  
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)  
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.  
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak  
A lasting inspiration, sanctified  
By reason, blest by faith : what we have loved,  
Others will love, and we will teach them how,  
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes  
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth  
On which he dwells, above this frame of things  
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes  
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)  
In beauty exalted, as it is itself  
Of quality and fabric more divine.



A P P E N D I X.



## APPENDIX.

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### NOTE I.—JOHN WORDSWORTH.

(See pp. 50-56.)

To the notes on the *Elegiac Verses*, in memory of John Wordsworth (pp. 50-53), the following may be added.

Southey, writing to his friend, C. W. W. Wynn, on the 3rd of April 1805, says:—

“DEAR WYNN,

I have been grievously shocked this evening by the loss of the Abergavenny, of which Wordsworth's brother was captain. Of course the news came flying up to us from all quarters, and it has disordered me from head to foot. At such circumstances I believe we feel as much for others as for ourselves; just as a violent blow occasions the same pain as a wound, and he who breaks his shin feels as acutely at the moment as the man whose leg is shot off. In fact, I am writing to you merely because this dreadful shipwreck has left me utterly unable to do anything else. It is the heaviest calamity Wordsworth has ever experienced, and in all probability I shall have to communicate it to him, as he will very likely be here before the tidings can reach him. What renders any near loss of this kind so peculiarly distressing is, that the recollection is perpetually freshened when any like event occurs, by the mere mention of shipwreck, or the sound of the wind. Of all deaths it is the most dreadful, from the circumstances of terror which accompany it. . . .” (See *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, Vol. II., p. 321.)

The following is part of a letter from Mary Lamb to Dorothy Wordsworth on the same subject. It is undated:—

“MY DEAR MISS WORDSWORTH,—

“I wished to tell you that you would one day feel the kind of peaceful state of mind and sweet memory of the dead, which you so happily describe, as now almost begun; but I felt that it was improper, and most grating to the feelings of the afflicted, to say to them that the memory of their affliction would in time become a constant part, not only of their dreams, but of their most wakeful sense of happiness. That you would see every object with and through your lost brother, and that that

would at last become a real and everlasting source of comfort to you, I felt, and well knew, from my own experience in sorrow ; but till you yourself began to feel this, I did not dare to tell you so ; but I send you some poor lines, which I wrote under this conviction of mind, and before I heard Coleridge was returning home.

“ Why is he wandering on the sea ?—  
 Coleridge should now with Wordsworth be.  
 By slow degrees he’d steal away  
 Their woes, and gently bring a ray  
 (So happily he’d time relief,)  
 Of comfort from their very grief.  
 He’d tell them that their brother dead,  
 When years have passed o’er their head,  
 Will be remembered with such holy,  
 True and tender melancholy,  
 That ever this lost brother John  
 Will be their heart’s companion.  
 His voice they’ll always hear,  
 His face they’ll always see ;  
 There’s naught in life so sweet  
 As such a memory.”

(See *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, by Thomas Noon Talfourd, Vol. II., pp. 233, 234).

#### NOTE II.—SARA COLERIDGE’S CRITICISM OF THE WAGGONER.

(See p. 118.)

The following is Sara Coleridge’s criticism of *The Waggoner*. (See *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. II. pp. 183, 184, ed. 1847.)

“ Due honour is done to Peter Bell, at this time, by students of poetry in general ; but some, even of Mr Wordsworth’s greatest admirers, do not quite satisfy me in their admiration of *The Waggoner*, a poem which my dear uncle, Mr Southey, preferred even to the former. *Ich will meine Dunkungsart hierin niemanden aufdringen*, as Lessing says : I will force my way of thinking on nobody, but take the liberty, for my own gratification, to express it. The sketches of hill and valley in this poem have a lightness, and spirit—an Allegro touch—distinguishing them from the grave and elevated splendour which characterises Mr Wordsworth’s representations of Nature in general, and from the passive tenderness of those in *The White Doe*, while it harmonises well with the human interest of the piece ; indeed it is the harmonious sweetness of the composition which is most dwelt upon by its special admirers. In its course it describes, with bold brief touches, the striking mountain tract from Grasmere to Keswick ; it commences with an evening storm among the mountains, presents a lively interior

of a country inn during midnight, and concludes after bringing us in sight of St John's Vale and the Vale of Keswick seen by day-break—"Skiddaw touched with rosy light," and the prospect from Nathdale Fell "hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn :" thus giving a beautiful and well-contrasted Panorama, produced by the most delicate and masterly strokes of the pencil. Well may Mr Ruskin, a fine observer and eloquent describer of various classes of natural appearances, speak of Mr Wordsworth as the great poetic landscape painter of the age. But Mr Ruskin has found how seldom the great landscape painters are powerful in expressing human passions and affections on canvas, or even successful in the introduction of human figures into their fore-grounds ; whereas in the poetic paintings of Mr Wordsworth the landscape is always subordinate to a higher interest ; certainly, in *The Waggoner*, the little sketch of human nature which occupies, as it were, the front of that encircling background, the picture of Benjamin and his temptations, his humble friends and the mute companions of his way, has a character of its own, combining with sportiveness a homely pathos, which must ever be delightful to some of those who are thoroughly conversant with the spirit of Mr Wordsworth's poetry. It may be compared with the ale-house scene in *Tam o' Shanter*, parts of Voss's *Luise*, or Ovid's *Baucis and Philemon* ; though it differs from each of them as much as they differ from each other. The Epilogue carries on the feeling of the piece very beautifully."

The editor of Southey's *Life and Correspondence*—his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey—tells us, in a note to a letter from S. T. Coleridge to his father, that the Waggoner's name was Jackson ; and that "all the circumstances of the poem are accurately correct." This Jackson, after retiring from active work as waggoner, became the tenant of Greta Hall, where first Coleridge, and afterwards Southey lived. The Hall was divided into two houses, one of which Jackson occupied, and the other of which he let to Coleridge, who speaks thus of him in the letter to Southey, dated Greta Hall, Keswick, April 13, 1801 :—"My landlord, who dwells next door, has a very respectable library, which he has put with mine ; histories, encyclopedias, and all the modern poetry, &c., &c., &c. A more truly disinterested man I never met with ; severely frugal, yet almost carelessly generous ; and yet he got all his money as a common carrier, by hard labour, and by pennies and pennies. He is one instance among many in this country of the salutary effect of the love of knowledge—he was from a boy a lover of learning." (See *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, Vol. II. pp. 147-8.)

Charles Lamb—to whom *The Waggoner* was dedicated—wrote thus to Wordsworth in 1819 :—

"*MY DEAR WORDSWORTH*"—You cannot imagine how proud we are here of the dedication. We read it twice for once that we do the

poem. I mean all through ; yet ‘ Benjamin ’ is no common favourite there is a spirit of beautiful tolerance in it ; it is as good as it was in 1806 ; and it will be as good in 1829, if our dim eyes shall be awake to peruse it. Methinks there is a kind of shadowing affinity between the subject of the narrative and the subject of the dedication.

“ I do not know which I like best—the prologue (the latter part especially) to P. Bell, or the epilogue to Benjamin. Yes, I tell stories ; I do know I like the last best ; and the ‘ Waggoner ’ altogether is a pleasanter remembrance to me than the ‘ Itinerant.’

“ If, as you say, the ‘ Waggoner,’ in some sort, came at my call, O for a potent voice to call forth the ‘ Recluse ’ from his professed dormitory, where he sleeps forgetful of his foolish charge—the world.

“ C. LAMB.”

(See *The Letters of Charles Lamb*, by Thomas Noon Talfourd, Vol. II., pp. 52-55.)

To this may be added what Southey wrote to Mr Wade Browne on June 15, 1819 :—

“ I think you will be pleased with Wordsworth’s ‘ Waggoner,’ if it were only for the line of road which it describes. The master of the waggon was my poor landlord Jackson, and the cause of his exchanging it for the one-horse cart was just as is represented in the poem ; nobody but Benjamin could manage it upon these hills, and Benjamin could not resist the temptations by the wayside.”

(See *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, Vol. IV., p. 318 )

### NOTE III.—THE HAWKSHEAD BECK.

(See pp. 191-194.)

Mr Rawnsley, of Wray Vicarage, sends me the following note in reference to—

‘ That unruly child of mountain birth,  
The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed  
Within our garden, found himself at once,  
As if by trick insidious and unkind,  
Stripped of his voice, and left to dimple down,  
  
I looked at him and smiled, and smiled again,  
  
‘ Ha,’ quoth I, ‘ pretty prisoner, are you there !’

“ I was not quite content with Dr Cradock’s identification of this brook, or of the garden ; partly because, beyond the present garden square I found, on going up the brook, other garden squares, which

were much more likely to have been the garden belonging to Ann Tyson's cottage, and because in these garden plots the stream was not 'stripped of his voice,' by the covering of Coniston flags, as is the case lower down towards the market place; and partly because—as you notice—you can both hear and see the stream through the interstices of the flags, and that it can hardly be described (by one who will listen) as stripped of its voice.

"At the same time I was bound to admit that in comparing the voice of the stream here in the 'channel paved by man's officious care' with the sound of it up in the fields beyond the vicarage, nearer its birth-place, it certainly might be said to be softer voiced; and as the poet speaks of it as 'that unruly child of mountain birth,' it looks as if he too had realised the difference.

"But whilst I thought that the identification of Dr Cradock and yourself was very happy (in absence of other possibilities), I had not thought that Wordsworth would describe the stream 'as dimpling down,' or address it as a 'pretty prisoner.' A smaller stream seemed necessary.

"It was, therefore, not a little curious that, in poking about among the garden plots on the west bank of the stream, fronting (as nearly as I could judge) Ann Tyson's Cottage, to seek for remains of the ash-tree, in which so often the poet—as he lay awake on summer nights—had watched 'the moon in splendour couched among the leaves,' rocking 'with every impulse of the breeze,' I not only stumbled upon the remains of an ash tree—now a *pollard*—which is evidently sprung from a larger tree since decayed (and which for all I know may be one of the actual parts of the ancient tree itself); but also had the good luck to fall into conversation with a certain Isaac Hodgson, who volunteered the following information.

"First, that Wordsworth, it was commonly said, had lodged part of his time with one Betty Braithwaite, in the very house called Church Hill House.

"She was a widow, and kept a confectionery shop, and 'did a deal of baking,' he believed.

"Secondly, that there was a little patch of garden at the back of the house, with a famous spring well—still called *Old Betty's well*—in it, and that only a few paces from where I was then standing by the pollard ash.

"On jumping over the fence I found myself on the western side of the quaint old Church Hill House, with magnificent views of the whole of the western side of Hawkshead Vale; grassy swell and wooded rises taking the eye up to the moorland ridge between us and Coniston.

"'But,' said I, 'what about "Betty's well."'" 'Oh,' said my friend, 'that's a noted spring, that never freezes, and always runs; we all drink of it, and neighbours send to it.' 'Here it is,' he continued; and, gazing down, I saw a little dipping well of water, lustrous, clear,

coming evidently in continuous force from the springs or secret channels up hill, pausing for a moment at the trough, thence falling into a box or 'channel, paved by man's officious care,' and in a moment out of sight and soundless, to pursue its way, 'stript of its voice,' towards the main Town beck, that ran at the north-east border of the garden plot. 'Ah, pretty prisoner,' and the words 'dimpling down' came to my mind at once as appropriate. 'Old Betty's Well' gave the key-note of the 'famous brook;' and 'boxed within a garden' seemed an appropriate and exact description.

"Trace of

'the sunny seat

Round the stone table, under the dark pine,'

was there none. Not so, however, the Ash tree, the remains of which I have spoken of. From the bedroom of Betty Braithwaite's house the boy could have watched the moon,

'while to and fro

In the dark summit of the waving tree

She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.'

"In old times,' said my friend, 'the wall fence ran across the garden, just beyond this spring well, so you see it was but a small spot, was this garden close.' Yes; but,

'The crowd of things

About its narrow precincts all beloved,'

were known the better, and loved the more on that account. Certainly, thought I to myself, here is the famous spring; a brook that Wordsworth must have known, and that may have been the centre of memory to him in his description of those early Hawkshead days, with its metaphor of fountain life.

"May we not, as we gaze on this little fountain well, in a garden plot at the back of one of the grey huts of this 'one dear vale,' point as with a wand, and say,

'This portion of the river of his mind

Came from yon fountain.'

Is it not possible that the old dame whose

'Clear though shallow stream of piety,

Ran on the Sabbath days a fresher course,'

was Betty Braithwaite, the aged dame who owned the cottage hard by?"

The following additional extract from a letter of Mr Rawnsley's (Christmas, 1882) casts light, both on the Hawkshead beck and fountain, and on the stone seat in the market square, referred to in *The Prelude*.

"Postlethwaite of the Sun Inn at Hawkshead, has a father aged 82, who can remember that there was a *stone* bench, called not old Betty's, but old Jane's Stone, on which she used to spread nuts and cakes for the scholars of the Grammar School, but that it did not stand where the Market Hall now is, and no one ever remembers a stone or stone-

bench standing there. This stone or stone-bench stood about opposite the Red Lion inn, in front of the little row of houses that run east and west, just as you pass out of the village in a northerly direction by the Red Lion. This stone or stone-bench is not associated with dark pine trees, but they may have passed away root and branch in an earlier generation.

"Next and most interesting, I think, as showing that I was right in the matter of the *Famous Fountain*, or spring in the garden, behind Betty Braithwaite's house. There exists in Hawkshead near this house a covered-in place or shed, to which all the village repair for their drinking-water, and always have done so. It is known by the name of the *Spout House*, and the water—which flows all the year from a longish spout, with an overflow one by its side—comes direct from the little drop well in Betty B.'s garden, after having its voice stripped and boxed therein; and, falling out of the spout into a deep stone basin and culvert, runs through the town to join the Town Beck.

"So wedded are the Hawkshead folk to this, their familiar fountain-head, that though water is supplied in stand-pipes now from a Reservoir, the folks won't have it, and come here to this spout-house, bucket and jug in hand, morn, noon and night. I have never seen anything so like a continental scene as the gathering at Hawkshead spout-house.

"Lastly, there is a very aged thorn tree in the churchyard—blown over but propped up—in which the forefathers of the hamlet used to sit as boys (in the thorn, that is, not the churchyard), and which has been worn smooth by many Hawkshead generations. The tradition is, that 'Wordsworth used to sit a deal in it when at school.'"

#### NOTE IV.—THE HAWKSHEAD MORNING WALK : SUMMER VACATION.

(See p. 202.)

If the farm-house where Wordsworth spent the evening before this memorable morning walk was either at Elterwater or High Arnside, and the homeward pathway led across the ridge of Ironkeld, either by the old mountain road (now almost disused), or over the pathless fells, there are two points from either of which the Sea might be seen in the distance. The one is from the heights looking down to the Duddon estuary, across the Coniston valley ; the other is from a spot nearer Hawkshead, where Morecambe Bay is visible. In the former case "the meadows and the lower grounds" would be those in Yewdale ; in the latter case, they would be those between Latterbarrow and Hawkshead ; and, on either alternative, the "solid mountains" would be those of the Coniston group—the Old Man and Wetherlam. It is also possible that the course of the walk was over the Latterbarrow fells, or heights of Colthouse, but from the reference to the sunrise "not unseen" from the copse and field, through which the "homeward pathway wound,"

it may be supposed that the course of this walk was south-east, and therefore not over these fells, when his back would have been to the sun. Dr Cradock's note to the text (p. 202) sums up all that can "be safely said;" but Mr Rawnsley has supplied me with the following interesting remarks:—"After a careful reading of the passage describing the poet's return from a festal night, spent in some farm-house beyond the hills, I am quite unable to say that the path from High Arnside over the Iron-keld range entirely suits the description. Is it not possible that the lad had school-fellows whose parents lived in Yewdale? If he had, and was returning from the party in one of the Yewdale farms, he would, as he ascended towards Tarn Howes, and faced about south, to gain the main Coniston road, by traversing the meadows between Borwick ground and the top of the Hawkshead and Coniston Hill, command a view of the sea that 'lay laughing at a distance ;' and 'near, the solid mountains'—Wetherlam and Coniston Old Man—would shine 'bright as the clouds.' I think this is likely to have been the poet's track, because he speaks of labourers going forth to till the fields ; and the Yewdale valley is one that is (at its head) chiefly arable, so that he would be likelier to have gazed on them there than in the vale of Hawkshead itself. One is here, however—as in a former passage, when we fixed on Yewdale as the one described as being a 'cultured vale'—obliged to remember that in Wordsworth's boyhood wheat was grown more extensively than is now the case in these parts. Of course, the Furness Fell, above Colthouse, might have been the scene. It is eminently suited to the description."

NOTE V.—DOROTHY WORDSWORTH AT CAMBRIDGE IN  
1808. THE ASH TREE AT ST JOHN'S COLLEGE.

(See p. 232.)

The following is an extract from a letter of Dorothy Wordsworth's to Lady Beaumont at Coleorton, dated "14th August," probably in 1808 :—

"We reached Cambridge at half-past nine. In our way to the Inn we stopped at the gate of St John's College to set down one of our passengers. The stopping of the carriage roused me from a sleepy musing, and I was awe-stricken with the solemnity of the old gateway, and the light from a great distance within streaming along the pavement. When they told me it was the entrance to *St John's* College, I was still more affected by the gloomy yet beautiful sight before me, for I thought of my dearest brother in his youthful days passing through that gateway to his home, and I could have believed that I saw him there even then, as I had seen him in the first year of his residence. I

met with Mr Clarkson at the Inn, and was, you may believe, rejoiced to hear his voice at the coach door. We supped together, and immediately after supper I went to bed, and slept well, and at 8 o'clock next morning went to Trinity Chapel. There I stood for many minutes in silence before the statue of Newton, while the organ sounded. I never saw a statue that gave me one hundredth part so much pleasure—but pleasure, that is not the word, it is a sublime sensation—in harmony with sentiments of devotion to the Divine Being, and reverence for the holy places where He is worshipped. We walked in the groves all the morning and visited the Colleges. I sought out a favourite ash tree which my brother speaks of in his poem on his own life—a tree covered with ivy. We dined with a fellow of Peter-House in his rooms, and after dinner I went to King's College Chapel. There, and everywhere else at Cambridge, I was even much more impressed with the effect of the buildings than I had been formerly, and I do believe that this power of receiving an enlarged enjoyment from the sight of buildings is one of the privileges of our later years. I have this moment received a letter from William . . . . ”

## NOTE VI.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(See p. 239).

S. T. Coleridge is thus described as he was in his schoolboy days, by Charles Lamb, in his “Christ’s Hospital Five and Thirty Years ago.” (See *The Essays of Elia*.)

“Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*—Many were the ‘wit-combats’ (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G\_\_\_\_\_, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war: Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”

## NOTE VII.—“THE MEETING-POINT OF TWO HIGHWAYS.”

(See p. 374.)

The following extract from a letter of Mr Rawnsley's casts important light on a difficult question of localization. Dr Cradock is inclined now to select the Outgate Crag, the second of the four places referred to by Mr Rawnsley. But the first may have been the place, and the extract which follows will show how much is yet to be done in this matter of localizing poetical allusions.

“As to

‘The crag,  
That from the meeting-point of two highways  
Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched,’

there seems to be no doubt but that we have four competitors for the honour of being the place to which the poet—

‘impatient for the sight  
Of those led palfreys that should bear them home,’

repaired with his brothers

‘one Christmas time,  
As the glad eve of its dear holidays.’

And unless, as it seems is quite possible, from what one sees in other of Wordsworth's poems, he really stood on one of the crags, and then in his description drew the picture of the landscape at his feet from his memory of what it was as seen from another of the vantage places, we need a high crag, rising gradually or abruptly from the actual meeting-place of two highways, with, if possible at this distance of time, a wall—or traces of it—quite at its summit. (I may mention that the wallers in this country still give two hundred years as the length of time that a dry wall will stand.) We need also traces of an old thorn tree close by. The wall, too, must be so placed on the summit of the crag that, as it faces the direction in which the lad is looking for his palfrey, it shall afford shelter to him against

‘The sleety rain,  
And all the business of the elements.’

It is evident that the lad would be looking out in a north-easterly direction, i.e., towards the head of Windermere and Ambleside. So that

‘The mist,  
That on the line of these two roads  
Advanced in such indisputable shapes,’

was urged by a wind that found the poet at his look-out station, glad to have the wall between him and it. Further, there must be in close proximity wood and the sound of rushing water, or the lapping of a lake wind-driven against the marge, for the boy remembers that ‘the bleak music from that old stone wall’ was mingled with ‘the noise of

wood and water.' The roads spoken of must be two highways, and must be capable of being seen for some distance ; unless, as it is just possible, the epithet 'far-stretched' may be taken as applying not so much to the roads, as to the gradual ascent of the crag from the meeting-place of the two highways.

The scene from the crag must be extended, and half plain half woodland ; at least one gathers as much from the lines—

‘as the mist  
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse  
And plain beneath.’

Lastly, it was a day of driving sleet and mist, and this of itself would necessitate that the poet and his brothers should only go to the place close to which the ponies must pass, or from which most plainly the roads were visible.

The boys too were

‘feverish, tired, and restless,’

and a schoolboy, to gain his point on such a day and on such an errand, does not take much account of a mile of country to be travelled over.

“ So that it is immaterial, I think, to make the distance from Hawkshead of either of the four crags or vantage grounds a factor in decision.

“ The farther the lads were from home when they met their ponies, the longer ride back they would have, and this to schoolboys is matter of consideration at such times.

“ Taking then a survey of the ground of choice, we have to decide whether the crag in question is situated at the first division or main split of the road from Ambleside furthest from Hawkshead, or whether at the place where the two roads converge again into one nearer Hawkshead.

“ Whether, that is, the crag above the Pullwyke quarry, at the junction of the road to Water Barngates and the road to Wray and Outgate is to be selected, about two miles from Hawkshead ; or whether we are to fix on the spot you have chosen, at the point about a mile north-east of Hawkshead, ‘called in the ordnance map Outgate.’

“ Of the two I incline to the former, for these reasons. The boys could not be so certain of *not missing the ponies*, at any other place than here at Pullwyke.

“ The crag exactly answers the poet's description, a rising ground, the meeting-place of two highways. For in the poet's time the old Hawkshead and Outgate road at the Pullwyke corner ran at the very foot of the rising ground (roughly speaking) parallel to, and some 60 to 100 yards west of the present road from the Pull to Wray.

“ It is true that no trace of wall is visible at its summit, but the summit has been planted since with trees, and walls are often removed at time of planting.

“ The poet would have a full view of the main road, down to, and

round the Pullwyke Bay ; he would see the branch road from the fork, as it mounted the Water Barngates Hill, to the west, and would see the other road of the fork far-stretched and going south.

" He would also have an extended view of copse and meadow land. He might, if the wind were south-easterly, hear the noise of Windermere, sobbing in the Pullwyke Bay, and would without doubt hear also the roar of the Pull Beck water, as it passed down from the Ironkeld slopes on his left towards the lake.

" It might be objected that the poem gives us the idea of a crag which, from the Hawkshead side at anyrate, would require to be of more difficult ascent than this is, to justify the idea of difficulty as suggested in the lines—

‘thither I repaired  
Scout-like, and gained the summit ;’

but I do not think we need read more into the lines than that the boy felt—as he scanned the country with his eyes, on the *qui vive* at every rise in the ground—the feelings of a scout, who questions constantly the distant prospect

" And certainly the Pullwyke quarry crag rises most steeply from the meeting-point of the two highways.

" Next as to the Outgate crag, which you have chosen. I am out of love with it. First, if the lads wanted to make sure of the ponies, they would not have ascended it, but would have stayed just at the Hawkshead side of Outgate, or at the village itself, at the point of convergence of the ways.

" Secondly, the crag can hardly be described as rising from the meeting-point of two highways ; only one highway passes near it.

" The crag is of so curious a formation geologically, that I can't fancy the poet describing his memory of it, without calling it a terraced hill, or an ascent by natural terraces.

" Then, again, the prospect is not sufficiently extended from it. The stream not near enough, or rather not of size enough, to be heard. Blelham Tarn is not too far to have added to the watery sound, it is true, but the wind we suppose to have been north-east, and the sound of the Blelham Tarn would be much carried away from him.

" The present stone wall is not near the summit, and is of comparatively recent date. It is difficult to believe from the slope of the outcrop of rock that a wall could ever have been at the summit.

" But there are two other vantage grounds intermediate between those extremes, both of which were probably in the mind and memory of the poet as he described the scene, and

‘The intermitting prospect of the copse,  
And plain beneath,’

allowed him by the mist. One of these is the High Crag, about three-quarters of a mile from the divergence or convergence of the two highways, which Dr Cradock has selected.

"There can be no doubt that this is the crag *par excellence* for a wide and extended look-out over all the country between Outgate and Ambleside. Close at its summit there remain aged thorn trees, but no trace of a wall.

"But High Crag can hardly be said to have risen at 'the meeting-point of two highways,' unless we are to understand the epithet 'far-stretched' as applying to the south-western slopes or skirts of the hill; and the two highways, the roads between Water Barngates on the west, and the bridle road between Pullwyke and Outgate at their Outgate junction, and this is rather too far a stretch.

"It is quite true that if bridle paths can be described as highways, there may be said to be a meeting-point of these close at the north-eastern side of the crag.

"But, remembering that the ponies came from Penrith, the driver was not likely to have had any intimate knowledge of these bridle paths; while, at the same time, on that misty day, I much question whether the boys on the look-out at High Crag could have seen ponies creeping along between walled roads at so great a distance as half a mile or more.

"And this would seem to have been the problem for them on that day.

"I ought in fairness to say that it is not likely that the roads were then (as to-day) walled up high on either side. To-day, even from the summit of High Crag, only the head and ears of a pony could be seen as it passed up the Water Barngates Road; but at the end of last century many of the roads were only partially walled off from the moorlands they passed over in the Lake Country.

"Still, as I said, High Crag was a point of vantage that the poet, as a lad, must have often climbed, in this part of the country, if he wanted to indulge in the delights of panoramic scene.

"There is a wall some hundred yards from the summit, on the south-westerly flank of High Crag; near this—at a point close by, two large holly trees—the boy might have sheltered himself against the north-eastern wind, and have got a closer and better view of the road between Barngates and Outgate, and Randy Pike and Outgate.

"Here, too, he could possibly hear the sound of the stream in the dingle or woody hollow immediately at his feet; but I am far from content with this as being the spot the poet watched from.

"There is again a fourth possible look-out place, to which you will remember I directed your attention, nearer Randy Pike. The slope, covered with larches, rises up from the Randy Pike Road to a precipitous crag which faces north and east.

"From this, a grand view of the country between Randy Pike and Pullwyke is obtained, and if the bridle paths might—as is possible, but unlikely—be called two high ways, then this crag could be spoken of as rising from the meeting place of the two high-ways. For the old Hawkshead Road passed along to the east, within calling distance (*say ninety yards*), and a bridle road from Pullwyke, now used chiefly

by the quarrymen, passed within eighty yards to the west; while it is certain that the brook below, when swollen by winter rains, might be loud enough to be heard from the copse. This crag is known as Coldwell or Caudwell Crag, and is situated about half a mile east-south-east of the High Crag.

"It has this much in its favour, that a wall of considerable age crests its summit, and one can whilst sitting down on a rock close behind it be sheltered from the north and east, and yet obtain an extensive view of the subadjacent country. If it were certain that the ponies when they got to Pullwyke did not go up towards Water Barngates, and so to Hawkshead, then there is no crag in the district which would so thoroughly answer to all the needs of the boys, and to all the points of description the poet has placed on record.

"But it is just this if that makes me decide on the Pullwyke Crag—the one first described—as being the actual spot to which, scout-like, the schoolboys climb, on that eventful 'eve of their dear holidays;' while, at the same time, it is my firm conviction that Wordsworth—as he painted the memories of that event—had also before his mind's eye the scene as viewed from Coldwell and High Crag."

#### NOTE VIII.—COLERIDGE'S LINES TO WORDSWORTH ON HEARING "THE PRELUDE" RECITED AT COLEORTON IN 1806.

The following is a copy of a version of these Lines, sent by Coleridge to Sir George Beaumont, at Dunmow, Essex, in January, 1807. The variations, both in the title and in the text, from that which Coleridge finally adopted, are interesting in many ways:—

##### LINES

To William Wordsworth : Composed for the greater part on the same night after the finishing of his recitation of the Poem, in Thirteen Books, on the growth of his own mind.

O FRIEND ! O Teacher ! God's great Gift to me !  
Into my Heart have I received that Lay  
More than historic, that prophetic Lay  
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)  
Of the foundations and the building up  
Of thine own spirit thou hast lov'd to tell  
What *may* be told, by words revealable :  
With heavenly breathings, like the secret soul  
Of vernal growth, oft quickening in the heart  
Thoughts, that obey no mastery of words,  
Pure Self-beholdings ! Theme as hard as high,  
Of Smiles spontaneous and mysterious Fear !

The first born they of Reason and twin birth !  
 Of tides obedient to external force,  
 And currents self-determin'd, as might seem,  
 Or by some inner power ! Of moments awful,  
 Now in thy hidden life, and now abroad,  
 When power stream'd from thee, and thy soul receiv'd  
 The light reflected, as a light bestow'd !  
 Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,  
 Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought  
 Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens  
 Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills ;  
 Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars  
 Were rising ; or by secret mountain streams,  
 The guides and the companions of thy way !  
 Of more than Fancy—of the SOCIAL SENSE  
 Distending, and of Man belov'd as Man,  
 Where France in all her Towns lay vibrating,  
 Even as a Bark becalm'd on sultry seas  
 Quivers beneath the voice from Heaven, the burst  
 Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud  
 Is visible, or shadow on the main !  
 For thou wert there, thy own brows garlanded,  
 Amid the tremor of a Realm aglow !  
 Amid a mighty nation jubilant !  
 When from the general Heart of Human Kind  
 Hope sprang forth, like an armed Deity !  
 Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,  
 So summon'd homeward ; thenceforth calm and sure,  
 As from the Watch-tower of Man's absolute Self,  
 With light unwaning on her eyes, to look  
 Far on—herself a Glory to behold,  
 The Angel of the Vision ! Then (last strain)  
 Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling choice,  
 Action and Joy !—an Orphic Tale indeed,  
 A Tale divine of high and passionate Thoughts,  
 To their own Music chaunted !—

A great Bard !

Ere yet the last strain dying awed the air,  
 With steadfast eyes I saw thee in the choir  
 Of ever-enduring men. The truly Great  
 Have all one age, and from one visible space  
 Shed influence : for they, both power and act,  
 Are permanent, and Time is not with them,  
 Save as it worketh for them, they in it.  
 Nor less a sacred Roll, than those of old,  
 And to be plac'd, as they, with gradual fame ,

Among the Archives of Mankind, thy Work  
 Makes audible a linked Song of Truth,  
 Of Truth profound a sweet continuous Song  
 Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes !  
 Dear shall it be to every human heart,  
 To me how more than dearest ! Me, on whom  
 Comfort from thee, and utterance of thy Love,  
 Come with such Heights and Depths of Harmony,  
 Such sense of Wings uplifting, that its might  
 Scatter'd and quell'd me, till my Thoughts became  
 A bodily Tumult ; and thy faithful Hopes,  
 Thy Hopes of me, dear Friend ! by me unfelt !  
 Were troublous to me, almost as a Voice  
 Familiar once and more than musical ;  
 As a dear Woman's Voice to one cast forth,\*  
 A Wanderer with a worn-out heart forlorn,  
 Mid Strangers pining with untended wounds.

O Friend ! too well thou know'st, of what sad years  
 The long suppression had benumbed my soul,  
 That, even as Life returns upon the Drown'd,  
 The unusual Joy awoke a throng of Pains—  
 Keen Pangs of Love, awakening, as a Babe,  
 Turbulent, with an outcry in the Heart !  
 And Tears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope,  
 And Hope, that scarce would know itself from Fear ;  
 Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,  
 And Genius given and Knowledge won in vain ;  
 And all, which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,  
 And all, which patient Toil had rear'd, and all,  
 Commune with THEE had open'd out—but Flowers  
 Strew'd on my Corse, and borne upon my Bier,  
 In the same Coffin, for the self-same Grave !

That way no more ! and ill beseems it me,  
 Who came a Welcomer, in Herald's Guise,  
 Singing of Glory and Futurity,  
 To wander back on such unhealthful road  
 Plucking the Poisons of Self-harm ! And ill  
 Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths  
 Strew'd before thy advancing ! Thou too, Friend !  
 Impair thou not the memory of that hour  
 Of thy Communion with my nobler mind

\* Different reading on same MS.—

“ To one cast forth, whose Hope had seem'd to die.”

By pity or grief, already felt too long !  
 Nor let my words import more blame than needs.  
 The tumult rose and ceas'd : for Peace is nigh  
 Where Wisdom's voice has found a list'ning Heart.  
 Amid the howl of more than wintry storms  
 The Halcyon hears the Voice of vernal Hours,  
 Already on the wing !

Eve following Eve

Dear tranquil Time, when the sweet sense of Home  
 Is sweetest ! Moments, for their own sake hail'd,  
 And more desired, more precious for thy Song !  
 In silence listening, like a devout child,  
 My soul lay passive, by the various strain  
 Driven as in surges now, beneath the stars  
 With momentary \* stars of her † own birth,  
 Fair constellated Foam, still darting off  
 Into the Darkness ; now a tranquil Sea,  
 Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when—O Friend ! my Comforter ! my ‡ Guide !  
 Strong in thyself and powerful to give strength !—  
 Thy long sustained Song finally clos'd,  
 And thy deep voice had ceas'd—yet thou thyself  
 Wert still before mine eyes, and round as both  
 That happy Vision of beloved Faces—  
 (All whom, I deepest love—in one room all !)  
 Scarce conscious and yet conscious of its close  
 I sate, my Being blended in one Thought,  
 (Thought was it ? or aspiration ? or resolve !)  
 Absorbd ; yet hanging still upon the Sound—  
 And when I rose, I found myself in Prayer.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Juny. 1807.

It may also be interesting to record, in this connection, that in a MS. copy of *Desjection, An Ode*, copied out for Sir George Beaumont on the 4th of April 1802, and sent to Sir George, then living with Lord Lowther at Lowther Hall, there is evidence that the poem was originally addressed to Wordsworth.

\* I annex as an illustrative note the descriptive passage in Satyrane's first Letter; THE FRIEND, p. 220, l. 13. "A beautiful white cloud of foam," &c.

† Different reading on same MS., "my."

‡ Different reading on same MS., "and."

The following lines occur in this copy which ~~will be~~ can be compared with those finally adopted—

"O dearest William ! in this heartless m<sup>o</sup>od,  
To other thoughts by yester throatle w<sup>o</sup>o'd  
All this long eve so balmy and serene  
Have I been gazing on the western sky," &c.

"O William, we receive but what we give :  
And in our life alone does Nature live."

" Yes, dearest William ! Yes !  
There was a time when though my Path was rough  
This Joy within me dallied with distress."

The MS. copy is described by Coleridge as "imperfect ;" and it breaks off abruptly at the lines—

" Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth  
My shaping spirit of Imagination."

And he continues—

" I am so weary of this doleful poem, that I must leave off. . . ."

Another MS. copy of this poem, amongst the Coleorton papers, is signed "S. T. Coleridge  
To William Wordsworth." ED

AM7115









